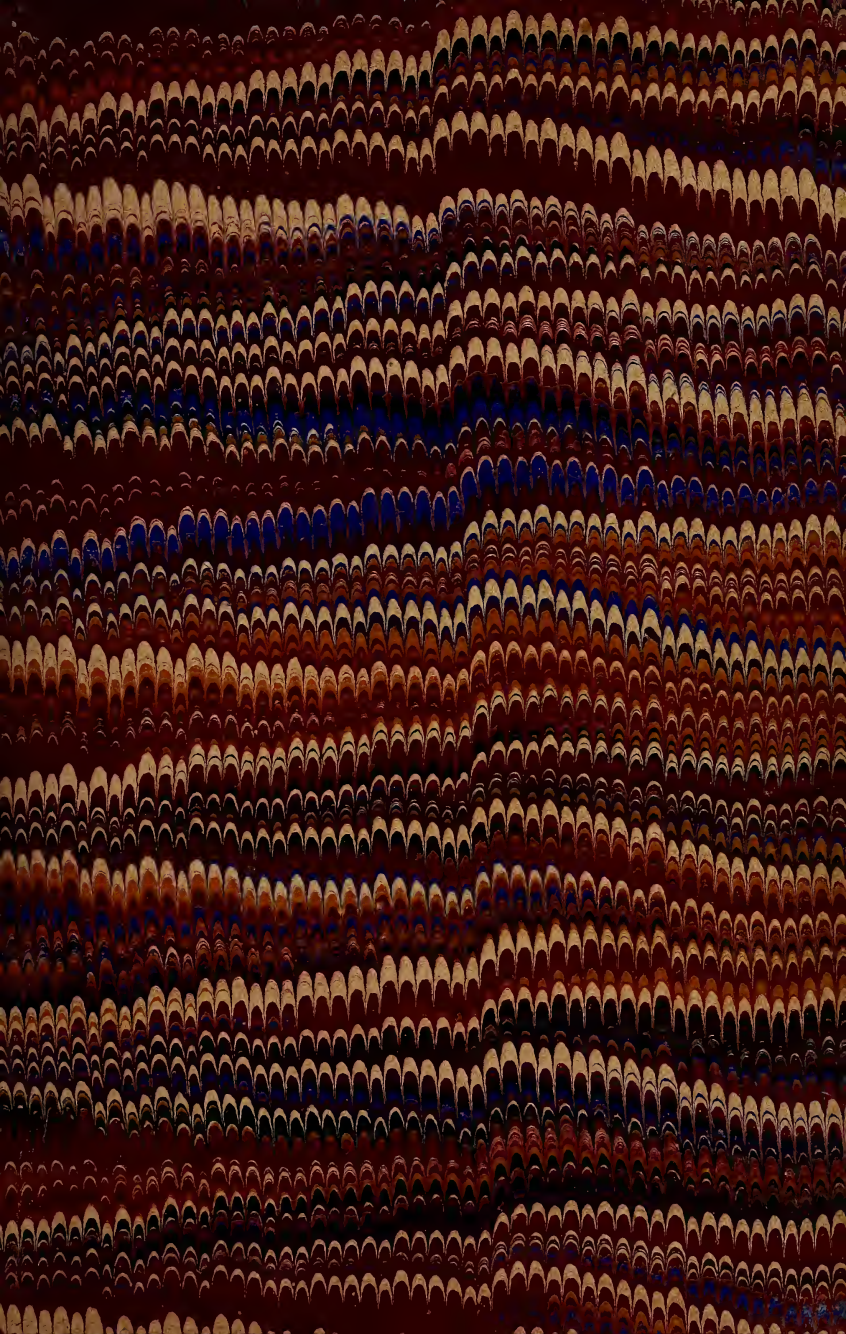


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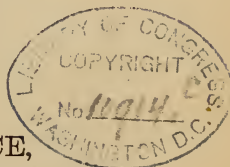
IN

POETRY AND PROSE.

DESIGNED FOR THE USE OF COLLEGES, SCHOOLS, SEMINARIES,
LITERARY SOCIETIES, AND ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR
ALL PERSONS DESIROUS TO EXCEL IN DECLARATION
AND PUBLIC SPEAKING.

BY PHILIP LAWRENCE,

PROFESSOR OF ELOCUTION, AND PRINCIPAL OF THE INSTITUTES OF ELOCUTION IN
NEW YORK AND PHILADELPHIA.



37

This work contains not only the finest productions of Authors known to Fame, in both Prose and Poetry, but also a number of Anonymous Pieces of the highest merit, as well as Practical Hints and Rules to be followed by all in the study of Elocution, as regards Articulation, Modulation, Emphasis, and Delivery.

PHILADELPHIA:

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS;

306 CHESTNUT STREET.

[1872].

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TO A NOBLE MAN,

WHOSE ELOQUENCE I ADMIRE,

WHOSE TALENT I HONOR,

AND WHOSE WORTH I APPRECIATE,

THE REV. E. H. CHAPIN, D.D.,

WITH THE

WARMEST FEELINGS OF ESTEEM AND RESPECT

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK,

PHILIP LAWRENCE.

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P R E F A C E.

THE importance of the study of Elocution is now acknowledged by all persons of taste and refinement.

Why is the study of Elocution of such importance? Because, Eloquence is Divine!

By this noble Art, Nations have been made free; Christianity has been extended over the greater part of the Earth; Cities and Countries have become renowned from being the birthplace of the "Children of Genius," whose names are household words in the land of their birth.

Any eloquent youth may aspire to, and will be almost sure to obtain Renown and Fortune; he may rise from the lowest step to the loftiest pinnacle of Fame: Henry Clay and Daniel Webster are names that will live as long as the English Language is spoken.

Whose Orations (one on Mars Hill to the Philosophers, Stoics, and Epicureans of Athens, the other before King Agrippa) are considered to be models of Eloquence? I answer, those of Paul, the *educated* Apostle.

When Greece and Rome were in their glory, eloquence was studied and cultivated by all who aspired to honor and distinction.

In the golden days of Greece, Pericles not only adorned

Athens with Paintings, Statuary, and magnificent Public Buildings, but he also glorified it by his sublime eloquence.

Did not Cicero save Rome by his orations against Catiline? What roused the noblest emotions in the breasts of our forefathers, and caused them to *dare all* and *do all* for their Country's freedom? The burning words of Patrick Henry.

In order to make the study of this sublime Art a labor of love, I wish to impress upon the minds of all desirous to learn, that there are but four Rules needing especial study;—these are: Articulation, Modulation, Emphasis, and Delivery, the golden and infallible Rules on which all others depend.

RULE FIRST.

ARTICULATION.

Articulation is the art of pronouncing not only every word, but also every syllable, and letter, clearly and distinctly.

Example.

Say Gov'ern-ment, not Guv-ment; say Is'ra-el, not Is-rale; say Ar-tic-u-la'tion, not Ar-tic-la-shun, etc.

RULE SECOND.

MODULATION.

Modulation is the art of explaining by the tones of the voice the meaning of the Speaker or Reader.

All persons ought to be aware how important it is to attend to modulation.

The chief beauty of oratory is in the melody of the speaker's utterance.

Every feeling and emotion of the human heart can be

expressed by the tones of the voice ; and as, by appropriate gesture, everything we say can be made plain to the understanding through the sight, so also, by giving every word its proper sound, can it be made perfectly intelligible to the ear. But remember ! as this can be done only by a finished reader or orator, the living teacher alone can instruct in Modulation.

The study of Poe's wonderful poem, "The Bells," is recommended to all wishing to excel in this delightful art.

RULE THIRD.

EMPHASIS.

The best rule for emphasizing correctly is to study the true meaning of the Author ; and by speaking the word meant to be emphatic in a louder tone of voice, or allowing the voice to dwell upon that particular word longer than the others, convey the real meaning to your hearers.

Example.

I know not what course *Others* may take, but as for *Me*, give me LIBERTY, or give me DEATH.

RULE FOURTH.

DELIVERY.

The most celebrated Orator of the Ancients (Demos-thenes) called delivery not only the chief part of oratory, but oratory itself ; because, unless master of it, no man can be a perfect speaker.

The eloquent writer, Orville Dewey, says : "When all the powers of Elocution are put in requisition, the voice with all its thrilling tones ; the eye through which, as a

window, the soul darts forth its light ; the lips on which grace is poured ; the whole glowing countenance, the whole breathing frame ; when every motion speaks, every muscle swells with the inspiration of high thoughts, what instrument of music, what glories of the canvass can equal it ? It is sublimity, beauty, genius, power, in their most glorious exercise.”

After reading those eloquent and noble words, who can doubt the power of Oratory ?

I say to every Minister of the Gospel, every Lawyer, every Statesman, and every Teacher, diligently study this sublime Art, and become useful members and ornaments of Society.

“ Speech is a glorious gift—the electric chain
Through which the lightning of intelligence
Transmits its flashes, when the kindling brain
Would make its visions palpable to sense.”

A FEW PRACTICAL HINTS ON ELOCUTION.

It may be asked, what plan I would recommend to those wishing to become good readers and eloquent speakers ? I reply : In the first place, make yourself master of the subject you intend to read or recite ; be certain you fully understand the author’s meaning. In the second place, read or speak in the most natural manner, because the nearer *we* are to nature, the nearer *we* are to perfection ; endeavor to individualize yourself with what you are saying, for instance, when reciting the speech of Catiline, remember the character of the man, proud, unscrupulous, brave, ambitious, cruel, etc. ; and by your manner, as well as the tones of the voice, bring Catiline before the audience. Again, when Shakspeare describes Mark Antony delivering that celebrated oration—the most wonderful ever delivered by man, combining the deepest pathos, the most consum-

mate art, the force, the fire, the grandeur, the polish of oratory, how can any one expect to recite it, as it should be recited, unless he fully appreciates and understands what he is saying? He must bear in mind that Antony stood in the Rostrum in danger of his life if he said one word against Brutus; that he was compelled to be careful of every word he uttered, lest he should be stoned to death where he stood.

How should he utter the oft repeated words, "But Brutus is an honorable man!" In the first instance it should be spoken as if he really meant what he said; in the second, almost the same, but with the slightest shade of doubt in his manner; in the third, it should be spoken as though he asked the people—*If Brutus was* an honorable man? and in the fourth, with the keenest irony; because he had gradually convinced the fickle populace that Brutus was *not* an honorable man.

So in every case, you must individualize yourself if you wish to succeed as a Reader, Speaker, Lecturer or Teacher. In the third place, remember that every important word has a particular sound that expresses the meaning, for instance, in Poe's Raven, where he says:

"Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before."

I should read it in this manner: "Deep into that darkness peering," in a full toned voice; on the word "long," I should let the voice dwell for a short time, say about double the time that is usually taken in pronouncing the word, thus *long*, l-o-n-g; on the word "wondering," I should raise the voice, and prolong the sound to express the wonder felt; on the word "fearing," I should let the voice fall, and if reciting it I should shrink back as if in fear; on the word "doubting," I should let the voice have an uncer-

tain sound, between a question and an affirmation ; the words "dreaming dreams," I should pronounce in a dreamy tone, as if just awakened from sleep ; then the word "dared " I should pronounce with emphasis.

I have thus endeavored, in plain, simple, unadorned language to explain my meaning ; and I hope and believe that all desirous to learn, will find these few practical hints of real service in their intellectual and commendable endeavor to improve themselves.

"Work ! for some good, be it ever so slowly ;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly ;
Labor ! all labor is noble and holy."

PHILIP LAWRENCE.

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THE LAWRENCE SPEAKER.

THE SAVIOUR.

DESCRIPTION OF JESUS, BY PUBLIUS LENTULUS, PRESIDENT OF JUDEA IN THE REIGN OF TIBERIUS CÆSAR.

THERE lives at this time in Judea a man of singular virtue, whose name is Jesus Christ, whom the barbarians esteem as a prophet, but his followers love and adore him as the offspring of the immortal God. He calls back the dead from their graves, and heals all sorts of diseases with a word or a touch. He is a tall man and well shaped; of an amiable and reverend aspect; his hair, of a color that can hardly be matched, falling into graceful curls, waving about, and very agreeably couching upon his shoulders, parted on the crown of the head, running as a stream to the front, after the fashion of the Nazarites. His forehead high, large and imposing; his cheeks without spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a lovely red. His nose and mouth formed with exquisite symmetry. His beard thick, and of a color suitable to his hair, reaching below his chin, and parting in the middle like a fork. His eyes bright blue, clear and serene; look, innocent, dignified, manly and mature. In proportion of body, most perfect and captivating. His hands and arms most delectable to behold. He rebukes with majesty, counsels with mildness; his whole address, whether in word or deed, being eloquent and grave. No man has seen him laugh, yet his manners are exceedingly pleasant; but he has wept frequently in the presence of men. He is temperate, modest, and wise. A man, for his extraordinary beauty and divine perfections, surpassing the children of men in every sense.

THE MESSIAH.

(POPE.)

THE Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold—
Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day;
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear;
The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear—
From every face He wipes off every tear.
In adamant chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.

As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs He raises in His arms—
Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms:
Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage—
The promised father of the future age.

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabea springs!
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflows thy courts; the Light Himself shall shine
 Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fixed His word, His saving power remains;
 Thy realm forever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

(LEIGH HUNT.)

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel, writing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made all of sweet accord,
 Answered—"The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou; "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel.—Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
 It came again, with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd—
 And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

SUNBEAMS AND SHADOWS.

I SAW a little maiden,
 Playing with the sunbeams bright.
 How her merry blue eyes sparkled
 As with innocent delight!

She gathered, in her childish glee,
Her apron-full, with care,
Then, peeping archly in to see,
She found no sunbeams there!

I saw her but a moment,
Yet that vision pure and bright,
Is shrined within my memory,
As some fair thing of light.
I seem to hear her silvery laugh
Still ringing in my ear,
As looking in her apron folds,
She found no sunbeams there.

Once more, she stood before me,
A happy, trusting bride ;
A wreath was on her snowy brow,
Her chosen, by her side.
The dark and silken lashes
Shaded those eyes of light,
That danced in joy, when years ago,
She caught the sunbeams bright.

Again the vision passed away,
As it had done before,
And from that joyous wedding-day,
I saw her face no more,
Till ten long years had glided on,
Since last, with joy and pride,
I saw that beauteous child of earth,
A young and blooming bride.

I mingled with the gathered throng
That round the altar stood ;
The memories of other years,
Rushed o'er me like a flood.
Before me in her snowy robes,
As on her bridal day,
In calm and passionless repose
That lovely earth-child lay.

No wreath was on her marble brow,
No sparkle in her eye ;

'Twas Heaven's decree that this sweet flower
Should only bloom to die.
Yet not to die, but live again,
In far off worlds of light,
To dwell once more in happiness
Amid the sunbeams bright.

The locks are changed from brown to gray,
That erst adorned my head ;
Since those three visions passed away—
The child—the bride—the dead.

I'm dreaming now, I'm dreaming,
And the vision I behold
Is the city of the ransomed,
Where the streets are paved with gold.
And as I look and listen,
Falls upon my ravished ear,
Music, not of mortals' breathing,
Such as only angels hear.
And I see bright forms around me
Floating in the perfumed air,
Clad in robes of snowy whiteness
Such as only angels wear.

One there is among the number,
Whom on earth I used to know,
When a child she watched the sunbeams,
Watched them come, and saw them go.

By her golden hair I know her,
By her pure and radiant brow ;
For I saw the little maiden,
As I see the angel now.
Little change had come upon her,
Save the eyes, on earth so bright,
Now are beaming on her sisters,
With a calmer, holier light.
And the Saviour's smiles are resting
On that being, bright and fair,
As she whispers to the angels
She hath *found* her sunbeams "there!"

WILLIAM GOETZ.

It chanced one pleasant afternoon in town,
That on the pavement gaily sailing down,
Steering amid the throng,
A woman passed along.
She carried extra sail, for in her arms
She held a looking-glass, new gilt and large,
To her a rare and precious charge,
On which she often slyly looked askance,
To catch a glance,
Quite comforting, to female charms.

Diverted by an organ-grinder's playing,
Who showed a monkey, for a time delaying,
She leaned the glass beside a fence,
And laughed to see the monkey's impudence.
Just then a goat came up behind;
And when the frolicsome and saucy elf
Within the mirror saw himself,
He thought the thing another of his kind,
A goat of the male gender,
Whose presence scorning,
He shook his head with wrathful warning.
The other goat, the challenge taking,
Returned the shaking,
As if he meant to stand his own defender.
Now Billy rears upon his hinder legs,
And sees the other rising on his pegs;
Then suddenly, as lightning flashes,
Headforemost dashes,
And in one moment smashes
The precious mirror, making havoc wide,
His head protruding on the other side.

Here was a scene. At once the woman flew
Into a passion, making great ado.
"What, what! There, there! You thing! You creature,
you!
Take that! O larks! just see what's come to pass!
It's broke! Get out! It's all, all gone, my glass!

Shivered to shivers! Fool! O, what a pity!
I swear me, if there's justice in the city,
I'll make your owner smart for this. I'll go;
I'll swell his head with hornets; yes, I'll sting him!
Indeed, I'll show him up! If I don't string him!
Now, did you ever! Did you? did you? No!
I never! Who'd have thought it? Who? O! O!"

Betwixt the frantic efforts of the dame,
And Billy's struggling, she secured the frame.
He, in a stubborn mood,
When she unyoked him, still was unsubdued,
And reared again, to make an onset rude.
She saw him come, and turning in a fright,
She caught a butt behind, which helped her flight.

Near by there was a station of police,
And some who saw this breach of peace
Came running, headed by their chief,
To give the persecuted dame relief.
They caught the goat, and shut him in a cell;
A place it was where rogues do dwell
Considerably against their will
A night or so, until
Abroad they go again, released on bail;
Or if not that, until they go to jail.
They left him in this situation
To give him time for meditation
Upon the evil tenor
Of his demeanor,
Especially the vice of butting,
A silly fellow, shut in
To serious contemplation.

But soon the officers about the station,
Wishing to play a joke, sat down and wrote
A little note,
And sent it off to Lawyer Hornor,
Who kept an office round the corner,
To give him timely information
That William Goetz, a client of his own,
Was held a prisoner at the station,
And wished to see him in the cell alone.

He came, and asked for Mr. William Goetz.
"Goetz?" said the chief, in doubt. "Goetz? Goetz? O yes;
I see! Great rascal that, I must confess.
A fellow with a beard, a scamp that doats
On mischief, troublesome and rough,
One of the biggest scoundrels in the ring."
"I beg your pardon, sir; 'tis no such thing!"
Cried Hornor, in a huff.
"A rascal! doats on mischief! stuff!
A better man than he cannot be found
The city round.
I'll not stand here and see my client wronged.
Do you not know, sir, that he once belonged
To the common council, sir?" "Well, well,
No matter," said the chief; "here, take the key,
You'll find him waiting for you in his cell,
In number three."

The lawyer now no more abides,
But thither strides,
Important as a horse that feels his oats,
And in the passage calls "Oh, Mr. Goetz!
Goetz, Mr. Goetz!" The passage being dark,
He nothing sees at first that's worth remark.
Now Billy, chafing in his quarters close,
Feels bellicose;
And seeing Hornor come, the brute
Deals him a rough salute;
Returning from the shock,
Prepares to give another knock,
But flings himself the lawyer's legs between,
Who now, in uttermost confusion lost,
Is lifted from his feet and tossed,
And pushed about, and rolled
Over and over, by his client bold,
Till the policemen intervene,
And with a peal of laughter end the scene.

Participating in the laugh, and knowing
Both how to take a joke and keep it going,
A special message Hornor sends
To bring his partner first, then other friends,

Versed in the criminal law,
Who all in turn their client saw.
They to headquarters hastened to repair,
And of headquarters took their legal share.
On all did Billy play his funny capers,
And some made quick retreat with rumpled papers,
With dinted hats and dusty coats,
With eye-teeth cut,
Each man the butt
Of all the company, and William Goetz.

A GOOD STRONG HEART.

(E. H. CHAPIN.)

As an instance of the good that may ensue from the writings of such noble men as the author of "A Good Strong Heart," I will relate what I know to be true.

A man of middle age, with a family of seven children, by an unfortunate speculation, lost all his fortune: distracted at the thought of the misery he had brought upon the objects of his love, in his madness he contemplated Suicide! By chance he read Dr. Chapin's noble words. As if a new spirit was breathed into his breast, he felt courage to face his fate; he applied all his energies to the task of retrieving his fortunes; and, by God's help, succeeded. "All honor to the worthy servant of his God!"

BUT there is one respect in which men differ, and that is in strength and capacity of heart; so that some men are distinguished by the fact that, in all calamities, in all trials, they gather out of their hearts the resources of a new and better life. It is just like a perpetual spring within them. If one form of contemplated good perishes, if one hope drops away, if one resource fails, down they go, down into their hearts again, and call up something else. A great, strong heart is never overcome. It finds its own resources, and falls back into its own possibilities. It is sad to find a man who says, "I have no heart;" to see a forlorn creature who says "I have no power to struggle any more;" but as long as there is no blight or taint, the power, the possibility of the man is left. There was our gifted Prescott, who died so suddenly the other day. See how that physical calamity which occurred to him in his early years would have affected some

men. They would have crouched literally by the wayside of life; and if they had that man's powers, they would have made their calamity an excuse for a life of idleness and waste. How was it with him? He fell back into his own great and noble heart, and out of it he brought up new life, which became to him a strength and power, that perhaps he never would have exhibited, had not that misfortune happened to him. But for that, he might have been a scholar, or, much worse, a politician; but the twilight of almost total blindness having fallen on him, he called up those powers, and concentrated them upon the great and noble work of history; and, when building up this historical structure, just as an architect builds up a great cathedral, like that of Cologne, standing forth majestic and glorious, he profited by the very calamity that excluded him from other pursuits and aims. Yea, and with a still nobler spirit, when others lamented his calamity and sought to condole with him in his misfortune, he sang songs in the night, and spoke noble words of cheer and encouragement. Now, I say it was not out of the intellect, but out of a noble and faithful heart, that streamed forth that beautiful life, which made this man one of the glorious stars in the constellation of our literature.

BE A WOMAN.

ORT I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son on duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out the other duty—
Strive my dear to be a lady."

What's a lady! Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks, and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rings and chairs?

Is it one that wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman" is the brightest star.
If you, in your strong affection,
Urge your son to be a true man,
Urge your daughter no less strongly
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman! brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind and soul and body
Blend to work out life's great duty.
Be a woman! naught is higher
On the gilded crest of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman! On to duty!
Raise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow.
Lend thy influence to each effort
That shall raise our nature human;
Be not fashion's giddy lady—
Be a brave, whole-souled, true woman.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS; OR, TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

(WM. PETER.)

"HERE, guards!" pale with fear, Dionysius cries,
"Here, guards, yon intruder arrest!
'Tis Damon—but ha! speak, what means this disguise?
And the dagger which gleams in thy vest?"

"'Twas to free," says the youth, "this dear land from its chains!"

"Free the land! wretched fool, thou shalt die for thy pains."

"I am ready to die—I ask not to live,—
Yet three days of respite, perhaps thou may'st give,
For to-morrow, my sister will wed,
And 'twould damp all her joy, were her brother not there;
Then let me, I pray, to her nuptials repair,
While a friend remains here in my stead."

With a sneer on his brow, and a curse in his breast,
"Thou shalt have," cries the tyrant, "shalt have thy request;

To thy sister repair, and her nuptials attend,
Enjoy thy three days, but—mark well what I say—
Return on the third; if, beyond that fixed day,
There be but one hour's, but one moment's delay,
That delay shall be death to thy friend!"

Then to Pythias he went; and he told him his case;
That true friend answered not, but, with instant embrace,
Consenting, rushed forth to be bound in his room;
And now, as if winged with new life from above,
To his sister he flew, did his errand of love,
And, ere a third morning had brightened the grove,
Was returning with joy to his doom.

But the heavens interpose,
Stern the tempest arose,
And when the poor pilgrim arrived at the shore,
Swoll'n to torrents, the rills
Rushed in foam from the hills,
And crash went the bridge in the whirlpool's wild roar.

Wildly gazing, despairing, half frenzied he stood;
Dark, dark were the skies, and dark was the flood,
And still darker his lorn heart's emotion;
And he shouted for aid, but no aid was at hand,
No boat ventured forth from the surf-ridden strand,
And the waves sprang, like woods, o'er the lessening land,
And the stream was becoming an ocean.

Now with knees low to earth, and with hands to the skies,
"Still the storm, God of might, God of mercy!" he cries—

"O, hush with Thy breath this loud sea;
The hours hurry by,—the sun glows on high;
And should he go down, and I reach not yon town,
My friend—he must perish for me!"

Yet the wrath of the torrent still went on increasing,
And waves upon waves still dissolved without ceasing,
And hour after hour hurried on;
Then by anguish impelled, hope and fear alike o'er,
He, reckless, rushed into the water's deep roar;
Rose—sunk—struggled on—till, at length, the wished
shore,—

Thanks to Heaven's outstretched hand—it is won!"

'Tis sunset; and Damon arrives at the gate,
Sees the scaffold and multitudes gazing below;
Already the victim is bared for his fate,
Already the deathsman stands armed for the blow;
When hark! a wild voice which is echoed around,
"Stay!—'tis I—it is Damon, for whom he was bound!"

And now they sink in each other's embrace,
And are weeping for joy and despair;
Not a soul among thousands, but melts at their case,
Which swift to the monarch they bear;
Even he, too, is moved—feels for once as he ought—
And commands that they both to his throne shall be
brought.

Then,—alternately gazing on each gallant youth,
With looks of awe, wonder, and shame;—
"Ye have conquered!" he cries, "yes, I see now that
truth,—

That friendship is not a mere name.
Go;—you're free; but, while life's dearest blessings you
prove,

Let one prayer of your monarch be heard,
That his past sins forgot—in this union of love,
And of virtue—you make him the third."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(CASTELLAR.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in a cabin of Kentucky, of parents who could hardly read; born a new Moses in the solitude of the desert, where are forged all great and obstinate thoughts, monotonous like the desert, and, like the desert, sublime; growing up among those primeval forests, which, with their fragrance, send a cloud of incense, and, with their murmurs, a cloud of prayers to heaven; a boatman at eight years in the impetuous current of the Ohio, and at seventeen a woodman, with ax and arm felling the immemorial trees to open a way to unexplored regions for his tribe of wandering workers; reading no other book than the Bible, the book of great sorrows and great hopes, dictated often by prophets to the sound of fetters they dragged through Nineveh and Babylon; a child of Nature, in a word, by one of those miracles only comprehensible among free peoples, he fought for the country, and was raised by his fellow-citizens to the Congress at Washington, and by the nation to the Presidency of the Republic; and when the evil grew more virulent, when those States were dissolved, when slaveholders uttered their war cry and the slaves their groans of despair—the woodcutter, the boatman, the son of the great West, the descendant of Quakers, humblest of the humble before his conscience, greatest of the great before history, ascends the Capitol, the greatest moral light of our time, and strong and serene with his conscience and his thought; before him a veteran army, hostile Europe behind him, England favoring the South, France encouraging reaction in Mexico, in his hands the riven country; he arms two millions of men, gathers a half million horses, sends his artillery twelve hundred miles in a week from the banks of the Potomac to the shores of Tennessee; fights more than six hundred battles; renews before Richmond the deeds of Alexander, of Cæsar; and, after having emancipated three millions slaves, that nothing might be wanting, he dies in the very moment of victory—like Christ, like Socrates, like all redeemers, at the foot of his work. His work! Sublime achievement! over which humanity shall eternally shed its tears, and God his benedictions!

INDEPENDENCE BELL—JULY 4, 1776.

THERE was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down—
People gathering at the corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptred sway.
So he sat, with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye could catch the signal,
The long-expected news to tell.

See! See! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air:

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously;
"Ring!" he shouts, "Ring! grandpapa,
Ring! oh, ring for Liberty!"

Quickly, at the given signal
 The old bellman lifts his hand,
 Forth he sends the good news, making
 Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
 How the old bell shook the air,
 Till the clang of freedom ruffled
 The calmly gliding Delaware!
 How the bonfires and the torches
 Lighted up the night's repose,
 And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
 Our glorious liberty arose!

That old State House bell is silent,
 Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
 But the spirit it awaken'd
 Still is living—ever young;
 And when we greet the smiling sunlight
 On the fourth of each July,
 We will ne'er forget the bellman
 Who betwixt the earth and sky,
 Rung out, loudly, "Independence;"
 Which, please God, shall never die!

PATRICK'S COLT.

PATRICK O'FLANIGAN, from Erin's isle
 Just fresh, thinking he'd walk around a while,
 With open mouth and widely staring eyes,
 Cried "Och!" and "Whist!" at every new surprise.
 He saw some laborers in a field of corn;
 The golden pumpkins lit the scene with glory;
 Of all that he had heard since being born,
 Nōthing had equalled this in song or story.
 "The holy mither! and, sirs, would ye please
 To be a tellin' me what might be these?
 An' sure I'm thinkin' that they're not pratees,
 But mebbe it's the way you grow your chase."

“Ah, Patrick, these are mare’s eggs,” said the hand,
Giving a wink to John, and Jim, and Bill ;
“Just hatch it out, and then you have your horse ;
Take one and try it ; it will pay you well.”
“Faith an’ that’s aisy sure ; in dear ould Ireland
I always had my Christmas pig so nate,
Fatted on buttermilk, and hard to bate ;
But only gintlemen can own a horse.
Ameriky’s a great counthry indade.
I thought that here I’d kape a pig, of coorse,
Have me own land, and shanty without rint,
An’ have me vote, an’ taxes not a cint ;
But sure I niver thought to own a baste.
An’ wont the wife an’ childer now be glad ?
A thousand blissings on your honor’s head !
But could ye tell by lookin’ at the egg
What color it will hatch ? It’s to me taste
To have a dapple gray, with a long tail,
High in the neck, and slinder in the leg,
To jump a twel’ feet bog, and niver fail,
Like me Lord Dumferline’s at last year’s races—”
Just then the merry look on all their faces
Checked Patrick’s flow of talk, and with a blush,
That swept his face as milk goes over mush,
He added, “Sure, I know it is no use
To try to tell by peering at an egg
If it will hatch a gander or a goose ;”
Then looked around to make judicious choice.

“Pick out the largest one that you can hide
Out of the owner’s sight there by the river ;
Don’t drop and break it, or the colt is gone ;
Carry it gently to your little farm,
Put it in bed, and keep it six weeks warm.”

Quickly Pat seized a huge, ripe, yellow one,
“Faith, sure, an’ I’ll do ivery bit of that,
The whole sax wakes I’ll lie meself in bed,
An’ kape it warrum as your honor said ;
Long life to yees, and may you niver walk,
Not even to your grave, but ride foriver ;

Good luck to yees," and without more of talk
He pulled the forelock 'neath his tattered hat,
And started off; but plans of mice and men
Gang oft apley, again and yet again.

Full half a mile upon his homeward road
Poor Patrick toiled beneath his heavy load.
A hill top gained, he stopped to rest, alas!
He laid his mare's egg on some treacherous grass;
When down the steep hillside it rolled away,
And at poor Patrick's call made no delay.
Gaining momentum, with a heavy thump,
It struck and split upon a hollow stump,
In which a rabbit lived with child and wife.
Frightened, the timid creature ran for life.
"Shtop, shtop my colt!" cried Patrick, as he ran
After his straying colt, but all in vain.
With ears erect poor Bunny faster fled
As "Sthop my colt!" in mournful, eager tones
Struck on those organs, till with fright half dead
He hid away among some grass and stones.

Here Patrick searched till rose the harvest moon,
Braying and whinnying till he was hoarse,
Hoping to lure the colt by this fond cheat;
"For won't the young thing want his mither soon,
And come to take a bit of something t'eat?"
But vain the tender accents of his call,
No colt responded from the broken wall;
And 'neath the twinkling stars he plodded on
To tell how he had got and lost his horse.
"As swate a gray as iver eyes sat on,"
He said to Bridget and the children eight,
After thrice telling the whole story o'er,
"The way he run it would be hard to bate,
So little too, with jist a whisk o' tail,
Not a pin-feather on it as I could see,
For it was hatched out just sax wakes too soon!
An' such long ears were niver grown before
On any donkey in grane Ireland!
So little too, you'd hold it in your hand;
Och hone! he would have made a gay donkey."

So all the sad O'Flanigans that night
Held a loud wake over the donkey gone,
Eating their "pratees" without milk or salt,
Howling between whiles, "Och! my little colt!"
While Bunny, trembling from his dreadful fright,
Skipped home to Mrs. B. by light of moon,
And told the story of his scare and flight:
And all the neighboring rabbits played around
The broken mare's egg scattered on the ground.

CHARGE OF PICKETT'S DIVISION AT THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

(WILLIAM McMICHAEL.)

It is twelve o'clock, July 3d, and to-morrow will be the anniversary of our Independence. What tidings of joy or of sorrow shall its bells proclaim to the people. Gird your loins, ye yeomen of our legions, for it is honor, and liberty, and a nation for which you are contending. Twelve o'clock, and the heart of nature seems almost to cease its beating in the intensity of dread expectation, while the effulgent sun looking down at high meridian seems as of old to stand still in its course, as though shrinking appalled from the fearful slaughter it shall witness. The pause of carnage, the brink of fate, for as the great orb bends slowly toward the western horizon and marks the single hour upon the dial, a signal gun breaks the solemn stillness.

And then from the line of the enemy all along those hills where his masses lie waiting, there bursts forth a tempest of flame and smoke, and terrific cannonading, such as this continent never before witnessed; nor seems to slacken its thundering death-hail until from the sulphurous canopy, a part of the rebel front is seen advancing. Now for the tug of war! Now for the death-grip of the battle! For yonder come Pickett's men, who swear by the Lone Star they never have been beaten and never will be, and on their either flank warriors of a score of fights.

Eighteen thousand tested veterans, wrought into a titanic war-bolt—shaft of adamant, edges of steel—hurled forth to crush our centre with ponderous onslaught.

As they start, down rides Hancock along our line, superb that day in the beauty of his valor. "Here they come!" he cries out cheerily, "Here they come, in three lines of battle! Steady, men, steady!" "All right, General! we are ready! We hold this line, or die on it!" But as they develop in the fields and move forward, our artillery rains destruction. It rakes them with shot, it rends them with shell, until on right and left they falter and stagger. Their flanks are crumbling, but their centre keeps firm. Oh! stay them, Pickett. Your men of iron, they seem too brave to kill! But on they come, and on, and on, till we see their faces and hear their yells. These are not men; they are furies, maddened with treason, frenzied with hate. Now, fire! comrades! fire!—up and at them! Fight, men, fight for your wives and your children and your homes. They sweep on us like demons—are at the guns, are on the wall!—hand to hand, steel to steel, knife to knife. Now, Cushing, give them your canister! Now, Woodruff, tear them with your grape. Hall, to the rescue!—72d, down on them like tigers. Flank them, Stannard! crush them, Gibbon! mash them, Webb! They reel, they waver, their colors are going! They break, they break!—they retreat, they retreat! The charge is repulsed, the battle is won. All honor to our heroes who survive—all reverence for those who have fallen—all praise to their gallant leader, and all thanks unto God who gave us the victory!

THE DOG.

THE dog possesses incontestably, all the qualities of a sensible man; and I grieve to say, man has not, in general, the noble qualities of the dog. We make a virtue of gratitude, which is nothing but a duty; this virtue, this duty, are inherent in the dog. We brand ingratitude, and yet all men are ungrateful. It is a vice which commences in the cradle, and grows with our growth; together with selfishness, become almost always, the grand mover of human actions. The dog knows the word virtue; that which we dignify by this title, and admire as a rare thing—and very rare it is, in truth—constitutes his normal state. Where will you find a man always grateful, never selfish,

pushing abnegation of self to the utmost limits of possibility ; without gain, devoted even to death ; without ambition, rendering service ; in short, forgetful of injuries, and mindful only of benefits received ? Seek him not, it would be a useless task ; but take the first dog you meet, and from the first moment he adopts you as his master, you will find in him all these qualities. He will love you without calculation entering into his affections. His greatest happiness will be to be near you ; and should you be reduced to beg your bread, not only will he aid you in this difficult trade, but he would not abandon you to follow even a king into his palace. Your friends will quit you in misfortune ; but your dog will remain always near you ; or if you depart before him on the great voyage, he will accompany you to your last abode.

LITTLE BENNIE.

(ANNIE C. KETCHUM.)

I had told him, Christmas morning,
As he sat upon my knee,
Holding fast his little stockings,
Stuffed as full as full can be,
And attentive listening to me,
With a face demure and mild,
That old Santa Claus, who filled them,
Did not love a naughty child.

“ But we'll be good, won't we, moder ? ”
And from off my lap he slid,
Digging deep among the goodies
In his crimson stockings hid.
While I turned me to my table,
Where a tempting goblet stood,
Brimming high with dainty custard,
Sent me by a neighbor good.

But the kitten, there before me,
With his white paw, nothing loth,
Sat, by way of entertainment,
Lapping off the shining froth ;

And, in not the gentlest humor
At the loss of such a treat,
I confess I rather rudely
Thrust him out into the street.

Then how Bennie's blue eyes kindled;
Gathering up the precious store
He had busily been pouring
In his tiny pinafore,
With a generous look that shamed me
Sprang he from the carpet bright,
Showing, by his mien indignant,
All a baby's sense of right.

"Come back, Harney," called he loudly,
As he held his apron white,
"You shall have my candy wabbit;"
But the door was fastened tight.
So he stood, abashed and silent,
In the center of the floor,
With defeated look, alternate
Bent on me and on the door.

Then, as by some sudden impulse,
Quickly ran he to the fire,
And, while eagerly his bright eyes
Watched the flames grow high and higher,
In a brave, clear key he shouted,
Like some lordly little elf,
"Santa Kaus, come down the chimney,
Make my moder 'have herself."

"I will be a good girl, Bennie,"
Said I, feeling the reproof;
And straightway recalled poor Harney,
Mewing on the gallery roof.
Soon the anger was forgotten,
Laughter chased away the frown,
And they gambolled 'neath the live oaks,
Till the dusky night came down.

In my dim, fire-lighted chamber
 Harney purred beneath my chair,
 And my play-worn boy beside me
 Knelt to say his evening prayer :
 "God bless fader, God bless moder,
 God bless sister," then a pause,
 And the sweet young lips devoutly
 Murmured, "God bess Santa Kaus."

He is sleeping ; brown and silken
 Lie the lashes, long and meek,
 Like caressing, clinging shadows,
 On his plump and peachy cheek ;
 And I bend above him, weeping
 Thankful tears ; O undefiled !
 For a woman's crown of glory,
 For the blessing of a child.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

The following beautiful home-circle poem is founded upon an incident where a rich neighbor offered to make a poor family comfortable, and provide for the child, if one of the seven were given to him.

"WHICH shall it be? which shall it be?"
 I looked at John,—John looked at me.
 (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet
 As well as though my locks were jet.)
 And when I found that I must speak,
 My voice seemed strangely low and weak ;
 "Tell me again what Robert said ;"
 And then I listening bent my head.
 "This is his letter :"

"I will give
 A house and land while you shall live,
 If, in return, from out your seven,
 One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn,
 I thought of all that John had borne

Of poverty, and work, and care,
Which I, though willing, could not share ;
Of seven hungry mouths to feed,
Of seven little children's need,
And then of this.

“Come John,” said I,
“We'll choose among them as they lie
Asleep ;” so walking hand in hand,
Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped,
Where Lilian, the baby slept ;
Her damp curls lay, like gold alight,
A glory 'gainst the pillow white ;
Softly her father stooped to lay
His rough hand down in loving way,
When dream or whisper made her stir,
And huskily he said, “Not her.”

We stooped beside the trundle-bed,
And one long ray of lamp-light shed
Athwart the boyish faces there,
In sleep so pitiful and fair.
I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek
A tear undried ; ere John could speak,
“He's but a baby too,” said I,
And kissed him as we hurried by.
Pale, patient Robby's angel face
Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace ;
“No, for a thousand crowns, not him,”
He whispered, while our eyes were dim.
Poor Dick ! sad Dick ! our wayward son,
Turbulent, reckless, idle one,—
Could he be spared ? Nay, he who gave
Bids us befriend him to the grave ;
Only a mother's heart can be
Patient enough for such as he ;
“And so,” said John, “I would not dare
To send him from her bedside prayer.”
Then stole we softly up above,
And knelt by Mary, child of love ;

"Perhaps for her 'twould better be,"
I said to John. Quite silently
He lifted up a curl, that lay
Across her cheek in wilful way,
And shook his head: "Nay, love, not thee;"
The while my heart beat audibly.
Only one more, our eldest lad,
Trusty and truthful, good and glad,—
So like his father: "No, John, no;
I cannot, will not, let him go!"

And so we wrote, in courteous way,
We could not give one child away;
And afterwards toil lighter seemed,
Thinking of that of which we dreamed;
Happy, in truth, that not one face
We missed from its accustomed place;
Thankful to work for all the seven,
Trusting then to One in heaven.

THE POLISH BOY.

(ANN S. STEPHENS.)

Whence come those shrieks so wild and shrill,
That cut, like blades of steel, the air,
Causing the creeping blood to chill
With the sharp cadence of despair?

Again they come, as if a heart
Were cleft in twain by one quick blow,
And every string had voice apart
To utter its peculiar woe.

Whence came they? from yon temple where
An altar, raised for private prayer,
Now forms the warrior's marble bed
Who Warsaw's gallant armies led.

The dim funereal tapers throw
A holy lustre o'er his brow,

And burnish with their rays of light
The mass of curls that gather bright
Above the haughty brow and eye
Of a young boy that's kneeling by.

What hand is that, whose icy press
Clings to the dead with death's own grasp,
But meets no answering caress ?
No thrilling fingers seek its clasp.
It is the hand of her whose cry
Rang wildly, late, upon the air,
When the dead warrior met her eye
Outstretched upon the altar there.

With pallid lip and stony brow
She murmurs forth her anguish now.
But hark ! the tramp of heavy feet
Is heard along the bloody street ;
Nearer and nearer yet they come,
With clanking arms and noiseless drum.
Now whispered curses, low and deep,
Around the holy temple creep ;
The gate is burst ; a ruffian band
Rush in, and savagely demand,
With brutal voice and oath profane,
The startled boy for exile's chain.

The mother sprang with gesture wild,
And to her bosom clasped her child ;
Then, with pale cheek and flashing eye,
Shouted with fearful energy,
" Back, ruffians, back ! nor dare to tread
Too near the body of my dead ;
Nor touch the living boy ; I stand
Between him and your lawless band.
Take me, and bind these arms, these hands,
With Russia's heaviest iron bands,
And drag me to Siberia's wild
To perish, if 'twill save my child ! "

" Peace, woman, peace ! " the leader cried,
Tearing the pale boy from her side,

And in his ruffian grasp he bore
His victim to the temple door.
“One moment!” shrieked the mother; “one!
Will land or gold redeem my son?
Take heritage, take name, take all,
But leave him free from Russian thrall!
Take these!” and her white arms and hands
She stripped of rings and diamond bands,
And tore from braids of long black hair
The gems that gleamed like starlight there;
Her cross of blazing rubies, last,
Down at the Russian’s feet she cast.
He stooped to seize the glittering store;—
Up springing from the marble floor,
The mother, with a cry of joy,
Snatched to her leaping heart the boy.
But no! the Russian’s iron grasp
Again undid the mother’s clasp.
Forward she fell, with one long cry
Of more than mortal agony.

But the brave child is roused at length,
And, breaking from the Russian’s hold,
He stands, a giant in the strength
Of his young spirit, fierce and bold.
Proudly he towers; his flashing eye,
So blue, and yet so bright,
Seems kindled from the eternal sky,
So brilliant is its light.
His curling lips and crimson cheeks
Foretell the thought before he speaks;
With a full voice of proud command
He turned upon the wondering band:
“Ye hold me not! no! no, nor can!
This hour has made the boy a man!
I knelt before my slaughtered sire,
Nor felt one throb of vengeful ire.
I wept upon his marble brow,
Yes, wept! I was a child; but now;
My noble mother, on her knee,
Hath done the work of years for me!”

He drew aside his broidered vest,
 And there, like slumbering serpent's crest,
 The jewelled haft of poniard bright
 Glittered a moment on the sight.
 "Ha! start ye back! Fool! coward! knave!
 Think ye my noble father's glaive
 Would drink the life-blood of a slave?
 The pearls that on the handle flame
 Would blush to rubies in their shame;
 The blade would quiver in thy breast
 Ashamed of such ignoble rest.
 No! thus I rend the tyrant's chain,
 And fling him back a boy's disdain!"

A moment, and the funeral light
 Flashed on the jewelled weapon bright;
 Another, and his young heart's blood
 Leaped to the floor, a crimson flood.
 Quick to his mother's side he sprang,
 And on the air his clear voice rang:
 "Up, mother, up! I'm free! I'm free!
 The choice was death or slavery.
 Up, mother, up! Look on thy son!
 His freedom is forever won;
 And now he waits one holy kiss
 To bear his father home in bliss,
 One last embrace, one blessing,—one!
 To prove thou knowest, approvest thy son.
 What! silent yet? Can'st thou not feel
 My warm blood o'er thy heart congeal?
 Speak, mother, speak! lift up thy head!
 What! silent still? Then art thou dead
 —Great God, I thank thee! Mother, I
 Rejoice with thee,—and thus—to die."
 One long, deep breath, and his pale head
 Lay on his mother's bosom,—dead.

RUM'S MANIAC.

(T. W. NOTT.)

Why am I thus? the maniac cried,
 Confined 'mid crazy people? Why?

I am not mad,—knave, stand aside !

I'll have my freedom, or I'll die ;
It's not for cure that here I've come ;
I tell thee, all I want is rum,—

I must have rum !

Sane ? yes, and have been all the while ;

Why, then, tormented thus ? 'Tis sad :
Why chained, and held in duress vile ?

The men who brought me here were mad ;
I will not stay where spectres come ;
Let me go home ; I must have rum,—
I must have rum !

'Tis he ! 'tis he ! my aged sire !

What has disturbed thee in thy grave ?
Why bend on me that eye of fire ?

Why torment, since thou canst not save ?
Back to the church-yard whence you've come !
Return, return ! but send me rum !
Oh, send me rum !

Why is my mother musing there,

On that same consecrated spot
Where once she taught me words of prayer ?

But now she hears, she heeds me not.
Mute in her winding-sheet she stands ;
Cold, cold, I feel her icy hands,—
Her icy hands !

She's vanished ; but a dearer friend,—

I know her by her angel smile,—
Has come her partner to attend,
His hours of misery to beguile ;
Haste, haste ! loved one, and set me free ;
'Twere heaven to 'scape from hence to thee,—
From hence to thee.

She does not hear ; away she flies,

Regardless of the chain I wear,
Back to her mansion in the skies,
To dwell with kindred spirits there.

Why has she gone? Why did she come?
O God I'm ruined! give me rum,—
Oh, give me rum!

Hark, hark! for bread my children cry,
A cry that drinks my spirits up;
But 'tis in vain, in vain to try;
Oh, give me back the drunkard's cup!
My lips are parched, my heart is sad;
This cursed chain! 'twill make me mad,—
'Twill make me mad!

It won't wash out, that crimson stain!
I've scoured those spots, and made them white;
Blood reappears again, again,
Soon as the morning brings the light!
When from my sleepless couch I come,
To see, to feel,—oh, give me rum!
I must have rum.

'Twas there I heard his piteous cry,
And saw his last imploring look.
But steeled my heart, and bade him die,
Then from him golden treasures took;
Accursed treasure! stinted sum!
Reward of guilt!—Give, give me rum,—
Oh, give me rum!

Hark! still I hear that piteous wail;
Before my eyes his spectre stands;
And when it frowns on me I quail!
Oh, I would fly to other lands;
But, that pursuing, there 'twould come;
There's no escape! Oh, give me rum,—
Oh, give me rum!

Guard, guard those windows! bar that door!
Yonder I armed bandits see!
They've robbed my house of all its store,
And now return to murder me;
They're breaking in; don't let them come!
Drive, drive them hence! but give me rum,—
Oh, give me rum!

See how that rug those reptiles soil ;
They're crawling o'er me in my bed ;
I feel their clammy, snaky coil
On every limb,—around my head ;
With forked tongue I see them play ;
I hear them hiss ;—tear them away,—
Tear them away !

A fiend ! a fiend, with many a dart,
Glares on me with his bloodshot eye,
And aims his missiles at my heart,—
Oh ! whither, whither shall I fly ?
Fly ? No, it is no time for flight ;
Fiend ! I know thy hellish purpose well ;
Avaunt ! avaunt, thou hated sprite,
And hie thee to thy native hell !

He's gone, he's gone ! and I am free :
He's gone, the faithless, braggart liar ;
He said he'd come to summon me—
See there again, my bed's on fire !
Fire ! water ! help ! Oh haste, I die !
The flames are kindling round my head !
This smoke !—I'm strangling !—cannot fly !
Oh ! snatch me from this burning bed !

There, there, again ! that demon's there,
Crouching to make a fresh attack ;
See how his flaming eyeballs glare !
Thou fiend of fiends, what's brought thee back ?
Back in thy car ? for whom ? for where ?
He smiles, he beckons me to come :
What are those words thou'st written there ?
“ In hell they never want for rum ! ”

Not want for rum ? Read this again !
I feel the spell ! haste, drive me down
Where rum is free, where revellers reign,
And I can wear the drunkard's crown.
Accept thy proffer, fiend ? I will ;
And to thy drunken banquet come ;
Fill the great cauldron from thy still
With boiling, burning, fiery rum.

There will I quench this horrid thirst;
 With boon companions drink and dwell;
 Nor plead for rum, as here I must,—
 There's liberty to drink in hell.

Thus raved that maniac rum had made;
 Then, starting from his haunted bed,
 On, on! ye demons, on! he said,
 Then silent sunk,—his soul had fled.

THE FATE OF VIRGINIA.

(T. B. MACAULAY.)

In order to render the commencement less abrupt, six lines of introduction have been added to this extract from the fine ballad by Macaulay.

“Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?”

“Claimed as a slave, a free-born maid is dragged here from her home.

On fair Virginia, Claudius has cast his eye of blight;
 The tyrant's creature, Marcus, asserts an owner's right,
 O, shame on Roman manhood! Was ever plot more clear?
 But look! the maiden's father comes! Behold Virginius here!”

Straightway Virginius led the maid a little space aside,
 To where the reeking shambles stood piled up with horn and hide.

Hard by, a butcher on a block had laid his whittle down,—
 Virginius caught the whittle up and hid it in his gown.
 And then his eyes grew very dim and his throat began to swell,

And in a hoarse, changed voice he spake, “Farewell, sweet child, farewell!

The house that was the happiest within the Roman walls,—
 The house that envied not the wealth of Capua's marble halls,

Now for the brightness of thy smile, must have eternal gloom,

And for the music of thy voice the silence of the tomb.

“The time is come. The tyrant points his eager hand this way;
See how his eyes gloat on thy grief, like a kite’s upon the prey;
With all his wit he little deems that, spurned, betrayed, bereft,
Thy father hath, in his despair, one fearful refuge left;
He little deems that, in his hand, I clutch what still can save
Thy gentle youth from taunts and blows, the portion of the slave;
Yea, and from nameless evil, that passeth taunt and blow,—
Foul outrage, which thou knowest not,—which thou shalt never know.
Then clasp me round the neck once more, and give me one more kiss;
And now mine own dear little girl, there is no way but this!”
With that, he lifted high the steel and smote her in the side,
And in her blood she sank to earth, and with one sob she died.

Then for a little moment, all the people held their breath;
And through the crowded Forum was stillness as of death;
And in another moment brake forth from one and all
A cry as if the Volscians were coming o’er the wall;
Till, with white lips and bloodshot eyes, Virginius tottered nigh,
And stood before the judgment seat and held the knife on high:
“O, dwellers in the nether gloom, avengers of the slain,
By this dear blood I cry to you, do right between us twain;
And e’en as Appius Claudius hath dealt by me and mine,
Deal you by Appius Claudius and all the Claudian line!”
So spake the slayer of his child; then where the body lay,
Pausing, he cast one haggard glance, and turned and went his way.

Then up sprang Appius Claudius: “Stop him, alive or dead!
Ten thousand pounds of copper to the man who bring his head!”

He looked upon his clients,—but none would work his will,
He looked upon his lictors,—but they trembled and stood still.

And as Virginius through the press his way in silence cleft,
Ever the mighty multitude fell back to right and left ;
And he hath passed in safety unto his woful home,
And there ta'en horse to tell the camp what deeds are done
in Rome.

CREATION A PROOF OF DIVINE EXISTENCE.

OF this universe we can only form an approximate idea by comparing one small portion of it with another, and by allowing the mind to dwell for a considerable time on every scene we contemplate. We must first endeavor to acquire a comprehensive conception of the magnitude of the globe on which we dwell, and the numerous diversity it contains ; we must next stretch our view to some of the planetary globes, which are a thousand times greater in magnitude ; and to such an orb as the sun, which fills a space thirteen hundred thousand times more expansive. Ranging through the whole of the planetary system, we must fix our attention on every particular scene and object, imagine ourselves traversing the hills, the plains, and immense regions of Jupiter, and surveying the expansive regions of Saturn in all their vast dimensions and rapid motions, until we have obtained the most ample idea which the mind can possibly grasp of the extent and grandeur of the planetary system. Leaving this vast system, and proceeding through boundless space until all its planets have entirely disappeared, and its sun has dwindled to the size of a small twinkling star, we must next survey the thousand stars that deck the visible firmament, every one must be considered as a sun, accompanied with a system of planets no less spacious and august than others. Continuing our course through depths of space immeasurable by human art, we must penetrate into the centre of the Milky Way, where we are surrounded by suns not only in thousands, but in millions. Here the imagination must be left for a length of time, to expatiate in this amazing and magnificent scene, and try if it can form any faint idea of twenty millions of planets. Suppose one of

these bodies to pass before the eye or the imagination every minute, it would require nineteen hundred years before the whole could pass in review, and each produce a distinct impression as a separate object.

MILTON ON HIS LOSS OF SIGHT.

(ELIZABETH LLOYD.)

THERE are three poems in the English Language that should make the names of their authors immortal! viz: "Milton's Last Lines," by Elizabeth Lloyd; "The Burial of Moses," by Cecil Frances Alexander; and "Over the River," by Nancy A. W. Priest.

I AM old and blind !
Men point at me as smitten by God's frown ;
Afflicted and deserted of my kind,
Yet I am not cast down.

I am weak, yet strong ;
I murmur not, that I no longer see ;
Poor, old, and helpless, I the more belong,
Father Supreme ! to Thee,

O merciful One !
When men are farthest, then Thou art most near,
When men pass by, my weaknesses to shun,
Thy chariot I hear.

Thy glorious face
Is leaning toward me, and its holy light
Shines in upon my lonely dwelling-place—
And there is no more night.

On my bended knee,
I recognize Thy purpose, clearly shown ;
My vision Thou hast dimmed, that I may see
Thyself, Thyself alone.

I have naught to fear ;
This darkness is the shadow of Thy wing ;
Beneath it I am almost sacred—here
Can come no evil thing.

O ! I seem to stand
Trembling, where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapped in the radiance from Thy sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.

Visions come and go,
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng ;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.

It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes—
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow ;
That earth in darkness lies.

In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture—waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit—strains sublime
Break over me unsought.

Give me now my lyre !
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine ;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire
Lit by no skill of mine.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

(C. F. ALEXANDER.)

"AND he buried him in the valley of Moab, over against Beth-peor ; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

—Deut. xxxiv. 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave ;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth ;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth ;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot ;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo ! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,

And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor ?
The hillside for his pall ;
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave ;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again,—O most wondrous thought!—
Before the judgment day ;
And stand, with glory wrapped around,
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land !
O dark Beth-peor's hill !
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,—
Ways that we cannot tell ;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well.

OVER THE RIVER.

(N. A. W. PRIEST.)

OVER the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side ;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue ;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gates of the city we could not see ;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet ;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie ! I see her yet !
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark ;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be ;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail ;
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning hearts
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day ;
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for the gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit-land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

THE FIREMAN.

(ROBERT T. CONRAD.)

THE city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent, falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head.
Stilled is the stir of labor and of life;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquilized the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave are careless; those who joy or weep
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side;
'Tis summer's eve; the soft gales scarcely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs;
And, faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When, hark! O, horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
'Tis fire! 'tis fire! She wakes to dream no more;
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door;

The dun smoke eddies round ; and, hark ! that cry :
“ Help ! help ! Will no one aid ? I die, I die ! ”
She seeks the casement ; shuddering at its height
She turns again ; the fierce flames mock her flight ;
Along the crackling stairs they fiercely play,
And roar, exulting, as they seize their prey.
“ Help ! help ! Will no one come ? ” She can no more ;
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.

Will no one save thee ? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone :
When all have fled, when all but he would fly,
The fireman comes, to rescue or to die.
He mounts the stair,—it wavers 'neath his tread ;
He seeks the room, flames flashing round his head :
He bursts the door ; he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.
The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath :
The falling timbers menace him with death ;
The sinking floors his hurried step betray ;
And ruin crashes round his desperate way ;
Hot smoke obscures, ten thousand cinders rise,
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize ;
He leaps from burning stair to stair. On ! on !
Courage ! One effort more, and all is won !
The stair is passed,—the blazing hall is braved ;
Still on ! yet on ! once more ! Thank Heaven, she's
saved !

ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

(SHAKSPEARE.)

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen ! lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interred with their bones :
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious ;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O Masters ! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ;
I found it in his closet ; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle ; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look ! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through ;
See what a rent the envious Casca made ;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it !
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel ;
Judge, O, ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen,
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh ! now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity ;—these are gracious drops.
Kind souls ! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look ye here !
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable !
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,

That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But as you all know me, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action or utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ;—I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny !

AFTER THE BATTLE.

HOLD the lantern aside, and shudder not so ;
There's more blood to see than this stain on the snow ;
There are pools of it, lakes of it, just over there,
And fixed faces all streaked, and crimson-soaked hair.
Did you think, when we came, you and I, out to-night
To search for our dead, you would be a fair sight ?

You're his wife ; you love him—you think so ; and I
Am only his mother ; my boy shall not lie
In a ditch with the rest, while my arms can bear
His form to a grave that mine own may soon share.
So, if your strength fails, best go sit by the hearth,
While his mother alone seeks his bed on the earth.

You will go ! then no faintings ! Give me the light,
And follow my footsteps,—my heart will lead right.
Ah, God ! what is here ? a great heap of the slain,
All mangled and gory !—what horrible pain
These beings have died in ! Dear mothers, ye weep,
Ye weep, oh, ye weep o'er this terrible sleep !

More ! more ! Ah ! I thought I could never more know
Grief, horror, or pity, for aught here below,
Since I stood in the porch and heard his chief tell
How brave was my son, how he gallantly fell.
Did they think I cared then to see officers stand
Before my great sorrow, each hat in each hand !

Why, girl, do you feel neither reverence nor fright,
That your red hands turn over toward this dim light
These dead men that stare so ? Ah, if you had kept
Your senses this morning ere his comrades had left,
You had heard that his place was worst of them all,—
Not 'mid the stragglers,—where he fought he would fall.

There's the moon through the clouds : O Christ what a
scene !

Dost thou from thy heavens o'er such visions lean,
And still call this cursed world a footstool of thine ?
Hark, a groan ! there another,—here in this line
Piled close on each other ! Ah, here is the flag,
Torn, dripping with gore ;—bah ! they died for this rag.

Here's the voice that we seek : poor soul, do not start ;
We're women, not ghosts. What a gash o'er the heart !
Is there aught we can do ? A message to give
To any beloved one ? I swear, if I live,
To take it for sake of the words my boy said,
“ Home,” “ mother,” “ wife,” ere he reeled down 'mong
the dead.

But, first, can you tell where his regiment stood ?
Speak, speak, man, or point ; 'twas the Ninth. Oh, the
blood

Is choking his voice ! What a look of despair !
There, lean on my knee, while I put back the hair
From eyes so fast glazing. Oh, my darling, my own,
My hands were both idle when you died alone.

He's dying—he's dead ! Close his lids, let us go.
God's peace on his soul ! If we only could know
Where our own dear one lies !—my soul has turned sick ;
Must we crawl o'er these bodies that lie here so thick ?

I cannot! I cannot! How eager you are!
One might think you were nursed on the red lap of
War.

He's not here,—and not here. What wild hopes flash
through
My thoughts, as foot-deep I stand in this dread dew,
And cast up a prayer to the blue quiet sky!
Was it you, girl, that shrieked? Ah! what face doth
lie
Upturned toward me there, so rigid and white?
O God, my brain reels! 'Tis a dream. My old sight

Is dimmed with these horrors. My son! oh, my son!
Would I had died for thee, my own, only one!
There, lift off your arms; let him come to the breast
Where first he was lulled, with my soul's hymn, to rest.
Your heart never thrilled to your lover's fond kiss
As mine to his baby-touch; was it for this?

He was yours, too; he loved you? Yes, yes, you're
right.
Forgive me, my daughter, I'm maddened to-night.
Don't moan so, dear child; you're young, and your years
May still hold fair hopes; but the old die of tears.
Yes, take him again;—ah! don't lay your face there;
See, the blood from his wound has stained your loose
hair.

How quiet you are! Has she fainted?—her cheek
Is cold as his own. Say a word to me,—speak!
Am I crazed? Is she dead! Has *her* heart broke
first?

Her trouble was bitter, but sure mine is worst.
I'm afraid, I'm afraid, all alone with these dead;
Those corpses are stirring; God help my poor head!

I'll sit by my children until the men come
To bury the others, and then we'll go home.
Why, the slain are all dancing! Dearest, don't move.
Keep away from my boy; he's guarded by love.
Lullaby, lullaby; sleep, sweet darling, sleep!
God and thy mother will watch o'er thee keep.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

(ALBERT G. GREENE.)

O'ER a low couch the setting sun had thrown its latest ray,
Where, in his last strong agony, a dying warrior lay,—
The stern old Baron Rudiger, whose frame had ne'er been
bent
By wasting pain, till time and toil its iron strength had
spent.

“They come around me here, and say my days of life are
o'er;
That I shall mount my noble steed and lead my band no
more;
They come, and, to my beard, they dare to tell me now that I,
Their own liege lord and master born, that I,—ha! ha!—
must die.

“And what is death? I've dared him oft, before the Pay-
nim spear;
Think ye he's entered at my gate,—has come to seek me
here?
I've met him, faced him, scorned him, when the fight was
raging hot;—
I'll try his might, I'll brave his power; defy, and fear him
not.

“Ho! sound the tocsin from my tower, and fire the cul-
verin;
Bid each retainer arm with speed; call every vassal in;
Up with my banner on the wall; the banquet board pre-
pare;
Throw wide the portal of my hall, and bring my armor
there!”

An hundred hands were busy then: the banquet forth was
spread,
And rung the heavy oaken floor with many a martial tread,
While from the rich, dark tracery, along the vaulted wall,
Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear, o'er the proud
old Gothic hall,

Fast hurrying through the outer gate, the mailed retainers
poured,
On through the portal's frowning arch, and thronged around
the board ;
While at its head, within his dark, carved oaken chair of
state,
Armed cap-a-pie, stern, Rudiger, with girded falchion, sate.

"Fill every beaker up, my men ; pour forth the cheering
wine ;
There's life and strength in every drop ;—thanksgiving to the
vine !
Are ye all there, my vassals true ? mine eyes are waxing
dim ;
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones, each goblet to the
brim.

"Ye're there, but yet I see you not ; draw forth each trusty
sword,
And let me hear your faithful steel clash once around my
board ;—
I hear it faintly :—louder yet ! What clogs my heavy
breath ?
Up, all ! and shout for Rudiger, 'Defiance unto death' !"

Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, and rose a deafen-
ing cry,
That made the torches flare around, and shook the flags on
high.
"Ho ! cravens ! do ye fear him ? Slaves ! traitors ! have ye
flown ?
Ho ! cowards, have ye left me to meet him here alone ?

"But I defy him ; let him come !" Down rang the massy
cup,
While from its sheath the ready blade came flashing half-
way up ;
And, with the black and heavy plumes scarce trembling on
his head,
There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, old Rudiger sat,—
dead !

THE PAINTER OF SEVILLE.

(SUSAN WILSON.)

Sebastian Gomez, better known by the name of the Mulatto of Murillo, was one of the most celebrated painters of Spain. There may yet be seen in the churches of Seville the celebrated picture which he was found painting, by his master, a St. Anne, and a holy Joseph, which are extremely beautiful, and others of the highest merit. The incident related occurred about the year 1630.

'Twas morning in Seville; and brightly beamed
The early sunlight in one chamber there;
Showing where'er its glowing radiance gleamed,
Rich, varied beauty. 'Twas the study where
Murillo, the famed painter, came to share
With young aspirants his long-cherished art,
To prove how vain must be the teacher's care,
Who strives his unbought knowledge to impart,
The language of the soul, the feeling of the heart.

The pupils came, and glancing round,
Mendez upon his canvas found,
Not his own work of yesterday,
But, glowing in the morning ray,
A sketch, so rich, so pure, so bright,
It almost seemed that there were given
To glow before his dazzled sight,
Tints and expression warm from heaven.

'Twas but a sketch—the Virgin's head—
Yet was unearthly beauty shed
Upon the mildly beaming face;
The lip, the eye, the flowing hair,
Had separate, yet blended grace—
A poet's brightest dream was there!

Murillo entered, and amazed,
On the mysterious painting gazed;
“Whose work is this?—speak, tell me!—he
Who to his aid such power can call,”
Exclaimed the teacher eagerly,
“Will yet be master of us all;

Would I had done it!—Ferdinand!
 Isturitz! Mendez!—say, whose hand
 Among ye all?—With half-breathed sigh,
 Each pupil answered,—“ ’Twas not I!”

“How came it then?” impatiently
 Murillo cried; “but we shall see,
 Ere long, into this mystery.
 Sebastian!”

At the summons came
 A bright-eyed slave,
 Who trembled at the stern rebuke
 His master gave.
 For, ordered in that room to sleep,
 And faithful guard o’er all to keep,
 Murillo bade him now declare
 What rash intruder had been there,
 And threatened—if he did not tell
 The truth at once—the dungeon-cell.”
 “Thou answerest not,” Murillo said;
 (The boy had stood in speechless fear.)
 “Speak on!”—At last he raised his head,
 And murmured, “No one has been here.”
 “’Tis false!” Sebastian bent his knee,
 And clasped his hands imploringly,
 And said, “I swear it, none but me!”
 “List!” said his master. “I would know
 Who enters here—there have been found
 Before, rough sketches strewn around,
 By whose bold hand, ’tis yours to show;
 See that to-night strict watch you keep,
 Nor dare to close your eyes in sleep.
 If on to-morrow morn you fail
 To answer what I ask,
 The lash shall force you—do you hear?
 Hence! to your daily task.”

* * * * *

’Twas midnight in Seville; and faintly shone
 From one small lamp, a dim uncertain ray

Within Murillo's study—all were gone

Who there, in pleasant tasks or converse gay,
Passed cheerfully the morning hours away.

'Twas shadowy gloom, and breathless silence, save,
That to sad thoughts and torturing fear a prey,
One bright-eyed-boy was there—Murillo's little slave.

Almost a child—that boy had seen

Not thrice five summers yet,

But genius marked the lofty brow,

O'er which his locks of jet

Profusely curled ; his cheek's dark hue

Proclaimed the warm blood flowing through

Each throbbing vein, a mingled tide,

To Africa and Spain allied.

"Alas ! what fate is mine !" he said.

"The lash, if I refuse to tell

Who sketched those figures—if I do,

Perhaps e'en more—the dungeon-cell !"

He breathed a prayer to Heaven for aid ;

It came—for soon in slumber laid,

He slept, until the dawning day

Shed on his humble couch its ray.

"I'll sleep no more !" he cried ; "and now,

Three hours of freedom I may gain,

Before my master comes ; for then

I shall be but a slave again.

Three blessed hours of freedom ! how

Shall I employ them ?—ah ! e'en now

The figure on that canvas traced

Must be—yes, it must be effaced."

He seized a brush—the morning light

Gave to the head a softened glow ;

Gazing enraptured on the sight,

He cried, "Shall I efface it ?—No !

That breathing lip ! that beaming eye !

Efface them ?—I would rather die !"

The terror of the humble slave
 Gave place to the o'erpowering flow
 Of the high feelings Nature gave—
 Which only gifted spirits know.
 He touched the brow—the lip—it seemed
 His pencil had some magic power ;
 The eye with deeper feeling beamed—
 Sebastian then forgot the hour !
 Forgot his master, and the threat
 Of punishment still hanging o'er him ;
 For, with each touch, new beauties met
 And mingled in the face before him.

At length 'twas finished ; rapturously
 He gazed—could ought more beauteous be !—
 A while absorbed, entranced he stood,
 Then started—horror chilled his blood !
 His master and the pupils all
 Were there e'en at his side !
 The terror-stricken slave was mute—
 Mercy would be denied,
 E'en could he ask it—so he deemed,
 And the poor boy half lifeless seemed.

Speechless, bewildered—for a space
 They gazed upon that perfect face,
 Each with an artist's joy ;
 At length Murillo silence broke,
 And with affected sternness spoke—
 " Who is your master, boy ? "
 " You, Senor," said the trembling slave.
 " Nay, who, I mean, instruction gave,
 Before that Virgin's head you drew ? "
 Again he answered, " Only you."
 " I gave you none," Murillo cried !
 " But I have heard," the boy replied,
 " What you to others said."
 " And more than heard," in kinder tone,
 The painter said ; " 'tis plainly shown
 That you have profited."

" What (to his pupils) is his meed ?
 Reward or punishment ? "

“Reward, reward!” they warmly cried,
 (Sebastian’s ear was bent
To catch the sounds he scarce believed,
But with imploring look received.)
“What shall it be?” They spoke of gold
 And of a splendid dress;
But still unmoved Sebastian stood,
 Silent and motionless.

“Speak!” said Murillo, kindly; “choose
 Your own reward—what shall it be?
Name what you wish, I’ll not refuse:
 Then speak at once and fearlessly.”
“Oh! if I dared!”—Sebastian knelt,
 And feelings he could not control,
(But feared to utter even then)
 With strong emotion, shook his soul.

“Courage!” his master said, and each
 Essayed, in kind, half-whispered speech,
To soothe his overpow’ring dread.
He scarcely heard, till some one said,
 “Sebastian—ask—you have your choice,
Ask for your freedom!”—At the word,
 The suppliant strove to raise his voice:
At first but stifled sobs were heard,
And then his prayer—breathed fervently—
 “Oh! master, make my father free!”
“Him and thyself, my noble boy!”
Warmly the painter cried;
Raising Sebastian from his feet,
 He pressed him to his side.
“Thy talents rare, and filial love,
 E’en more have fairly won;
Still be thou mine by other bonds—
 My pupil and my son.”

Murillo knew, e’en when the words
 Of generous feeling passed his lips,
Sebastian’s talents soon must lead
 To fame, that would his own eclipse;

And, constant to his purpose still,
He joyed to see his pupil gain,
Beneath his care, such matchless skill
As made his name the pride of Spain.

WE MEET UPON THE LEVEL, AND WE PART UPON THE SQUARE.

WE meet upon the level, and we part upon the square—
What words of precious meaning those words Masonic are !
Come, let us contemplate them — they are worthy of a
thought—
In the very soul of Masonry those precious words are
wrought.

We meet upon the level, though from every station come—
The rich man from his mansion, and the poor man from his
home ;
For the one must leave his heritage outside the Mason's
door,
While the other finds his best respect upon the checkered
floor.

We part upon the square, for the world must have its due ;
We mingle with the multitude—a faithful band, and true ;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we long, upon the level, to renew the happy scene.

There's a world where all are equal—we are journeying
toward it fast,
We shall meet upon the level there when the gates of
Death are past,
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be
there
To try the blocks we offer with his own unerring square.

We shall meet upon the level there, but never thence
depart ;
There's a Mansion—'tis all ready for each faithful, trusting
heart—
There's a Mansion and a welcome, and a multitude is there
Who have met upon the level, and been tried upon the
square.

Let us meet upon the level, then, while laboring patient
here—

Let us meet and let us labor, though the labor be severe ;
Already, in the Western sky, the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools, and part upon the square.

Hands round, ye faithful Masons, in the bright, fraternal
chain !

We part upon the square below to meet in Heaven again.
O ! what words of precious meaning those words Masonic
are—

We meet upon the level, and we part upon the square.

LORD DUNDREARY ON "PWOVERBS."

A fellah once told me that another fellah wrote a book before he was born—I mean before the first fellah was born (of course the fellah who wrote it must have been born, else how could he have written it?)—that is, a long time ago—to pwove that a whole lot of pwoverbs and things that fellahs are in the habit of quoting were all nonsense.

I should vewy much like to get that book. I—I think if I could get it at one of those spherical—no—globular—no, that's not the word—circle—circular—yes, that's it—circulating libwawies (I knew it was something that went round)—I think if I could just borwov that book from a circulating libwawy—I'd—yes, upon my word now—I'd twy and wead it. A doothed good sort of book that, I'm sure. I—I always did hate pwoverbs. In the first place, they, they're so howwibly confusing—I—I always did mix 'em up together—somehow, when I twy to weckomember them. And besides, if ewevy fellah was to wegulate his life by a lot of pwoverbs, what—what a beathly sort of uncomfortable life he would lead !

I remoleckt—I mean remember—when I was quite a little fellah—in pinafores—and liked wasbewwy jam and—and a lot of howwid things for tea—there was a sort of collection of illustwated pwoverbs hanging up in our nursery at home. They belonged to our old nurse—Sarah—I think—and she had 'em fwamed and glazed. "Poor Richard's," I think she called 'em—and she used to say—poor dear—

that if evewy fellah attended to evewything Poor Richard wote, that he'd get vewy wick, and l-live and die—happy ever after. However—it—it's vewy clear to me that—he couldn't have attended to them—himself, else, how did the fellah come to be called Poor Richard? I—I hate a fellah that pweaches what he doesn't pwactice. Of courth, if what he said was twue, and he'd stuck to it—he—he'd have been called—Rich Richard—Stop a minute—how's that? Rich Richard? Why that would have been too rich. Pwaps that's the reason he preferred being Poor. How vewy wick!

But, as I was saying, these picture pwoverbs were all hung up in our nursery, and a more uncomfortable set of makthims—you never wead. For instance, there was one vewy nonthensical pwoverb which says:

“A B-BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH.”

Th-the man who invented that pwoverb must have been a b-born idiot. How the dooth can he t-tell the welative v-value of poultry in that pwomithcuous manner? Suppothe I've got a wobbing wed-bweast in my hand—(I nearly had the other morning—but he flew away—confound him!)—well—suppothe the two birds in the bush are a bwace of partwidges—you—you don't mean to t-tell me that that wobbin wed-bweast would fetch as m-much as a bwace of partwidges? Abthurd! P-poor Richard can't gammon me in that sort of way.

THE WIFE.

(J. G. WHITTIER.)

FROM school, and ball, and rout, she came,
The city's fair, pale daughter,
To drink the wine of mountain air
Beside the Bearcamp Water.

Her step grew firmer on the hills
That watch our homesteads over;
On cheek and lip, from summer fields,
She caught the bloom of clover.

For health comes sparkling in the streams,
From cool Chocorua stealing,
There's iron in our northern winds,
Our pines are trees of healing.

She sat beneath the broad-armed elms
That skirt the mowing-meadow,
And watched the gentle west-wind weave
The grass with shine and shadow.

Beside her, from the summer hat
To share her grateful screening,
With forehead bared, the farmer stood,
Upon his pitchfork leaning.

Framed in its damp, dark locks, his face
Had nothing mean or common—
Strong, manly, true, the tenderness
And pride beloved of woman.

She looked up, glowing with the health
The country air had brought her,
And, laughing said: "You lack a wife,
Your mother lacks a daughter.

"To mend your frock and bake your bread
You do not need a lady:
Be sure among these brown old homes
Is some one waiting ready—

"Some fair, sweet girl with skilful hand
And cheerful heart for treasure,
Who never played with ivory keys,
Or danced the polka's measure."

He bent his black brows to a frown,
He set his white teeth tightly.
"'Tis well," he said, "for one like you
To choose for me so lightly.

"You think, because my life is rude,
I take no note of sweetness;
I tell you love has naught to do
With meetness or unmeetness.

"You think me deaf and blind ; you bring
Your winning graces hither,
As free as if from cradle-time,
We two had played together.

"You tempt me with your laughing eyes,
Your cheek of sundown's blushes,
A motion as of waving grain,
A music as of thrushes.

"The plaything of your summer sport,
The spells you weave around me,
You cannot at your will undo,
Nor leave me as you found me.

"You go as lightly as you came,
Your life is well without me ;
What care you that these hills will close
Like prison-walls about me ?

"No mood is mine to seek a wife,
Or daughter for my mother ;
Who loves you loses in that love
All power to love another !

"I dare your pity or your scorn,
With pride your own exceeding ;
I fling my heart into your lap
Without a word of pleading."

She looked up in his face of pain,
So archly, yet so tender :
"And if I lend you mine," she said,
"Will you forgive the lender ?"

"Nor frock nor tan can hide the man ;
And see you not, my farmer,
How weak and fond a woman waits
Behind this silken armor ?

"I love you : on that love alone,
And not my worth, presuming,

Will you not trust for summer fruit
The tree in May-day blooming?"

Alone the hang-bird overhead,
His hair-hung cradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle—
The giving that is gaining.

And so the farmer found a wife,
His mother found a daughter;
There looks no happier home than hers
On pleasant Bearcamp Water.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming,
And all about, the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

We send the squire to General Court;
He takes his young wife thither;
No prouder man election-day
Rides through the sweet June weather.

A GLASS OF COLD WATER.

(J. B. GOUGH.)

WHERE is the liquor which God the Eternal brews for all his children? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odors, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play; there God brews it. And down, low down in the lowest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing;

and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun; where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash; and away far out on the wide wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar; the chorus sweeping the march of God: there he brews it—that beverage of life and health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dew-drop; singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice-gem, till the leaves all seem to turn to living jewels; spreading a golden veil over the setting sun; or a white gauze around the midnight moon.

Sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and waving the many-colored iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven; all checkered over with celestial flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depth; no drunken, shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in the words of eternal despair; speak on, my friends, would you exchange for it demon's drink, alcohol!

WILL THE NEW YEAR COME TO-NIGHT, MAMMA?

(CORA M. EAGER.)

WILL the New Year come to-night, mamma? I'm tired
of waiting so—

My stocking hung by the chimney-side full three long days
ago;

I run to peep within the door by morning's early light—
'Tis empty still: oh, say, mamma, will the New Year come
to-night?

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma?—the snow is
on the hill,
And the ice must be two inches thick upon the meadow's
rill.

I heard you tell papa, last night, his son must have a sled,
(I didn't mean to hear, mamma,) and a pair of skates, you
said.

I prayed for just those things, mamma. Oh, I shall be full
of glee,
And the orphan boys in the village school will all be envy-
ing me;
But I'll give them toys, and lend them books, and make
their New Year glad,
For God, you say, takes back his gifts when little folks are
bad,
And won't you let me go, mamma, upon the New Year's
day,
- And carry something nice and warm to poor old Widow
Gray?
I'll leave the basket near the door, within the garden gate—
Will the New Year come to-night, mamma?—it seems so
long to wait.

* * * * *

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, I saw it in my
sleep;
My stocking hung so full, I thought—mamma, what makes
you weep?—
But it only held a little shroud—a shroud, and nothing
more;
And an open coffin, made for me, was standing on the floor!
It seemed so very strange indeed, to find such gifts, instead
Of all the toys I wished so much—the story-books and sled;
And while I wondered what it meant, you came with tear-
ful joy,
And said, "Thou'lt find the New Year first: God calleth
thee, my boy!"

It is not all a dream, mamma—I know it must be true;
But have I been so bad a boy, God taketh me from you?
I don't know what papa will do, when I am laid to rest—
And you will have no Willie's head to fold upon your
breast.
The New Year comes to-night, mamma—place your dear
hand on my cheek,
And raise my head a little more—it seems so hard to speak.

I shall not want the skates, mamma, I'll never need the sled;
But won't you give them both to Blake, who hurt me on
my head?

He used to hide my books away, and tear the pictures, too,
But now he'll know that I forgive, as then I tried to do.
And, if you please, mamma, I'd like the story-books and
slate

To go to Frank, the drunkard's boy, you wouldn't let me
hate;

And, dear mamma, you won't forget, upon the New Year's
day,

The basketful of something nice for poor old Widow Gray?

The New Year comes to-night, mamma—it seems so very
soon—

I think God didn't hear me ask for just another June.
I know I've been a thoughtless boy, and made you too
much care,

And, maybe for your sake, mamma, God doesn't hear my
prayer.

There's one thing more: my pretty pets, the robin and the
dove,

Keep for you and dear papa, and teach them how to love.
The garden rake, the little hoe—you'll find them nicely
laid

Upon the garret floor, mamma, the place where last I
played.

I thought to need them both so much when summer comes
again,

To make my garden by the brook that trickles through the
glen;

It cannot be; but you will keep the summer flowers green,
And plant a few—don't cry, mamma—a very few I mean,
Where I'm asleep—I'll sleep so sweet beneath the apple-
tree,

Where you and robin, in the morn, will come and sing to me.

The New Year comes—good night, mamma—"I lay me
down to sleep,

I pray the Lord"—tell dear papa—"my precious soul to
keep;

If I"—how cold it seems—how dark—kiss me, I cannot see—

The New Year comes to-night, mamma, the old year—dies with me.

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.

(THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.)

OUT of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet;
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood.

The pastor came; his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.

The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher ;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir ;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo ! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—
When Berkley cried, " Cease, traitor ! cease ;
God's temple is the house of peace ! "

The other shouted, " Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause ;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe ;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray ! "

And now before the open door—

The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
It's long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.
And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life ;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.

It seemed as it would never cease ;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant tongue
Was, " War ! WAR ! WAR ! "

" Who dares ? "—this was the patriot's cry.
As striding from the desk he came—
" Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die ? "
A hundred hands flung up reply
A hundred voices answered, " I ! "

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

(HENRY KIRKE WHITE.)

WHEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye :

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks :
It is the star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode ;
The storm was loud,—the night was dark ;
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze :
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose :
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star,—the Star of Bethlehem!

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

(CHARLES WOLFE.)

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,—
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow:
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory :
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

AN ALPINE STORM AT LAKE GENEVA.

(BYRON.)

THE sky is changed !—and such a change ! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder ! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—most glorious night !
Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee !
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
And now again 'tis black,—and now the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

(BYRON.)

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still !

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride :
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

THE EAST.

(BYRON.)

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine ;
Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul in her bloom ;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute ;

Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
 In color though varied, in beauty may vie ;
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?
 'Tis the clime of the East ; 'tis the land of the sun,—
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?
 Oh ! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they
 tell.

THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

* * * * * *

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts ; and choking sighs,
 Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
 If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste ; the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar ;
 And, near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips,—“The foe ! They come !
 they come !”

* * * * *

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
 The morn, the marshalling in arms—the day,
 Battle's magnificently stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider, and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

(BYRON).

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

MAN'S IMMORTALITY.

(BYRON.)

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,
Ah, whither strays the immortal mind?
It cannot die,—it cannot stay,
But leaves its darkened dust behind.
Then, unembodied, doth it trace
By steps each planet's heavenly way?
Or fill at once the realms of space,
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,
A thought unseen, but seeing all,—
All, all in earth or skies display'd,
Shall it survey, shall it recall:
Each fainter trace that memory holds
So darkly of departed years,
In one broad glance the soul beholds,
And all that was, at once appears.

Before Creation peopled earth,
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;
And where the furthest heaven had birth,
The spirit trace its rising track;

And where the future mars or makes,
 Its glance dilate o'er all to be,
 While sun is quench'd or system breaks,
 Fix'd in its own eternity.

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,
 It lives all passionless and pure :
 An age shall fleet like earthly year ;
 Its years as moments shall endure.
 Away, away, without a wing.
 O'er all, through all, its thoughts shall fly ;
 A nameless and eternal thing,
 Forgetting what it was to die.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.*

(ANNE BARNARD.)

LADY ANNE BARNARD, daughter of James Lindsay, Earl of Balcarres, was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, in 1750, and was married in 1793 to Mr. Andrew Barnard, who was secretary under Lord Macartney at the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, where she died in 1825. This is about all we know of the life of the authoress of one of the sweetest, most tender, and most affecting ballads in our language, and which deserves a place in any collection of its gems, — the ballad of Auld Robin Gray.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, when the kye's come
 hame,

And a' the weary warld to quiet rest are gane,
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,
 Unkent by my gudeman, wha soundly sleeps by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride,
 But saving ae crown-piece he'd naething else beside ;
 To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea,
 And the crown and the pound,—O they were baith for me.

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
 My father brake his arm,—our cow was stown away ;

* Of this ballad Leigh Hunt has truly said " It has suffused more eyes with tears of the first water than any other ballad that ever was written."

My mither she fell sick,—my Jamie was at sea,
An' Auld Robin Gray, O he came a-courting me.

My father couldna work,—my mither couldna spin,—
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jeanie, oh, for their sakes, will ye marry me?"

My heart it said Na, and I look'd for Jamie back,
But hard blew the winds, and his ship it proved a wrack;
His ship it was a wrack,—Why didna Jamie dee,
And wherefore am I spared to cry, O wae is me?

My father urged me sair,—my mither didna speak,
But she lookit in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand,—but my heart was in the sea,—
And so Auld Robin Gray was a gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,
When, mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist,—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

Oh, sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a',
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa':
I wish that I were dead, but I'm na like to dee,
For, though my heart is broken, I'm but young,—Wae is
me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin,
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin,
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray, oh, he is sae kind to me.

THE TWO WEAVERS.

(HANNAH MORE.)

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touch'd upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? why none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches,
This world (indeed, I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why thus we blame our Maker's law;
Parts of his ways alone we know;
'Tis all that man can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun;
Behold the wild confusion there,
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there convey'd;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout:—
Why, man, that carpet's inside out!"

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;

This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

“As when we view these shreds and ends
We know not what the whole intends,
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They’re working still some scheme of God.

“No plan, no pattern, can we trace ;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace ;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

“But when we reach that world of light,
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the workman is divine.

“What now seem random strokes will there
All order and design appear ;
Then shall we praise what here we spurn’d,
For then the carpet shall be turn’d.”

“Thou’rt right,” quoth Dick ; “no more I’ll grumble
That this sad world’s so strange a jumble ;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right.”

THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

(ROBERT SOUTHEY.)

THEY sin, who tell us love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity ;
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth ;
But love is indestructible ;

Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress'd,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is there.
Oh, when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight ?

DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL.

(EDWARD IRVING.)

IF it be asked, Who was the greatest man this world ever produced ? I answer, in my humble opinion, David, King of Israel. Was there ever a hero worthy to be compared with him ? When a youth, did he did not slay a lion and a bear ? and when the hosts of Israel stood in terror and astonishment, not one of their mighty men of valor daring to accept the haughty challenge of Goliath of Gath, that immense giant, more than eleven feet in height, and whose armor weighed three hundred pounds ; did not this true hero, armed only with a sling, and without armor of any kind, advance against him and slay him ? Was he not victorious in every fight ? And when he was made King of Israel, although he found his country surrounded by powerful enemies on every side, and almost at the mercy of the Philistines, who had slain Saul and Jonathan, and utterly defeated the Israelites, yet in a few years, he subdued all the nations that dared oppose him ; and when he died, left to his son Solomon the richest and most powerful kingdom on the face of the earth. But let Edward Irving, in words of true eloquence, describe this wonderful man.—P. L.

THERE never was a specimen of manhood so rich and ennobled as David, the son of Jesse, whom other saints haply may have equalled in single features of his character ; but such a combination of manly, heroic qualities, such a flush of generous, godlike excellencies, hath never yet been seen embodied in a single man. His Psalms, to speak as a man, do place him in the highest rank of lyrical poets, as

they set him above all the inspired writers of the Old Testament,—equalling in sublimity the flights of Isaiah himself, and revealing the cloudy mystery of Ezekiel; but in love of country, and glorying in its heavenly patronage, surpassing them all. And where are there such expressions of the varied conditions into which human nature is cast by the accidents of Providence, such delineations of deep affliction and inconsolable anguish, and anon such joy, such rapture, such revelry of emotion in the worship of the living God! such invocations to all nature, animate and inanimate, such summonings of the hidden powers of harmony and of the breathing instruments of melody! Single hymns of this poet would have conferred immortality upon any mortal, and borne down his name as one of the most favored of the sons of men.

But it is not the writings of the man which strike us with such wonder, as the actions and events of his wonderful history. He was a hero without a peer, bold in battle and generous in victory: by distress or by triumph never overcome. Though hunted like a wild beast among the mountains, and forsaken like a pelican in the wilderness, by the country whose armies he had delivered from disgrace, and by the monarch whose daughter he had won,—whose son he had bound to him with cords of brotherly love, and whose own soul he was wont to charm with the sacredness of his minstrelsy,—he never indulged malice or revenge against his unnatural enemies. Twice, at the peril of his life, he brought his blood-hunter within his power, and twice he spared him, and would not be persuaded to injure a hair upon his head,—who, when he fell in his high places, was lamented over by David with the bitterness of a son, and his death avenged upon the sacrilegious man who had lifted his sword against the Lord's anointed. In friendship and love, and also in domestic affection, he was not less notable than in heroical endowments, and in piety to God he was most remarkable of all. He had to flee from his bedchamber in the dead of night; his friendly meetings had to be concerted upon the perilous edge of captivity and death; his food he had to seek at the risk of sacrilege; for a refuge from death to cast himself upon the people of Gath, to counterfeit idiocy, and become the laughing-stock of his enemies. And who shall tell of his hidings in the cave of

Adullam, and of his wanderings in the wilderness of Ziph, —in the weariness of which he had power to stand before his armed enemy with all his host, and, by the generosity of his deeds and the affectionate language which flowed from his lips, to melt into childlike weeping the obdurate spirit of King Saul, which had the nerve to evoke the spirits of the dead? King David was a man extreme in all his excellencies,—a man of the highest strain, whether for counsel, for expression, or for action, in peace and in war, in exile and on the throne. That such a warm and ebullient spirit should have given way before the tide of its affections, we wonder not. We rather wonder that, tried by such extremes, his mighty spirit should not often have burst control, and enacted right forward the conqueror, the avenger, and the destroyer.

To conceive aright of the gracefulness and strength of King David's character, we must draw him into comparison with others in a similar condition, and then we shall see what hero in the vain world is to cope with him. Conceive a man who had saved his country and clothed himself with gracefulness and renown in the sight of all the people by the chivalry of his deeds, won for himself intermarriage with the royal line, and by unction of the Lord's prophet been set apart to the throne itself; such a one conceive driven with fury from house and hold, and through tedious years deserted of every stay but heaven, with no soothing sympathies of quiet life, harassed forever between famine and the edge of the sword, and kept in savage holds and deserts; and tell us, in the annals of men, of one so disappointed, so bereaved and straitened, maintaining not fortitude alone, but a sweet composure and a heavenly frame of soul, inditing praise to no avenging deity, and couching songs in no revengeful mood, according with his outcast and unsocial life; but inditing praises to the God of mercy, and songs which soar into the third heavens of the soul,—not, indeed, without the burst of sorrow and the complaint of solitariness, and prophetic warnings to his blood-thirsty foes, but ever closing in sweet preludes of good to come, and desire of present contentment. Find us such a one in the annals of men, and we yield the argument of this controversy. Men there have been driven before the wrath of kings to wander outlaws and exiles, whose musings and actings have been

recorded to us in the minstrelsy of our native land. Draw these songs of the exile into comparison with the Psalms of David, and know the spirit of the man after God's own heart; the stern defiance of the one, with the tranquil acquiescence of the other; the deep despair of the one, with the rooted trust of the other; the vindictive imprecations of the one, with the tender regret and forgiveness of the other. Show us an outlaw who never spoiled the country which had forsaken him, nor turned his hand in self-defence or revenge upon his persecutors,—who used the vigor of his arm only against the enemies of his country,—yea, lifted up his arm in behalf of that mother which had cast her son, crowned with salvation, away from her bosom, and held him at a distance from her love, and raised the rest of her family to hunt him to the death; in the defence of that thankless, unnatural mother-country, find us such a repudiated son lifting up his arm and spending its vigor in smiting and utterly discomfiting her enemies, whose spoils he kept not to enrich himself and his ruthless followers, but dispensed to comfort her and her happier children. Find us, among the Themistocles and Coriolani and Cromwells and Napoleons of the earth, such a man, and we will yield the argument of this controversy which we maintain for the peerless son of Jesse.

But we fear that no such another man is to be found in the recorded annals of men. Though he rose from the peasantry to fill the throne and enlarge the borders of his native land, he gave himself neither to ambition nor to glory; though more basely treated than the sons of men, he gave not place to despondency or revenge; though of the highest genius in poetry, he gave it not license to sing his own deeds, nor to depict loose and licentious life, nor to ennoble any worldly sentiment or attachment of the human heart, however virtuous or honorable, but constrained it to sing the praises of God and the victories of the right hand of the Lord of hosts, and his admirable works which are of old from everlasting. And he hath dressed out religion in such a rich and beautiful garment of divine poesy as becometh her majesty, in which, being arrayed, she can stand up, before the eyes of her enemies, in more royal state than any personification of love or glory or a pleasure to which highly-gifted mortals have devoted their genius.

The force of his character was vast, and the scope of his life was immense. His harp was full-stringed, and every angel of joy and of sorrow swept over the chords as he passed; but the melody always breathed of heaven. And such oceans of affection lay within his breast as could not always slumber in their calmness. For the hearts of a hundred men strove and struggled together within the narrow continent of his single heart. And will the scornful men have no sympathy for one so conditioned, but scorn him because he ruled not with constant quietness the unruly host of divers natures which dwelt within his single soul? Of self-command surely he will not be held deficient who endured Saul's javelin to be so often launched at him, while the people without were willing to hail him king; who endured all bodily hardships and taunts of his enemies when revenge was in his hand, and ruled his desperate band like a company of saints, and restrained them from their country's injury. But that he should not be able to enact all characters without a fault, the simple shepherd, the conquering hero, and the romantic lover; the perfect friend, the innocent outlaw, and the royal monarch; the poet, the prophet, and the regenerator of the church; and withal the man, the man of vast soul, who played not these parts by turns, but was the original of them all, and wholly present in them all,—oh! that he should have fulfilled this high-priesthood of humanity, this universal ministry of manhood, without an error, were more than human! With the defence of his backslidings, which he hath himself more keenly scrutinized, more clearly discerned against, and more bitterly lamented than any of his censors, we do not charge ourselves; but if, when of these acts he became convinced, he be found less true to God, and to righteousness; indisposed to repentance and sorrow and anguish; exculpatory of himself; stout-hearted in his courses; a formalist in his penitence, or in any way less worthy of a spiritual man in those than in the rest of his infinite moods, then, verily, strike him from the canon, and let his Psalms become monkish legends, or what you please. But if these penitential Psalms discover the soul's deepest hell of agony, and lay bare the iron ribs of misery, whereon the very heart dissolveth; and if they, expressing the same in words, which melt the soul that conceiveth and bow the head that

uttereth them,—then, we say, let us keep these records of the psalmist's grief and despondency as the most precious of his utterances, and sure to be needed in the case of every man who essayeth to live a spiritual life.

DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

(ROBERT SOUTHEY.)

IT had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing on the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he. "I hope not," cried Hardy. "Yes!" he replied; "my back-bone is shot through." Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately: then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief, and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar. The cock-pit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipman's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back,

and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself.

As often as a ship struck, the crew of the Victory hurraed; and at every hurra, a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero.

But he became impatient to see Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? he must be killed! he is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound, before Hardy could come to him.

They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "that none of our ships have struck." Hardy answered, "there was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast: it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me." * * * Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened on deck. * * * His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

The death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity: men started at the intelli-

gence, and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never till then known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own and of all former times—was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed; new navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards, were all which they could now bestow upon him whom the king, the legislature, and the nation would have alike delighted to honor; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church-bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney-corner” to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy; for such already was the glory of the British navy, through Nelson’s surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas; and the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for, while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening his body, that in the course of nature he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of hon-

ors and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful, that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid, that of the hero in the hour of victory.

THOU ART, O GOD.

(MOORE.)

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wonderous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine !

When Day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,—
Those hues, that makes the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine !

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumber'd eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are Thine !

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, Thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine !

THE THRONE OF GOD.

(THOMAS DICK.)

THE Scriptures frequently refer to a particular place, circumstance, or manifestation, termed the throne of God, as in

the following passages:—"Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool." "The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens." "A glorious high throne, from the beginning, is the place of thy sanctuary." "Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple." "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sits upon the throne." These and similar expressions and representations must be considered either as merely metaphorical, or as referring to some particular region of the universe where the Divine glory is reflected, in some peculiarly magnificent manner, from material objects, and where the manifestations of the Divine character are most illustriously displayed. If there be a reference to the splendor and magnitude of a particular portion of creation, there is an astronomical idea which may help us to form some conception of this "glorious high throne" which is the peculiar residence of the Eternal. It is now considered by astronomers as highly probable, if not certain, from late observations, from the nature of gravitation, and other circumstances, that all the systems of the universe revolve round one common centre; and that this centre may bear as great a proportion, in point of magnitude, to the universal assemblage of systems, as the sun does to his surrounding planets; and since our sun is five hundred times larger than the earth and all the other planets and their satellites taken together, on the same scale such a central body would be five hundred times larger than all the systems and worlds in the universe. Here, then, may be a vast universe of itself, an example of material creation exceeding all the rest in magnitude and splendor, and in which are blended the glories of every other system. If this is in reality the case, it may, with the most emphatic propriety, be termed the throne of God.

THE SUPERIORITY OF POETRY OVER SCULPTURE AND PAINTING.

(JAMES MONTGOMERY.)

LET us bring — not into gladiatorial conflict, but into honorable competition, where neither can suffer disparage-

ment—one of the masterpieces of ancient sculpture, and two stanzas from *Childe Harold*, in which that very statue is turned into verse which seems almost to make it visible:—

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

“I see before me the Gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
And his droop’d head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him,—he is gone,

Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hailed the wretch who won.

Now, in all this, sculpture has embodied in perpetual marble, and every association touched upon in the description might spring up in a well-instructed mind while contemplating the insulated figure which personifies the expiring champion. Painting might take up the same subject, and represent the amphitheatre thronged to the height with ferocious faces, all bent upon the exulting conqueror and his prostrate antagonist,—a thousand for one of them sympathizing rather with the transport of the former than the agony of the latter. Here, then, sculpture and painting have reached their climax; neither of them can give the actual thoughts of the personages whom they exhibit so palpably to the outward sense, that the character of those thoughts cannot be mistaken. Poetry goes further than both; and when one of the sisters has laid down her chisel, the other her pencil, she continues her strain; wherein, having already sung what each has pictured, she thus reveals that secret of the sufferer’s breaking heart, which neither of them could intimate by any visible sign. But we must return to the swoon of the dying man:

The arena swims around him,—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout that hail’d the wretch who won.

“He heard it, but he heeded not,—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
—But, where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother; he, their sire,
Butcher’d to make a Roman holiday:
All this rush’d with his blood.” * * *

Myriads of eyes had gazed upon that statue; through myriads of minds all the images and ideas connected with the combat and the fall, the spectators and the scene, had passed in the presence of that unconscious marble which has given immortality to the pangs of death; but not a soul among all the beholders through eighteen centuries—not one—had ever before thought of the “rude hut,” the “Dacian mother,” the “young barbarians.” At length came the poet of passion, and, looking down upon “The Dying Gladiator” (less as what it was than what it represented), turned the marble into man, and endowed it with human affections; then, away over the Apennines and over the Alps, away, on the wings of irrepressible sympathy, flew his spirit to the banks of the Danube, where, “with his heart,” were the “eyes” of the victim, under the night-fall of death; for “there were his young barbarians all at play, and there their Dacian mother.” This is nature; this is truth. While the conflict continued, the combatant thought of himself only, he aimed at nothing but victory; when life and this were lost, his last thoughts, his sole thoughts, would turn to his wife and his little children.

THE PENTECOSTAL GIFT.

(HUGH MILLER.)

I REMEMBER being much struck, several years ago by a remark dropped in conversation by the late Rev. Mr. Stewart of Cromarty, one of the most original-minded men I ever knew. “In reading in my Greek New Testament this morning,” he said, “I was curiously impressed by a thought which, simple as it may seem, never occurred to me before. The portion which I perused was in the first Epistle of Peter; and as I passed from the thinking of the passage to the language in which it is expressed, ‘This Greek of the untaught Galilean fisherman,’ I said, ‘so admired by scholars and critics for its unaffected dignity and force, was not acquired, as that of Paul may have been, in the ordinary way, but formed a portion of the Pentecostal gift!’ Here, then, immediately under my eye, on these pages, are there embodied, not, as in many other parts of the Scriptures, the mere

details of a miracle, but the direct results of a miracle. How strange! Had the old tables of stone been placed before me, with what an awe-struck feeling would I have looked on the characters traced upon them by God's own fingers! How is it that I have failed to remember that, in the language of these Epistles, miraculously impressed by the Divine power upon the mind, I possessed as significant and suggestive a relic as that which the inscription miraculously impressed by the Divine power upon the stone could possibly have furnished?"

THE LAST DAY OF CREATION.

(HUGH MILLER.)

AGAIN the night descends, for the fifth day has closed; and morning breaks on the sixth and last day of creation. Cattle and beasts of the fields graze on the plains; the thick-skinned rhinoceros wallows in the marshes; the squat hippopotamus rustles among the reeds, or plunges sullenly into the river; great herds of elephants seek their food amid the young herbage of the woods; while animals of fiercer nature—the lion, the leopard, and the bear—harbor in deep caves till the evening, or lie in wait for their prey amid tangled thickets, or beneath some broken bank. At length, as the day wanes and the shadows lengthen, man, the responsible lord of creation, formed in God's own image, is introduced upon the scene, and the work of creation ceases forever upon the earth. The night falls once more upon the prospect, and there dawns yet another morrow,—the morrow of God's rest,—that Divine Sabbath in which there is no more creative labor, and which, "blessed and sanctified" beyond all the days that had gone before, has as its special object the moral elevation and final redemption of man. And over it no evening is represented in the record as falling, for its special work is not yet complete. Such seems to have been the sublime panorama of creation exhibited in vision of old to

"The shepherd who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the heavens and earth
Rose out of chaos;"

and, rightly understood, I know not a single scientific truth that militates against even the minutest or least prominent of its details.

MILTON.

(MACAULAY.)

THERE are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace, and have proved pure, which have been weighed in the balance, and have not been found wanting, which have been declared sterling by the general consent of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize ; and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the Virgin Martyr of Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can study either the life or the writings of the great poet and patriot without aspiring to emulate not indeed the sublime works with which his genius has enriched our literature, but the zeal with which he labored for the public good, the fortitude with which he endured every private calamity, the lofty disdain with which he looked down on temptation and dangers, the deadly hatred which he bore to bigots and tyrants, and the faith which he so sternly kept with his country and with his fame.

THE STRENGTH OF THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

(JOHN BRIGHT, OF ENGLAND, 1863.)

WILL anybody deny that the Government at Washington as regards its own people, is the strongest Government in

the world at this hour? And for this simple reason: because it is based on the will, and the good will, of an instructed people. Look at its power! I am not now discussing why it is, or the cause which is developing this power; but power is the thing which men regard in these old countries, and which they ascribe mainly to European institutions; but look at the power which the United States have developed! They have brought more men into the field, they have built more ships for their navy, they have shown greater resources than any nation in Europe at this moment is capable of. Look at the order which has prevailed at their elections, at which, as you see by the papers, fifty thousand, or one hundred thousand, or two hundred and fifty thousand persons voting in a given State, with less disorder than you have seen lately in three of the smallest boroughs in England. Look at their industry. Notwithstanding this terrific struggle, their agriculture, their manufactures and commerce proceed with an uninterrupted success. They are ruled by a President, chosen, it is true, not from some worn-out royal or noble blood, but from the people, and the one whose truthfulness and spotless honor have claimed him universal praise; and now the country that has been vilified through half the organs of the press in England during the last three years, and was pointed out, too, as an example to be shunned by many of your statesmen, that country, now in mortal strife, affords a haven and a home for multitudes flying from the burdens and the neglect of the old governments of Europe; and, when this mortal strife is over—when peace is restored, when slavery is destroyed, when the Union is cemented afresh—for I would say, in the language of one of our own poets addressing his country,

“The grave’s not dug where traitor hands shall lay,
In fearful haste, thy murdered corse away”—

then Europe and England may learn that an instructed democracy is the surest foundation of government, and that education and freedom are the only sources of true greatness and true happiness among any people.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashion'd country-seat:
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw
And from its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs alas!
With sorrowful voice, to all who pass—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall—
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber-door—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe—
“Forever—never!
Never—forever!”

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality:

His great fires up the chimney roar'd;
 The stranger feasted at his board;
 But like the skeleton at the feast,
 That warning timepiece never ceased—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children play'd,
 There youths and maidens dreaming stray'd:
 O precious hours! O golden prime,
 And affluence of love and time!
 Even as a miser counts his gold,
 Those hours the ancient timepiece told—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
 The bride came forth on her wedding-night;
 There, in that silent room below,
 The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
 And, in the hush that follow'd the prayer,
 Was heard the old clock on the stair—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

All are scatter'd now and fled—
 Some are married, some are dead;
 And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
 "Ah! when shall they all meet again?"
 As in the days long since gone by,
 The ancient timepiece makes reply—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there—
 Where all parting, pain, and care,
 And death, and time shall disappear—
 Forever there, but never here!
 The horologe of Eternity
 Sayeth this incessantly—
 "Forever—never!
 Never—forever!"

SCOTT AND THE VETERAN.

(BAYARD TAYLOR.)

AN old and crippled veteran to the War Department came,
He sought the chief who led him on many a field of fame—
The chief who shouted "Forward!" where'er his banner
 rose,
And bore its stars in triumph behind the flying foes.

"Have you forgotten, General," the battered soldier cried,
"The days of Eighteen Hundred Twelve, when I was at
 your side?
Have you forgotten Johnson, that fought at Lundy's Lane?
'Tis true I'm old and pensioned, but I want to fight again."

"Have I forgotten?" said the chief; "my brave old soldier,
 No!
And here's the hand I gave you then, and let it tell you so;
But you have done your share, my friend; you're crippled,
 old and gray,
And we have need of younger arms and fresher blood to-day."

"But, General," cried the veteran, a flush upon his brow,
"The very men who fought with us they say are traitors
 now;
They've torn the flag of Lundy's Lane—our old red, white
 and blue;
And while a drop of blood is left, I'll show that drop is true.

"I'm not so weak but I can strike, and I've a good old
 gun
To get the range of traitors' hearts, and pick them, one by
 one.
Your Minie rifle, and such arms, it ain't worth while to try;
I couldn't get the hang of them, but I'll keep my powder
 dry!"

"God bless you, comrade!" said the chief; "God bless your
 loyal heart!
But younger men are in the field, and claim to have their
 part;

They'll plant our sacred banner in each rebellious town,
And woe, henceforth, to any hand that dares to pull it
down!"

"But, General,"—still persisting, the weeping veteran cried,
"I'm young enough to follow, so long as you're my guide;
And some, you know, must bite the dust, and that, at least,
can I;

So give the young ones place to fight, but me a place to
die!

"If they should fire on Pickens, let the Colonel in com-
mand,

Put me upon the rampart, with the flag-staff in my hand;
No odds how hot the cannon smoke, or how the shells may
fly;

I'll hold the Stars and Stripes aloft, and hold them till I
die!

"I'm ready, General, so you let a post to me be given,
Where Washington can see me, as he looks from highest
heaven,

And say to Putman at his side, or, may be, General Wayne,
"There stands old Billy Johnson, that fought at Lundy's
Lane!"

"And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly,
When shell and ball are screeching, and bursting in the sky,
If any shot should hit me, and lay me on my face,
My soul would go to Washington's, and not to Arnold's
place!"

HEROES AND MARTYRS.

(REV. E. H. CHAPIN.)

HEROES and martyrs! they are the men of the hour.
They are identified with the names that live upon the lips
of millions. It is of these, more than all others, that the
people talk, around their firesides and in their assemblies. It
is of these that we may freely speak, even in the sanctuary.
Our heroes and martyrs! a cloud of witnesses for the spirit

and worth of the nation. Our heroes! named in the homes of all who have left home and occupation, comfort and kindred, and stood in the midst of the battle;—presented to us in glorious clusters on many a deck and field. An entire discourse might be made up of instances. Our memories run backward and forward through this war, collecting files of illustrious deeds. We remember the man who covered the threatened powder with his body—the gunner who, bleeding to death, seized the lanyard, fired his cannon, and fell back dead—the gallant captain, who, when his artillerymen were killed, and himself left alone, sat calmly down upon his piece, and, with revolver in hand, refusing to fly, fought to the end, and died the last man at his gun—the old Massachusetts 2nd at Gettysburg, who, in the fierce fighting on the right, on the morning of the 3rd of July, had their commanding officer killed at the head of the regiment, and five standard-bearers shot down in succession; but the colors dropped by one were grasped by another, and never touched the ground. These are instances, hastily gathered from glorious sheaves—not exceptional, but representative instances. These are the men of the hour, who illustrate the value of our country by the richest crop that has ever sprung from her soil.

But where the hero stands, there also the martyr dies. With the chorus of victory blends the dirge—mournful and yet majestic, too. The burden of that dirge, as it falls from the lips of wives and mothers, of fathers and children, is sad and tender like the strain of David weeping for those who fell upon Gilboa. That burden is still mournful but as it passes on and it reissues from a nation's lips, it swells also into exultation and honor—that same burden—"How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle!"

Some of us perhaps have read of that company whom their brave officer had so often conducted to victory, and who would never part with their dead hero's name. Still day by day, at the head of the regimental roll, it is called aloud; the generation that loved him have passed away; but their sons and their sons' sons, will ever and always love the honored name. "Cornet Latour D'Auvergne" still first of the brave band, is summoned; and ever and always a brave soldier steps from the ranks to reply: "Dead on the field of honor!"

LAST WORDS.

(ELIJAH P. LOVEJOY.)

MEN of Alton, you come together for the purpose of driving out a confessedly innocent man, for no cause but that he dares to think and speak as his conscience and his God dictate. Will conduct like this stand the scrutiny of your country, of posterity,—above all, of the judgment-day? For remember, the Judge of that day is no respecter of persons. Pause, I beseech you, and reflect. The present excitement will soon be over; the voice of conscience will at last be heard. And in some season of honest thought, even in this world, as you review the scenes of this hour, you will be compelled to say, “He was right, he was right.”

But you have been exhorted to be lenient and compassionate, and in driving me away, to affix no unnecessary disgrace upon me. Sir, I reject all such compassion. You cannot disgrace me. Scandal and calumny and falsehood have already done their worst. My shoulders have borne the burthen till it sits easy upon them. You may hang me up as the mob hung up the martyrs of Vicksburg! you may burn me at the stake, as they did McIntosh at St. Louis; or you may tar and feather me, or throw me into the Mississippi, as you have often threatened to do; but you cannot disgrace me. I, and I only, can disgrace myself; and the deepest of all disgrace would be, at a time like this, to deny my Master, by forsaking His cause.

Again, you have been told that I have a family, who are dependent on me; and this has been given as a reason why I should be driven off as gently as possible. It is true, Mr. Chairman, I am a husband and a father; and this it is that adds the bitterest ingredient to the cup of sorrow I am called to drink. Yet I am not unhappy. I have counted the cost, and stand prepared freely to offer up my all in the service of God. I am commanded to forsake father and mother and wife and children for Jesus' sake; and as his professed disciple I stand prepared to do it. The time for fulfilling this pledge, in my case, it seems to me has come. Sir, I dare not flee away from Alton. Should I attempt it, I should feel that the angel of the Lord with his

flaming sword was pursuing me wherever I went. It is because I fear God that I am not afraid of all who oppose me in this city. No, sir, the contest has commenced here, and here it must be finished. Before God and you all, I here pledge myself to continue it, if need be, till death. If I fall, my grave shall be made in Alton.

DEATH, THE PEACE MAKER.

(ELLEN H. FLAGG.)

Two soldiers, lying as they fell
Upon the reddened clay—
In daytime, foes ; at night, in peace,
Beathing their lives away.
Brave hearts had stirred each manly breast ;
Fate only made them foes,
And lying, dying, side by side,
A softened feeling rose.

“Our time is short,” one faint voice said ;
“To-day we’ve done our best
On different sides. What matters now ?
To-morrow we’re at rest.
Life lies behind. I might not care
For only my own sake,
But far away are other hearts
That this day’s work will break.

“Among New-Hampshire’s snowy hills
There pray for me to-night
A woman and a little girl—
With hair like golden light”—
And at the thought broke forth, at last,
The cry of anguish wild
That would no longer be repressed—
“O God ! my wife and child !”

“And,” said the other dying man,
“Across the Georgia plain
There watch and wait for me loved ones
I’ll never see again.

A little girl, with dark, bright eyes,
Each day waits at the door ;
The father's step, the father's kiss,
Will never meet her more.

“ To-day we sought each other's lives ;
Death levels all that now,
For soon before God's mercy-seat
Together we shall bow.
Forgive each other while we may,
Life's but a weary game,
And right or wrong, the morning sun
Will find us, dead, the same.”

The dying lips the pardon breathe,
The dying hands entwine ;
The last ray dies, and over all
The stars from heaven shine ;
And the little girl with golden hair
And one with dark eyes bright,
On Hampshire's hills and Georgia plain,
Were fatherless that night.

THE CHARGE AT WATERLOO.

(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

ON came the whirlwind—like the last
But fiercest sweep of tempest blast ;
ON came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;
The war was waked anew.
Three hundred cannon-mouths roared loud,
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
Their showers of iron threw.
Beneath their fire, in full career,
Rushed on the ponderous cuirassier,
The lancer couched his ruthless spear,
And, hurrying as to havoc near,
The cohorts' eagle flew.
In one dark torrent, broad and strong,

The advancing onset moved along,
Forth harbingered by fierce acclaim,
'That from the shroud of smoke and flame,
Peaked wildly the imperial name.
But on the British heart were lost
The terrors of the charging host ;
For not an eye the storm that viewed
Changed its proud glance of fortitude ;
Nor was one forward footstep stayed,
As dropped the dying and the dead.
Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
Fast they renewed each serried square
And on the wounded and the slain
Closed their diminished files again ;
Till from their lines scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet and plume, and panoply—

Then waked their fire at once !
Each musketeer's revolving knell
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down went the eagle-banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corselets were pierced and pennons rent ;

And to augment the fray,
Wheeled full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks

Forced their resistless way.
Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords, the neigh of steeds ;
As plies the smith his clanging trade,
Against the cuirass rang the blade ;
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way.
And while amid their scattered band
Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
Recoiled in common rout and fear
Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
Horsemen and foot—a mingled host—
Their leaders fallen, their standards lost.

THE BATTLE.

(SCHILLER.)

HEAVY and solemn,
A cloudy column,
Through the green plain they marching came !
Measureless spread, like a table dread,
For the wild grim dice of the iron game.
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,
Hearts beat low with a knelling sound ;
Swift by the breast that must bear the brunt,
Gallops the major along the front ;—

“Halt !”

And fettered they stand at the stark command,
And the warriors, silent, halt !

See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder !
Hark ! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their
thunder !

From host to host, with kindling sound,
The shouting signal circles round ;
Ay, shout it forth to life or death,
Freer already breathes the breath !
The war is waging, slaughter is raging,
And heavy through the reeking pall
The iron death-dice fall !

Nearer they close—foes upon foes ;
“Ready !”—from square to square it goes.
The dead men lie bathed in the weltering blood ;
And the living are blent in the slippery flood,
And the feet as they reeling and sliding go,
Stumble still on the corpses that sleep below.
“What ! Francis !”—“Give Charlotte my last farewell.”
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell,
“I’ll give—O God ! are their guns so near ?
Ho ! comrades !—yon volley !—Look sharp to the rear !
I’ll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell ;
Sleep soft ! where death thickest descendeth in rain,
The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain !”
Hitherward, thitherward reels the fight ;
Dark and more darkly day glooms into night,

Brothers, God grant when this life is o'er,
In the life to come, that we meet once more !

Hark to the hoofs that galloping go !

The adjutants flying—

The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,
Their thunder booms in dying—

Victory !

Terror has seized on the dastards all,
And their colors fall !

Victory !

Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight !
And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night.
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along,
The triumph already sweeps marching in song,
Farewell, fallen brothers ; though this life be o'er,
There's another, in which we shall meet you once more !

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

THE feast is o'er ! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine

Before each eager guest ;

While silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried : " A toast ! a toast !

To all the ladies fair !

Here before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,—
The Ladye Gundamere ! "

Then to his feet each gallant sprung
And joyous was the shout that rung,

As Stanley gave the word ;

And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

“Enough, enough,” he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head ;
“That all may have their due,
Now each in turn, must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knight and true !”

Then one by one, each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name ;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise ;
On him are fixed those countless eyes ;—
A gallant knight is he ;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall,—
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high :
“I drink to one,” he said,
“Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

“To one, whose love for me shall last,
When lighter passions long have passed,—
So holy 'tis and true :
To one, whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you.”

Each guest upstarted, at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye ;
And Stanley said ; “We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high.”

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said: "My mother!"

THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from beneath a miserable voice—
A sound that seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the abbot rose, the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry,
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair aflow,
And withered hands stretched up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried: "For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save:—
My beautiful, brave first-born chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!" "What I can
I give," Tritemius said—"my prayers." "O man
Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not so; I ask not prayers, but gold;
Words cannot serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I plead, perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence we are always poor.
A single soldo is our only store—
Thou hast our prayers, what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix;

God may well spare them on His errand sped
Or He can give thee golden ones instead."

Then said Tritemius, "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it; and our gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon his altar piled!
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He laid within the beggar's palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed; and when the twilight came
He rose to find the chapel all aflame,
And dumb with grateful wonder to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was
done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory
won:
Harmosan, the last of foemen, and the boldest to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to
die.

Then exclaimed that noble Satrap, "Lo, I perish in my
thirst;
Give me but one drink of water, and let then arrive the
worst."—
In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draught for-
bore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the victors to explore.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the Caliph; "dost thou
dread a secret blow?"
Fear it not; our gallant Moslems no such treacherous deal-
ings know.

Thou mayst quench thy thirst securely ; for thou shalt not
die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water : this reprieve is thine—
no more.”

Quick the Satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with
ready hand,
And the liquid sunk,—forever lost, amid the burning sand :
“Thou hast said that mine my life is, till the water of that
cup
I have drained :—then bid thy servants that spilled water
gather up !”

For a moment stood the Caliph, as by doubtful passions
stirred :
Then exclaimed, “ For ever sacred must remain a Monarch’s
word.
Bring forth another cup and straightway to the noble Per-
sian give :
Drink, I said before, and perish ;—now, I bid thee drink
and live !”

THE FALL OF D’ASSAS.

(MRS. HEMANS.)

ALONE through gloomy forest shades, a soldier went by
night,
No moon-beam pierced the dusky glades, no star shed guid-
ing light.

Yet, on his vigil’s midnight round, the youth all cheerly
passed ;
Unchecked by aught of boding sound, that muttered in the
blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour ? — In his far
home, perchance—
His father’s hall—his mother’s bower, ’midst the gay vines
of France.

Hush! hark! did stealing steps go by? came not faint
whispers near?

No!—the wild wind hath many a sigh, amidst the foliage
sere.

Hark! yet again!—and from his hand, what grasp hath
wrenched the blade?

O, single, 'midst a hostile band, young soldier, thou'rt be-
trayed!

“Silence!” in under-tones they cry; “No whisper—not a
breath!

The sound that warns thy comrades nigh shall sentence
thee to death!”

Still at the bayonet's point he stood, and strong to meet the
blow;

And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood, “Arm!—arm!—
Auvergne—the foe!”

The stir—the tramp—the bugle-call—he heard their tu-
mults grow;

And sent his dying voice through all—“Auvergne! Au-
vergne! the foe!”

THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

(GERALD MASSEY.)

'Tis coming up the steep of time,
And this old world is growing brighter;
We may not see its dawn sublime,
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter.

We may be sleeping 'neath the ground
When it awakes the world in wonder,
But we have felt it gathering round,
And heard its voice of living thunder—

'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time
Foretold by seers, and sung in story,

For which, when thinking was a crime,
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffold's gory!
They passed, nor saw the work they wrought,
Nor the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom—
But the live lightning of their thought,
And daring deeds, doth pulse earth's bosom;
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, Systems, Empires rot with age,
But the great People's ever youthful;
And it shall write the Future's page
To our humanity more truthful.
The gnarlish heart hath tender chords
To waken at the name of "Brother;"
The time will come, when scorpion words
We shall not speak to sting each other—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Out of the light, ye Priests, nor fling
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!
Aside! thou world-wide curse called King,
The People's step is quicker, stronger.
There's a divinity within
That makes men great, whene'er they will it;
God works with all who dare to win,
And the time cometh to reveal it—
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Aye, it must come! The tyrant's throne
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;
The sword earth's mighty have leant on
Is canker'd, with our heart's blood crusted.
Room! for the Men of Mind make way!
Ye robber-rulers, pause no longer;
Ye cannot stop the opening day;
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger,
The People's Advent's coming!

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

(DRAKE.)

WHEN Freedom from her mountain high
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white
With streakings of the morning light.
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest tramping loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high.
When speaks the signal-trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier-eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

And when the cannon-mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor-glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly 'round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home !
By angel-hands to valor given !
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
For ever float that standard sheet !
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us !

THE GREAT BELL ROLAND.

(THEODORE TILTON.)

TOLL ! Roland, toll !
—High in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,
The great bell Roland spoke,
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.
—What meant its iron stroke ?
Why caught each man his blade ?
Why the hot haste he made ?

Why echoed every street
With tramp of thronging feet—
All flying to the city's wall?
It was the call,
Known well to all,
That Freedom stood in peril of some foe:
And even timid hearts grow bold,
Whenever Roland tolled,
And every hand a sword could hold;—
For men
Were patriots then,
Three hundred years ago!

Toll! Roland, toll!
Bell never yet was hung,
Between whose lips there swung
So true and brave a tongue!
—If men be patriots still,
At thy first sound
True hearts will bound,
Great souls will thrill—
Then toll! and wake the test
In each man's breast,
And let him stand confessed!

Toll! Roland, toll!
—Not in St. Bavon's tower,
At midnight hour,—
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far off Zuyder Zee;
But here—this side the sea!—
And here, in broad, bright day!
Toll! Roland, toll!
For not by night awaits
A brave foe at the gates,
But Treason stalks abroad—inside!—at noon!
Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!
To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!
Re-echo it from East to West,
Till every dauntless breast
Swell beneath plume and crest!
Till swords from scabbards leap!
—What tears can widows weep

Less bitter than when brave men fall?

Toll! Roland, toll!

Till cottager from cottage-wall

Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—

The heritage of sire to son,

Ere half of Freedom's work was done!

Toll! Roland, toll!

Till son, in memory of his sire,

Once more shall load and fire!

Toll! Roland, toll!

Till volunteers find out the art

Of aiming at a traitor's heart!

Toll! Roland, toll!

—St. Bavon's stately tower

Stands to this hour,—

And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent;

For when the bells now ring,

Men shout, "God save the King!"

Until the air is rent!

—Amen!—So let it be;

For a true king is he

Who keeps his people free.

Toll! Roland, toll!

This side the sea!

No longer they, but we,

Have now such need of thee!

Toll! Roland, toll!

And let thy iron throat

Ring out its warning note,

Till Freedom's perils be outbraved,

And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,

Shall overshadow none enslaved!

Toll! till from either ocean's strand,

Brave men shall clasp each other's hand,

And shout, "God save our native land!"

—And love the land which God hath saved!

Toll! Roland, toll!

THE MAIN-TRUCK, OR A LEAP FOR LIFE.

(MORRIS.)

OLD Ironsides at anchor lay,
In the harbor of Mahon;
A dead calm rested on the bay—
The waves to sleep had gone;
When little Hal, the captain's son,
A lad both brave and good,
In sport, up shroud and rigging ran,
And on the main-truck stood!

A shudder shot through every vein,
All eyes were turned on high!
There stood the boy, with dizzy brain,
Between the sea and sky;
No hold had he above, below;
Alone he stood in air:
To that far height none dared to go:
No aid could reach him there.

We gazed;—but not a man could speak!
With horror all aghast,
In groups with pallid brow and cheek,
We watched the quivering mast.
The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
And of a liquid hue;—
As riveted unto the spot,
Stood officers and crew.

The father came on deck :—he gasped,
“Oh God! thy will be done!”
Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
And aimed it at his son:
“Jump, far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I fire!” he said;
“That only chance your life can save!
Jump, jump, boy!”—He obeyed.

He sunk,—he rose,—he lived,—he moved,—
And for the ship struck out;
On board, we hailed the lad beloved,
With many a manly shout.
His father drew, in silent joy,
Those wet arms round his neck—
Then folded to his heart his boy,
And fainted on the deck.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP.

(LONGFELLOW.)

ALL is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendor dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a vail descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea,

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command
Waved his hand ;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.

And see ! she stirs !
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms !

And lo ! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
“Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray ;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms.”

How beautiful she is ! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care !
Sail forth into the sea, O ship !
Through wind and wave, right onward steer !
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou too, sail on, O ship of State !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge, and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope !

Fear not each sudden sound and shock,—
 'Tis of the wave, and not the rock ;
 'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
 And not a rent made by the gale !
 In spite of rock and tempest roar,
 In spite of false lights on the shore,
 Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea :
 Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee.
 Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
 Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
 Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

PORTRAITS OF THE POETS.

(ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.)

THERE, Shakspeare ! on whose forehead climb
 The crowns o' the world. Oh, eyes sublime—
 With tears and laughters for all time ! * * *

Here, Milton's eyes strike piercing-dim :
 The shapes of suns and stars did swim
 Like clouds from them, and granted him

God for sole vision. * * *
 And Sappho, with that gloriole

Of ebon hair on calméd brows,—
 O poet woman ! none foregoes
 The leap, attaining the repose ! * * *

And Burns, with pungent passionings
 Set in his eyes. * * *

And Shelley, in his white ideal
 All statue blind.

And visionary Coleridge, who
 Did sweep his thoughts as angels do
 Their wings with cadence up the Blue.

And poor, proud Byron,—sad as grave,
 And salt as life: forlornly brave,
 And quivering with the dart he drave.

TELL'S ADDRESS TO THE MOUNTAINS.

(KNOWLES.)

YE crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
 I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
 To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
 A spirit in your echoes answer me,
 And bid your tenant welcome to his home
 Again!—O sacred forms, how proud you look!
 How high you lift your heads into the sky!
 How huge you are, how mighty, and how free!
 Ye are the things that tower, that shine; whose smile
 Makes glad—whose frown is terrible; whose forms,
 Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
 Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty,
 I'm with you once again!—I call to you
 With all my voice!—I hold my hands to you,
 To show they still are free. I rush to you
 As though I could embrace you!

Scaling yonder peak,
 I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow,
 O'er the abyss. His broad expanded wings
 Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
 As if he floated there without their aid,
 By the sole act of his unlorded will,
 That buoyed him proudly up. Instinctively
 I bent my bow; yet kept he rounding still
 His airy circle, as in the delight
 Of measuring the ample range beneath
 And round about; absorb'd, he heeded not
 The death that threaten'd him. I could not shoot—
 'Twas Liberty! I turn'd my bow aside,
 And let him soar away!

Heavens! with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
 And think the land was free. Yes, it was free—

From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free—
Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks
And plough our valleys without asking leave ;
Or as our peaks that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun.
How happy was I then ! I loved
Its very storms. Yes, I have often sat
In my boat at night, when midway o'er the lake—
The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master save his own.
—On the wild jutting clift, o'ertaken oft
By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along ;
And while gust follow'd gust more furiously,
As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
Then I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wish'd me there ; the thought that mine was free
Has check'd that wish ; and I have raised my head,
And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
Blow on ! This is the land of liberty !

GOOD WOMEN.

(THACKERAY.)

I DO respect, admire, and almost worship good women ; and I think there is a very fair number of such to be found in this world, — wives graceful and affectionate, matrons tender and good, daughters happy and pure-minded, and I urge the society of such to you, because I defy you to think evil in their company. Walk into the drawing-room of the Duchess of Sutherland, that great lady ; look at her charming face, and hear her voice. You know that she can't but be good, with such a face and such a voice. She is one of those fortunate beings on whom it has pleased Heaven to bestow all sorts of its most precious gifts and richest worldly favors. With what grace she receives you ! with what a frank kindness and natural sweetness and dignity ! Her

looks, her motions, her words, her thoughts, all seem to be beautiful and harmonious quite. See her with her children: what woman can be more simple and loving? After you have talked to her for a while, you very likely find that she is ten times as well read as you are: she has a hundred accomplishments, which she is not in the least anxious to show off, and makes no more account of them than of her diamonds, or of the splendor round about her,—to all of which she is born, and has a happy, admirable claim of nature and possession,—admirable and happy for her and for us too; for is it not a happiness for us to admire her? Does anybody grudge her excellence to that paragon? Sir, we may be thankful to be admitted to contemplate such consummate goodness and beauty; and as, in looking at a fine landscape or a fine work of art, every generous heart must be delighted and improved, and ought to feel grateful afterwards, so one may feel charmed and thankful for having the opportunity of knowing an almost perfect woman.

Now, transport yourself in spirit into another drawing-room. There sits an old lady of more than fourscore years, serene and kind, and as beautiful in her age now as in her youth, when history toasted her. What has she not seen and is she not ready to tell? All the fame and wit, all the rank and beauty of more than half a century have passed through those rooms where you have the honor of making your best bow. She is as simple now as if she had never had any flattery to dazzle her: she is never tired of being pleased and being kind. Can that have been anything but a good life which, after more than eighty years of it are spent, is so calm? Could she look to the end of it so cheerfully if its long course had not been pure? Respect her, I say, for being so happy, now that she is old. We do not know what goodness and charity, what affections, what trials, may have gone to make that charming sweetness of temper and complete that perfect manner. But if we do not admire and reverence such an old age as that, and get good from contemplating it, what are we to respect and admire?

Or shall we walk through the shop (while N. is recommending a tall copy to an amateur, or folding up a twopennyworth of letter-paper, and bowing to a poor customer in

a jacket and apron with just as much respectful gravity as he would show while waiting upon a duke), and see Mrs. N. playing with the child in the back parlor until N. shall come in to tea? They drink tea at five o'clock, and are actually as well-bred as those gentlefolks who dine three hours later. Or will you please to step into Mrs. J.'s lodgings, who is waiting, and at work, until her husband comes home from Chambers? She blushes and puts the work away on hearing the knock, but, when she sees who the visitor is, she takes it with a smile from behind the sofa-cushion, and behold, it is one of J.'s waistcoats on which she is sewing buttons. She might have been a countess blazing in diamonds, had fate so willed it, and the higher her station the more she would have adorned it. But she looks as charming while plying her needle as the great lady in the palace whose equal she is in beauty, in goodness, in high-bred grace and simplicity,—at least, I can't fancy her better, or any peeress being more than her peer.

STRIVE, WAIT, AND PRAY.

(ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.)

STRIVE; yet I do not promise,
The prize you dream of to-day,
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait; yet I do not tell you,
The hour you long for now,
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray ; though the gift you ask for
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleading,
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears ;
An answer, not that you long for,
But diviner, will come one day ;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.

ONE BY ONE.

(ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.)

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below ;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band ;
One will fade as others greet thee ;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.*

(BRYAN WALLER PROCTER.)

SEND down thy wingéd angel, God !
Amid this night so wild ;
And bid him come where now we watch,
And breathe upon our child !

She lies upon her pillow, pale,
And moans within her sleep, ——
Or wakeneth with a patient smile,
And striveth not to weep.

How gentle and how good a child
She is, we know too well,
And dearer to her parents' hearts
Than our weak words can tell.

We love,—we watch throughout the night,
To aid, when need may be ;
We hope,—and have despair'd, at times ;
But now we turn to Thee !

Send down thy sweet-soul'd angel, God !
Amid the darkness wild,
And bid him soothe our souls to-night,
And heal our gentle child !

* And his daughter Adelaide Anne was healed, and became one of the sweetest sacred lyric poets of the nineteenth century.

THE SEA.

(PROCTER.)

THE sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea!—I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go:
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the sou'west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born!
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,

With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

BURIAL OF LITTLE NELL.

(CHARLES DICKENS.)

AND now the bell—the bell she had so often heard by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of strength and health, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing,—grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old,—the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied, the living dead in many shapes and forms,—to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now,—pure as the newly fallen snow that covered it,—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under that porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again, and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window,—a window where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust. Many a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the

pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing with a pensive face upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet; and even to climb the tower-stair, with no more light than that of the moon-rays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest there that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus, coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place,—when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and, most of all (it seemed to them) upon her quiet grave,—in that calm time, when all outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them,—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

(ELIZA COOK.)

I LOVE it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs;
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?—a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair

In childhood's hour I linger'd near
 The hallow'd seat with listening ear ;
 And gentle words that mother would give,
 To fit me to die and teach me to live :
 She told me shame would never betide
 With truth for my creed and God for my guide ;
 She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
 As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watch'd her many a day,
 When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray ;
 And I almost worshipp'd her when she smiled,
 And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
 Years roll'd on, but the last one sped,—
 My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled ;
 I learnt how much the heart can bear,
 When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past ! 'tis past ! but I gaze on it now
 With quivering breath and throbbing brow :
 'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died :
 And memory flows with lava tide.
 Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
 While the scalding drops start down my cheek ;
 But I love it ! I love it ! and cannot tear
 My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

(ELIZA COOK.)

WHOM do we dub as gentleman ?—the knave, the fool, the
 brute,—

If they but own full tithe of gold, and wear a costly suit !
 The parchment scroll of titled line,—the ribbon at the knee,
 Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree :

But Nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth her nobly
 born,

And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to
 scorn ;

She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
 And cries, exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like
 mine ?"

She may not spend her common skill about the outward
part,
But showers beauty, grace, and light upon the brain and
heart;
She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illume,—
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist
and gloom;
Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold
abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand, and scatters blessings
round;
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end
design'd,
When held by Nature's gentleman,—the good, the just, the
kind.

Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems
there are,
Each shining in his hallow'd sphere, as virtue's polar star;
Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt,
and dark,
Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Promethean
spark;
There are some spirits nobly just, unwarp'd by pelf or
pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still, when dash'd by adverse
tide:
They hold the rank no king can give, no station can dis-
grace;
Nature puts forth her gentlemen, and monarchs must give
place.

A SUBLIME PRAYER.

(MATTHEW ARNOLD.)

THOU, who dost dwell alone,—
Thou, who dost know thine own,—
Thou, to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave,—
Save, oh, save!

From the world's temptations,
From tribulations ;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish ;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep,
Heavy as death, cold as the grave ;
 Save, oh, save !
When the Soul, growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer :
When the Soul, mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher :
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And, when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore ;
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion
To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence ;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave,—
 Save, oh, save !

From the ingrain'd fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature ;
 From grief, that is but passion ;
 From mirth, that is but feigning ;
 From tears that bring no healing ;
From wild and weak complaining ;
 Thine own strength revealing,
 Save, Oh, save !
From doubt, where all is double ;
 Where wise men are not strong ;
Where comfort turns to trouble ;
 Where just men suffer wrong ;
Where sorrow treads on joy ;
Where sweet things soonest cloy ;
Where faiths are built on dust ;
Where Love is half mistrust,

Hungry, and barren, and sharp as the sea,
Oh, set us free!
Oh, let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually.
Oh, where thy voice doth come
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild;
All strife be reconciled;
All pains beguiled.
Light bring no blindness;
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin;
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh, save!

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

(HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.)

It was the schooner Hesperus,
Had sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth;
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke, now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
"I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see."
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither, come hither, my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar
And bound her to the mast.

"O father, I hear the church bells ring;
O, say, what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell, on a rock-bound coast;"
And he steered for the open sea.

"O father, I hear the sound of guns;
O, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"O, father, I see a gleaming light;
O, say, what may it be?"
But the father answered never a word:
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed, through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight, dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.*

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf,
On the rocks and the hard sea sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows;
She drifted a dreary wreck;
And a whooping billow swept the crew,
Like icicles, from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool;
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank:
Ho! Ho! the breakers roared.

* * * * *

At daybreak, on the bleak sea beach,
A fisherman stood aghast
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

* A reef of rocks on the northern coast of Massachusetts, between Manchester and Gloucester.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow :
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

THE BLIND PREACHER.

(W. WIRT.)

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old wooden house in the forest, not far from the road-side. Having frequently seen such objects before in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored! It was all new: and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life, his blessed eyes, streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But, no! the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God."

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then the few minutes of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and, slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher," then, pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice,—“but Jesus Christ, like a God!” If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(SHAKSPEARE.)

Cassius. That you have wronged me, doth appear in this;

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side
Because I knew the man, were slighted of.

Brutus. You wronged yourself, to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;

To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm ?

You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption.
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember !
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man in all this world,
But for supporting robbers ; shall we now,
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes ?
And sell the mighty space of our large honors,
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it ; you forget yourself
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; your're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself ;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. O ye gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? aye, more ; fret, till your proud heart
break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ? By the gods
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well ; for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus ;
I said an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved
me.

Bru. Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means ;
Ye Gods ! I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool

That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart;

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's eye would not, though they do appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius.

For Cassius is aweary of the world :

Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;

Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,

Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart

Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart ;

Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,

When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius

Bru. Sheathe your dagger ;

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;

Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.

O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,

That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,

And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief or blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.*

(MACAULAY.)

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories
are!

And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre.
Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,
Through thy corn-fields green and sunny vines, O pleasant
land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
waters,

Again let rapture light the eye of all thy mourning
daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who would thy walls
annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of
war;

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of
day,

We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears!

There, rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land!

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand!

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's em-
purpled flood,

* Pronounced *E-vree*.

And good Coligni's* hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to
wing,

Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord,
the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, and fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where you see my white plume shine, amid the ranks
of war,

And be your oriflamme,† to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin!

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies, now upon them with the lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guid-
ing star,

Amidst the thickest carnage, blazed the hemlet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised! the day is ours! Mayenne hath
turned his rein,—

D'Aumales hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is
slain,

* Coligni, (pronounced *Co-leen-ye*), a venerable old man, was one of the victims in the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

† Oriflamme, (pronounced *or-ree-flam*), the French standard.

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale ;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
“Remember Saint Bartholomew,” was passed from man to
man ;

But out spake gentle Henry, then, “No Frenchman is my
foe ;

Down, down with every foreigner ; but let your brethren
go.”

Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre !

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ! Ho ! matrons of Lucerne !

Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, the Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-
men’s souls !

Ho ! gallant nobles of the league, look that your arms be
bright !

Ho ! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night !

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are !

And honor to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

(MRS. HEMANS.)

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away ;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently ;
Father, by the breeze at eve
Call’d thy harvest-work to leave ;—

Pray!—Ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Traveler, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea;—
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

Warrior, that from battle won,
Breathest now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain,
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie;
Heaven's first star alike ye see,
Lift the heart, and bend the knee.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

A FRENCHMAN once, who was a merry wight,
Passing to town from Dover in the night,
Near the roadside an ale-house chanced to spy:
And being rather tired as well as dry,
Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
He enters: "Hallo! Garcon, if you please,
Bring me a little bit of bread and cheese.
And hallo! Garcon, a pot of porter too!" he said,
"Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
To wished-for bed; but not a wink he slept—
For, on the floor, some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.

Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,

Put on his cap and bade the world good-night ;
But first his breeches, which contained the fare,
Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans ceremonie, soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began ;
At which they gorged themselves ; then smelling
round,

Under the pillow soon the cheese they found ;
And while at this they regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap ;
Who, half awake, cries out, " Hallo ! hallo !
Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so ?
Ah ! 'tis one big huge rat !

Vat de diable is it he nibble, nibble at ? "

In vain our little hero sought repose ;
Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose ;
And such the pranks they kept up all the night,
That he, on end antipodes upright,
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light,
" Hallo ! Maison ! Garcon, I say !
Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay ! "
The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge, he scarce believes his
eyes :

With eager haste, he runs it o'er,
And every time he viewed it thought it more.
" Vy zounds, and zounds ! " he cries, " I sall no pay ;
Vat charge ten shelangs for vat I have mangé ?
A leetal sup of porter, dis vile bed,
Vare all de rats do run about my head ? "
" Plague on those rats ! " the landlord muttered out ;
" I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em
scout :

I'll pay him well that can." " Vat's dat you say ? "
" I'll pay him well that can." " Attend to me, I
pray :

Vil you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
If from your house I drive away de rat ? "
" With all my heart," the jolly host replies,
" Ecoutez donc, ami ; " the Frenchman cries.
" First, den—Regardez, if you please,
Bring to dis spot a leetle bread and cheese :

Eh bien ! a pot of porter too ;
And den invite de rats to sup vid you ;
And after—no matter dey be villing—
For vat dey eat, you charge dem just ten shelang :
And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
Dey'll quit your house, and never come no more."

THE PARTING OF MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

(WALTER SCOTT.)

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array,
 To Surrey's camp to ride ;
He had safe conduct for his band,
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide.

The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :
" Though something I might 'plain," he said,
" Of cold respect to stranger guest,

Sent hither by the king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
 Part we in friendship from your land,
And, noble Earl, receive my hand."
But Douglas round him drew his cloke,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :—
" My manors, halls, and towers shall still
Be open at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation stone ;—
The hand of Douglas is his own ;
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire,

And "This to me," he said,
"And 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!

And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!

And if thou said'st I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland, or Highland, far, or near,
Lord Angus, thou—hast—lied!"

—On the Earl's cheek, the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:

Fierce he broke forth; "And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?

And hop'st thou thence unscathed to go?
No, by St. Bryde of Bothwell, no!
Up drawbridge, grooms,—what, warder,
Let the portcullis fall,"

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed,

Like arrow through the arch-way sprung;
The ponderous gate behind him rung;
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars, descending, grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembles on the rise;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band
He halts, and turns with clinched hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.
"Horse! horse!" the Douglas cried, "and chase!"

But soon he reined his fury's pace ;
" A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name ;
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas' blood,
I thought to slay him where he stood.
'Tis pity of him too," he cried ;
" Bold he can speak, and fairly ride ;
I warrant him a warrior tried."
With this, his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle walls.

PAUL'S DEFENSE BEFORE KING AGRIPPA.

THEN said Agrippa unto Paul : " Thou art permitted to speak for thyself." Then Paul stretched forth his hand and answered for himself.

I think myself happy, king Agrippa, because I shall answer for myself, this day, before thee, touching all the things whereof I am accused of the Jews ; especially, because I know thee to be expert in all customs and questions which are among the Jews : wherefore I beseech thee to hear me patiently. My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews ; who knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, that, after the most straitest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee.

And now, I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers ; unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake king Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews. Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you, that God should raise the dead ? I verily thought with myself, that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth. Which things I also did in Jerusalem : and many of the saints did I shut up in prison, having received authority from the chief-priests, and when they were put to death, I gave my voice against them.

And I punished them oft in every synagogue, and com-

pelled them to blaspheme; and being exceedingly mad against them, I persecuted them, even unto strange cities. Whereupon, as I went to Damascus, with authority and commission from the chief-priests, at mid-day, O king, I saw in the way a light from heaven, above the brightness of the sun, shining round about me and them which journeyed with me. And when we were all fallen to the earth, I heard a voice speaking unto me, and saying in the Hebrew tongue, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? it is hard for thee to kick against the goads. And I said, Who art thou Lord?

And he said, I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest. But rise and stand upon thy feet: for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee; delivering thee from the people and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee, to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God; that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified, by faith that is in me.

Whereupon, O king Agrippa, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision; but showed first unto them of Damascus, and at Jerusalem, and throughout all the coasts of Judea, and then to the Gentiles, that they should repent and turn to God, and do works meet for repentance. For these causes the Jews caught me in the temple, and went about to kill me. Having, therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the prophets and Moses did say should come; that Christ should suffer, and that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light unto the people, and to the Gentiles.

And as he thus spake for himself, Festus said with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning hath made thee mad." But he said, "I am not mad, most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from him; for this thing was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest."

Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul said, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were both almost, and altogether such as I am, except these bonds."

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

(MRS. HEMANS.)

The warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of
fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned
sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive
train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—Oh! break my
father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man
this day:
Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on
his way."—
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy
speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glitter-
ing band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the
land;
—"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth,
is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to
see."

His dark eye flashed, — his proud breast heaved, — his
cheek's hue came and went, —
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there dis-
mounting bent,
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took —
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold,—a frozen thing,—it dropped from his
like lead,—

He looked up to the face above,—the face was of the dead.
A plume waved o'er the noble brow,—the brow was fixed
and white;—

He met at last his father's eyes,—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed ;—but who could
paint that gaze!

They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and
amaze :—

They might have chained him, as before that stony form he
stood ;

For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip
the blood.

“Father!” at length he murmured low, and wept like
childhood then—

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike
men !

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young re-
nown,—

He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat
down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mourn-
ful brow,

“No more, there is no more,” he said, “to lift the sword
for now,—

My king is false, my hope betrayed ! My father—oh ! the
worth,

The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth !

“I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire ! beside
thee yet!—

I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil
had met!—

Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then ;—for there my
fields were won ;

And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst
no son ! ”

Then starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
 Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train;
 And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
 And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead :—

“Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?
 —Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this?
 The voice, the glance, the heart I sought,—give answer where are they?
 —If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

“Into these glassy eyes put light,—be still, keep down thine ire!—
 Bid these white lips a blessing speak,—this earth is not my sire :—
 Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—
 Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head!”

He loosed the steed,—his slack hand fell;—upon the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place :
 His hope was crushed, his after-fate untold in martial strain :
 His banner led the spears no more, amidst the hills of Spain.

SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

(ELIJAH KELLOGG.)

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheatre, to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of rev-

elry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet; and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished.

The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dew-drops on the corslet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of the Vulturnus with a wavy, tremulous light. No sound was heard save the last sob of some retiring wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach; and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheatre, a band of gladiators were assembled,—their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, the scowl of battle yet lingering on their brows,—when Spartacus, starting forth from amid the throng, thus addressed them:

“Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief, who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth, and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on.

“And yet, I was not always thus,—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men! My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported: and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd’s flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

“One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

"That very night, the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amidst the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me,—smiled faintly,—gasped,—and died;—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph.

"I told the pretor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at the sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the pretor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said,—'Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!' And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

"O Rome! Rome! thou has been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given, to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint: taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe!—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, till the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours,—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

"If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting

for the butcher's knife: if ye are men,—follow me! strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at Old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!”

THE CHESTNUT HORSE.

AN Eton stripling, training for the law,
 A dunce at Syntax, but a dab at taw,
 One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
 His cap and gown, and stores of learned pelf,
 With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
 To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
 Return'd and past the usual how-dy'e-does,
 Inquiries of old friends, and college news:
 “Well, Tom, the road; what saw you worth discerning?
 How's all at College, Tom?—what is't your learning?”
 “Learning!—O, logic, logic!—not the shallow rules
 Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools!
 But wits' and wranglers' logic; for d'ye see,
 I'll prove as clear,—as clear as A, B, C,
 That an eel pie's a pigeon; to deny it,
 Is to say black's not black.”

“Come, let's try it!”

“Well, sir; an eel pie is a pie of fish.” “Agreed.”
 “Fish pie may be a jack pie.” “Well, well, proceed.”
 “A jack pie is a John pie—and, 'tis done!
 For every John pie must be a pie-John.”—(pigeon.)
 “Bravo! bravo!” Sir Peter cries; “logic forever!
 That beats my grandmother and she was clever;
 But now I think on't, 't would be mighty hard
 If merit such as thine met no reward;
 To show how much I logic love in course,
 I'll make thee master of a chestnut horse.”
 “A horse!” quoth Tom, “blood, pedigree, and paces!
 O, what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!”

Tom dreamt all night of boots and leather breeches,
Of hunting caps, and leaping rails and ditches ;
Rose next morn an hour before the lark,
And dragged his uncle, fasting, to the park ;
Bridle in hand, each vale he scours, of course,
To find out something like a chestnut horse ;
But no such animal the meadows cropt,
Till under a large tree Sir Peter stopt,
Caught at a branch, and shook it, when down fell
A fine horse chestnut, in its prickly shell.

“There, Tom, take that.”—“Well, sir, and what beside?”
“Why, since your’e booted, saddle it and ride.”
“Ride! what, a chestnut, sir?”—“Of course,
For I can prove that chestnut is a horse ;
Not from the doubtful, fusty, musty rules
Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools,
Nor old Malebranch, blind pilot into knowledge,
But by the laws of wit and Eton college ;
As you have prov’d, and which I don’t deny,
That a pie John’s the same as a John pie,
The matter follows as a thing of course,
That a horse chestnut is a chestnut horse.”

THE NATURE OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

(DANIEL WEBSTER.)

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech further than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction.

True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject and in the occasion.

Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it: they cannot reach it. It

comes, if it come at all, like the out-breaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather it is something greater and higher than all eloquence—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

(REV. JOHN PIERPONT.)

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves—

Will ye give it up to slaves?

Will ye look for greener graves?

Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?

Hear it in that battle peal!

Read it on yon bristling steel!

Ask it, ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?

Will ye to your homes retire?

Look behind you! they're a-fire!

And before you, see

Who have done it! From the vale

On they come! and will ye quail?—

Leaden rain and iron hail

Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust !
 Die we may—and die we must ;
 But, Oh, where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
 As where heaven its dews shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell ?

BELSHAZZAR.

(B. W. PROCTER.)

BELSHAZZAR is king ! Belshazzar is lord !
 And a thousand dark nobles all bend at his board ;
 Fruits glisten, flowers blossom, meats steam, and a flood
 Of the wine that man loveth runs redder than blood ;
 Wild dancers are there, and a riot of mirth,
 And the beauty that maddens the passions of earth :
 And the crowds all shout, till the vast roofs ring—
 “All praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king !”

“Bring forth,” cries the monarch, “the vessels of gold
 Which my father tore down from the temples of old :
 Bring forth, and we'll drink, while the trumpets are blown,
 To the the gods of bright silver, of gold, and of stone ;
 Bring forth !” and before him the vessels all shine,
 And he bows unto Baal, and he drinks the dark wine ;
 While the trumpets bray, and the cymbals ring,—
 “Praise, praise to Belshazzar, Belshazzar the king !”

Now what cometh—look, look !—without menace, or call ?
 Who writes with the lightning's bright hand on the wall ?
 What pierceth the king like the point of a dart ?
 What drives the bold blood from his cheek to his heart ?
 “Chaldeans ! Magicians ! the letters expound !”
 They are read—and Belshazzar is dead on the ground !
 Hark ! The Persian is come on a conqueror's wing ;
 And a Mede's on the throne of Belshazzar the king !

GAMBLER'S WIFE.

(COATES.)

DARK is the night! How dark! No light: No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,
For him, who pledged her love—last year a bride!

“Hark! ’Tis his footstep! No!—’tis past!—’tis gone!”
Tick!—Tick!—“How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I believed ’twould last!—How mad!—How blind!

“Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—’Tis hunger’s cry!
Sleep!—For there’s no food!—The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break! And thou!” The clock strikes
one.

“Hush! ’tis the dice-box! Yes! he’s there! he’s there!
For this—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton’s smile—the villain—and the sot!

“Yet I’ll not curse him. No! ’tis all in vain!
’Tis long to wait, but sure he’ll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child! Oh, fiend!” The clock strikes
two.

“Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls
by.
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! ’tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!”
’Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o’er!

“Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

“Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
 Thou’rt cold! Thou’rt freezing! But we will not part!
 Husband!—I die—Father!—It is not he!
 Oh, God! protect my child!” The clock strikes three!

They’re gone, they’re gone! the glimmering spark hath
 fled!—

The wife and child are number’d with the dead.
 On the cold earth, outstretch’d in solemn rest,
 The babe lay, frozen on its mother’s breast:
 The gambler came at last—but all was o’er—
 Dread silence reigned around :—the clock struck four!

THE PAUPER’S DEATH-BED.

(CAROLINE BOWLES SOUTHEY.)

TREAD softly,—bow the head,—
 In reverent silence bow;
 No passing bell doth toll,—
 Yet an immortal soul
 Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
 With holy reverence bow;—
 There’s one in that poor shed,—
 One by that paltry bed,—
 Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar’s roof,
 Lo! death doth keep his state;
 Enter,—no crowds attend;
 Enter,—no guards defend
 This palace gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
 No smiling courtiers tread;
 One silent woman stands,
 Lifting with meagre hands,
 A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,—
An infant wail alone ;
A sob suppressed,—again
That short, deep gasp, and then
The parting groan.

Oh, change!—oh, wondrous change!
Burst are the prison bars,—
This moment, there, so low,
So agonized, and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh, change!—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod ;
The sun eternal breaks,—
The new immortal wakes,—
Wakes with his God!

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
“FORWARD THE LIGHT BRIGADE!
CHARGE FOR THE GUNS!” he said :
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

“FORWARD THE LIGHT BRIGADE!”
Was there a man dismayed ?
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered :
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not the reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,—
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well ;
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed as they turned in air,
 Sabreing the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered :
 Plunged in the battery-smoke,
 Right through the line they broke ;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered :—
 Then they rode back—but not,
 Not the six hundred.

When can their glory fade ?
 Oh, the wild charge they made !
 All the world wondered !
 Honor the charge they made,
 Honor the light brigade,
 Noble six hundred !

VULTURE AND INFANT.

I've been among the mighty Alps, and wandered thro' their
 vales,
 And heard the honest mountaineers—relate their dismal
 tales,
 As round the cotters' blazing hearth, when their daily work
 was o'er,
 They spake of those who disappeared, and ne'er were heard
 of more.

And there, I, from a shepherd, heard a narrative of fear,
A tale to rend a mortal heart, which mothers might not
hear ;

The tears were standing in his eye, his voice was tremulous ;
But wiping all those tears away, he told his story thus :

“It is among these barren cliffs the ravenous vulture dwells,
Who never fattens on the prey, which from afar he smells ;
But, patient, watching hour on hour, upon a lofty rock,
He singles out some truant lamb, a victim, from the flock.

One cloudless Sabbath summer morn, the sun was rising
high,

When, from my children on the green, I heard a fearful cry,
As if some awful deed were done, a shriek of grief, and
pain,

A cry, I humbly trust in God, I ne’er may hear again.

I hurried out to learn the cause ; but, overwhelmed with
fright,

The children never ceased to shriek ; and, from my frenzied
sight,

I missed the youngest of my babes, the darling of my care ;
But something caught my searching eyes, slow sailing thro’
the air.

Oh ! what an awful spectacle to meet a father’s eye,
His infant made a vulture’s prey, with terror to descry ;
And know, with agonizing heart, and with a maniac rave,
That earthly power could not avail that innocent to save !

My infant stretched his little hands imploringly to me,
And struggled with the ravenous bird, all vainly to get free :
At intervals, I heard his cries, as loud he shrieked and
screamed !

Until, upon the azure sky, a lessening spot he seemed.

The vulture flapped his sail-like wings, though heavily he
flew ;

A mote, upon the sun’s broad face, he seemed unto my view ;
But once, I thought I saw him stoop, as if he would
alight,—

’Twas only a delusive thought, for all had vanished quite.

All search was vain, and years had passed; that child was
ne'er forgot,
When once a daring hunter climbed unto a lofty spot,
From thence, upon a rugged crag—the chamoise never
reached,
He saw an infant's fleshless bones the elements had bleached!

I clambered up that rugged cliff—I could not stay away,—
I knew they were my infant's bones thus hastening to
decay;
A tattered garment yet remained, though torn to many a
shred:
The crimson cap he wore that morn was still upon his head."

That dreary spot is pointed out to travelers, passing by,
Who often stand, and musing, gaze, nor go without a sigh;
And as I journeyed, the next morn, along my sunny way,
The precipice was shown to me, whereon the infant lay.

PARRHASIUS AND CAPTIVE.

(WILLIS.)

Parrhasius, a painter of Athens, amongst those Olynthian captives Philip of Macedon brought home to sell, bought one very old man; and when he had him at his house, put him to death with extreme torture and torment, the better by his example to express the pains and passions of his Prometheus, whom he was then about to paint.

THERE stood an unsold captive in the mart,
A gray-haired and majestic old man,
Chained to a pillar. It was almost night,
And the last seller from his place had gone
And not a sound was heard but of a dog
Crunching beneath the stall a refuse bone,
Or the dull echo from the pavement rung,
As the faint captive changed his weary feet.

'Twas evening, and the half-descended sun
Tipped with a golden fire the many domes
Of Athens, and a yellow atmosphere

Lay rich and dusky in the shaded street
Through which the captive gazed.

The golden light into the painter's room
Streamed richly, and the hidden colors stole
From the dark pictures radiantly forth,
And in the soft and dewy atmosphere,
Like forms and landscapes, magical they lay.
Parrhasius stood gazing forgetfully,
Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay
Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus—
The vulture at his vitals, and the links
Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows forth
With its far-reaching fancy, and with form
And color clad them, his fine earnest eye
Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip
Were like the winged god's breathing from his flight.

“Bring me the captive now!
My hands feel skillful, and the shadows lift
From my waked spirit airily and swift
And I could paint the bow
Upon the bended heavens—round me play
Colors of such divinity to-day.

Ha! bind him on his back!
Look!—as Prometheus in my picture here!
Quick—or he faints! stand with the cordial near!
Now bend him to the rack!
Press down the poison'd links into his flesh!
And tear agape that healing wound afresh!

So—let him writhe! How long
Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil now!
What a fine agony works upon his brow!
Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!

“Pity thee! So I do!
I pity the dumb victim at the altar—
But does the rob’d priest for his pity falter?
I’d rack thee though I knew
A thousand lives were perishing in thine—
What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?”

Yet there’s a deathless name!
A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
And like a steadfast planet mount and burn—
And though its crown of flame
Consumed my brain to ashes as it shone,
By all the fiery stars! I’d bind it on!

Ay—though it bid me rifle
My heart’s last fount for its insatiate thirst—
Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first,
Though it should bid me stifle
The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
And taunt its mother till my brain went wild—

All—I would do it all—
Sooner than die, like a dull worm to rot—
Thrust foully into earth to be forgot!
O heavens—but I appal
Your heart, old man! forgive—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint!—rack him till he revives!

Vain—vain—give o’er! His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—
Stand back! I’ll paint the death-dew on his brow
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brókenly now—that was a difficult breath—
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh, Death!
Look! how his temples flutter!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders, gasps, Jove help him! so, he’s dead.

THE MANIAC.—MAD-HOUSE.

STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my woe !
She is not mad who kneels to thee ;
For what I'm now, too well I know,
For what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair ;
My language shall be mild, though sad :
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad ;—I am not mad.

My tyrant husband forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell ;
My fate unknown, my friends bewail ;
Oh ! jailer, haste, that fate to tell ;
Oh ! haste, my father's heart to cheer :
His heart, at once 'twill grieve, and glad,
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad ;—I am not mad.

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key ;
He quits the grate ; I knelt in vain ;
His glimmering lamp, still, still I see—
'Tis gone, and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold !—No warmth ! no light !
Life,—all thy comforts once I had ;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad ; no, no, not mad.

'Tis sure some dream,—some vision vain ;
What ! I—the child of rank and wealth,
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends and health ?
Ah ! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head ;
But 'tis not mad ;—no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou, my child, forgot ere this,
A mother's face, a mother's tongue ?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung ;

Nor how with me you sued to stay ;
 Nor how that suit your sire forbade ;
 Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away ;
 They'll make me mad ;—they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled !
 His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone !
 None ever bore a lovelier child :
 And art thou now forever gone ?
 And must I never see thee more,
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad ?
 I will be free ! unbar the door !
 I am not mad ;—I am not mad.

Oh ! hark ! what mean those yells, and cries ?
 His chains some furious madman breaks ;
 He comes,—I see his glaring eyes ;
 And, now my dungeon-grate he shakes.
 Help ! help !—He's gone ! Oh ! fearful wo,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see !
 My brain, my brain—I know, I know,
 I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon ; for, lo you ! while I speak
 Mark how yon Demon's eye-balls glare !
 He sees me ; now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whirls a serpent high in air.
 Horror ! the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad ;
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends ; I feel the truth ;
 Your task is done ! I'm mad ! I'm mad !

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM.

(THOMAS HOOD.)

'Twas in the prime of summer time,
 An evening calm and cool,
 And four-and-twenty happy boys
 Came bounding out of school :
 There were some that ran and some that leapt,
 Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped, with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin ;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in :
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things of earth,
As only boyhood can ;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man !

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessed breeze ;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease :
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees !

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor even glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide :
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fix'd the brazen hasp :
“ Oh, God ! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp ! ”

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,
And, lo ! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book !

“My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?”
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
“It is ‘The Death of Abel.’”

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And long since then, of bloody men
Whose deeds tradition saves;
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
Of horrid stabs in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God;

He told how murderers walked the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,—
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood had left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

“And well,” quoth he, “I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme,—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,—
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder in a dream!

“One that had never done me wrong—
A feeble man and old ;
I led him to a lonely field,—
The moon shone clear and cold :
‘Now here,’ said I, ‘this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!’

“Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done :
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone !

“Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill ;
And yet I fear’d him all the more,
For lying there so still :
There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill !

“And, lo ! the universal air
Seem’d lit with ghastly flame :—
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame :
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call’d upon his name !

“O, God ! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain !
But when I touch’d the lifeless clay,
The blood gush’d out amain !
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain !

“My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice ;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil’s price :
A dozen times I groan’d ; the dead
Had never groan’d but twice !

“And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven’s topmost hight,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite :—
‘Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!’

“I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme :—
My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

“Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish’d in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

“Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in evening hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem’d,
’Mid holy cherubim!

And Peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

“All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep,
My fever’d eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin has render’d unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time :
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime !

“ One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave ;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The Dead Man in his grave !

“ Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye ;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

“ Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dew-drop from its wing ;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing :
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

“ With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran ;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began :
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man !

“ And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where ;
As soon as the mid-day task was done,
In secret I was there :
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare !

Then down I cast me on my face
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep;
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

“So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh
The world shall see his bones!

“Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my right red hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake,

“And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!”
The fearful boy look'd up, and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

THE CURSE OF REGULUS.

THE palaces and domes of Carthage were burning with the splendors of noon, and the blue waves of her harbor were rolling and gleaming in the gorgeous sunlight. An

attentive ear could catch a low murmur, sounding from the centre of the city, which seemed like the moaning of the wind before a tempest. And well it might. The whole people of Carthage, startled, astounded by the report that Regulus had returned, were pouring, a mighty tide, into the great square before the Senate House. There were mothers in that throng, whose captive sons were groaning in Roman fetters; maidens, whose lovers were dying in the distant dungeons of Rome; gray-haired men and matrons, whom Roman steel had made childless; men, who were seeing their country's life crushed out by Roman power; and with wild voices, cursing and groaning, the vast throng gave vent to the rage, the hate, the anguish of long years.

Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him, stood Regulus, the Roman! He stretched his arm over the surging crowd with a gesture as proudly imperious, as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts. Before that silent command the tumult ceased—the half-uttered execration died upon the lip—so intense was the silence that the clank of the captive's brazen manacles smote sharp on every ear, as he thus addressed them:

"Ye doubtless thought, judging of Roman virtue by your own, that I would break my plighted faith, rather than by returning, and leaving your sons and brothers to rot in Roman dungeons, to meet your vengeance. Well, I could give reasons for this return, foolish and inexplicable as it seems to you; I could speak of yearnings after immortality—of those eternal principles in whose pure light a patriot's death is glorious, a thing to be desired; but, by great Jove! I should debase myself to dwell on such high themes to you. If the bright blood which feeds my heart were like the slimy ooze that stagnates in your veins, I should have remained at Rome, saved my life and broken my oath. If, then, you ask, why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body which I esteem but as the rags that cover it,—enough reply for you, it is because I am a Roman! As such, here in your very capital I defy you! What I have done, ye never can undo; what ye may do, I care not. Since first my young arm knew how to wield a Roman sword, have I not routed your armies, burned your towns, and dragged your generals at my chariot wheels? And do ye now expect to see me cower and whine with dread of

Carthaginian vengeance? Compared to that fierce mental strife which my heart has just passed through at Rome, the piercing of this flesh, the rending of these sinews, would be but sport to me.

“Venerable senators, with trembling voices and outstretched hands, besought me to return no more to Carthage. The generous people, with loud wailing, and wildly-tossing gestures, bade me stay. The voice of a beloved mother,—her withered hands beating her breast, her gray hairs streaming in the wind, tears flowing down her furrowed cheeks—praying me not to leave her in her lonely and helpless old age, is still sounding in my ears. Compared to anguish like this, the paltry torments you have in store is as the murmur of the meadow brook to the wild tumult of the mountain storm. Go! bring your threatened tortures! The woes I see impending over this fated city will be enough to sweeten death, though every nerve should tingle with its agony. I die—but mine shall be the triumph; yours the untold desolation. For every drop of blood that falls from my veins, your own shall pour in torrents! Wo, unto thee, O Carthage! I see thy homes and temples all in flames, thy citizens in terror, thy women wailing for the dead. Proud city! thou art doomed! the curse of Jove, a living, lasting curse is on thee! The hungry waves shall lick the golden gates of thy rich palaces, and every brook run crimson to the sea. Rome, with bloody hand, shall sweep thy heart-strings, and all thy homes shall howl in wild response of anguish to her touch. Proud mistress of the sea, disrobed, uncrowned and scourged—thus again do I devote thee to the infernal gods!

Now, bring forth your tortures! Slaves! while ye tear this quivering flesh, remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies and humbled your pride. Cut as he would have carved you! Burn deep as his curse!

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LIN-
COLNSHIRE. (1571.)

(JEAN INGELow.)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers rang by two, by three;
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was nought of strange, beside
The flight of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My threads brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies,
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My son's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;

Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
 Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed."

If it be long, ay, long ago,
 When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
 Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
 And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
 The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where there sedges are
 Moved on sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
 And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kindly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
 And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
 And where the lordly steeple shows,
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of Enderby!

“For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping downe;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne :
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring ‘The Brides of Enderby?’”

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
Came ridng down with might and main :
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
“Elizabeth ! Elizabeth !”
(A sweeter woman ne’er drew breath
Than my sonne’s wife, Elizabeth.)

“The old sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift on yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place.”
He shook as one that looks on death :
“God save you, mother !” strait he saith ;
“Where is my wife, Elizabeth ?”

“Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long ;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song.”
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, “Ho Enderby !”
They rang “The Brides of Enderby !”

With that he cried and beat his breast
For, lo ! along the river’s bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,
Then madly at the eygre’s breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.

Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet,
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sat that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O come in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And did'st thou visit him no more?
Thou did'st, thou did'st, my daughter deare;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear,
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and me:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dewes be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

(THOMAS HOOD.)

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—

Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt !"

"Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It's Oh ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
When woman has never a soul to save
If this is Christian work !

"Work—work—work
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream !

"Oh, men, with sisters dear !
Oh, men, with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out
But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death ?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,—
Because of the fasts I keep ;
Oh, God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !

“Work—work—work!

My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread—and rags.
That shatter’d roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

“Work—work—work!

From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb’d,
As well as the weary hand.

“Work—work—work,

In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

“Oh! but to breathe the breath

Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour.
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

“Oh! but for one short hour!

A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief?

A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE MOTHER PERISHING IN A SNOW-STORM.

In the year 1821, a Mrs. Blake perished in a snow-storm in the night-time, while travelling over a spur of the Green Mountains in Vermont. She had an infant with her, which was found alive and well in the morning, being carefully wrapped in the mother's clothing.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's hight,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And, 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wander'd with her child:
As through the drifting snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifting snow:
Her limbs were chill'd, her strength was gone:
"Oh, God!" she cried, in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripp'd her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapp'd the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm.
With one cold kiss one tear she shed,
And sunk upon her snowy bed.

All Slavery, Warfare, Lies, and Wrong,
All Vice and Crime, might die together ;
And wine and corn
To each man born
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done ? This might be done,
And more than this, my suffering brother,—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

THE CUMBERLAND.

(H. W. LONGFELLOW.)

At anchor in the Hampton Roads we lay,
On board of the Cumberland, sloop-of-war ;
And at times from the fortress across the bay
The alarum of drums swept past,
Or a bugle blast
From the camp on the other shore.

Then far away to the south uprose
A little feather of snow-white smoke,
And we knew that the iron ship of our foes
Was steadily steering its course,
To try the force,
Of our ribs of oak.

Down upon us heavily runs,
Silent and sullen, the floating fort ;
Then comes a puff of smoke from her guns,
And leaps the terrible death,
With fiery breath,
From each open port.

We are not idle but send her straight
Defiance back in a full broadside !
As hail rebounds from a roof of slate,
Rebounds our heavier hail
From each Iron scale
Of the monster's hide.

"Strike your flag!" the rebel cries,
In his arrogant old plantation strain.
"Never!" our gallant Morris replies;
"It is better to sink than to yield!"
And the whole air pealed
With the cheers of the men.

Then, like the kraken huge and black,
She crushed our ribs in her iron grasp!
Down went the Cumberland all a wrack,
With a sudden shudder of death,
And the cannon's breath
For her dying gasp.

Next morn, as the sun rose over the bay,
Still floated our flag at the mainmast-head.
Lord, how beautiful was thy day!
Every waft of the air
Was a whisper of prayer,
Or a dirge for the dead.

Ho! brave hearts that went down in the seas!
Ye are at peace in the troubled stream,
Ho! brave land! with hearts like these,
Thy flag, that is rent in twain,
Shall be one again,
And without seam!

THE RAVEN.

(EDGAR A. POE.)

ONCE upon a midnight dreary as I ponder'd, weak and
weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber door—

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,

Thrill'd me — fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I open'd wide the door,

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before ;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word,
 "Lenore!"
This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word,
 "LENORE!"

 Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice ;
Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;
 'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he ; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he ;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-door,—
Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
 Perched and sat and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven ;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore ?"
 Quoth the raven, "Nevermore !"

Much I marvell'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was bless'd with 'seeing bird above his chamber-
door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-
door,

With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did out-
pour.

Nothing further then he utter'd—not a feather then he
flutter'd—

Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have flown
before—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store,

Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden
bore,

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—Never—nevermore!"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and bust,
and door.

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird
of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's
core.

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating
o'er,

She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these
angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore!

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee here
ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I im-
plore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I
implore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both
adore,

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore;

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I
shriek'd, upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from
off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor

Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE!

THE BELLS.

(EDGAR A. POE.)

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seemed to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
How it swells !
How it dwells
On the Future ! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells !
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright !
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair !
How they clang, and clash, and roar !
What a horror they outpour

On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear, it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows ;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels !
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone !
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people—ah, the people—
 They that dwell up in the steeple,
 All alone,
 And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
 In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone—
 They are neither man nor woman—
 They are neither brute nor human—
 They are Ghouls :
 And their king it is who tolls ;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
 A pæan from the bells !
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells !
 And he dances and he yells ;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—
 Of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells,
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EXCELSIOR.

(H. W. LONGFELLOW.)

THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye, beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright :
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone :
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 Excelsior !

“ Try not the pass ! ” the old man said ;
 “ Dark lowers the tempest overhead ;

The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"—
And loud that clarion voice replied,
 Excelsior !

"Oh ! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast !"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye ;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
 Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch !
Beware the awful avalanche !"
This was the peasant's last good-night ;—
A voice replied, far up the hight,
 Excelsior !

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
 Excelsior !

A traveller,—by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow, was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
The banner with the strange device,
 Excelsior !

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay ;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
 Excelsior !

THE FAMINE.

(H. W. LONGFELLOW.)

O THE long and dreary Winter !
O the cold and cruel Winter !
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river ;

Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage ;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walk'd he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none ;
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perish'd there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever !
O the wasting of the famine !
O the blasting of the fever !
O the wailing of the children !
O the anguish of the women !
All the earth was sick and famish'd ;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them !

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water ;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said : " Behold me !
I am Famine, Bukadawin !"
And the other said : " Behold me !
I am Fever, Ahkosewin !"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shudder'd as they look'd upon her,
Shudder'd at the words they utter'd,

Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they utter'd.

Forth into the empty forest
Rush'd the madden'd Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness,
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapp'd in furs and arm'd for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!"

All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dakotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laugh'd and glisten'd,

And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watch'd her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.

"Hark!" she said, "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dakotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" she said, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"HIAWATHA! HIAWATHA!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumber'd branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"

Would that I had perish'd for you,
Would that I were dead as you are !
Wahonowin ! Wahonowin !"
And he rush'd into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Utter'd such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moan'd and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he cover'd,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;
Clothed her in her richest garments ;
Wrapp'd her in her robes of ermine,
Cover'd her with snow, like ermine :
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks ;
From his sleepless bed uprising,

From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watch'd it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguish'd,
Might not leave her in the darkness.

"Farewell!" said he, "Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!"

LIBERTY AND UNION.

(WEBSTER.)

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached, only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all, a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I

have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below ; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

While the union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the vail. God grant, that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union ; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent ; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood ! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre ; not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, What is all this worth ? nor those other words of delusion and folly : Liberty first, and union afterwards ; but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable !

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

(HOOD.)

ONE more Unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care ;—
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements ;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing ;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully,
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly ;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now, is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful ;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily ;

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
Had she a brother ?

Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun !
Oh ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings were changed ;
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak winds of March
Made her tremble and shiver ;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river :
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world !

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,

Picture it,—think of it,
Dissolute man !
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can !

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair !
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen so rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth and compose them ;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly !

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest,—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast !
Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour !

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

(MRS. NORTON.)

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears ;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebb'd
away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier falter'd, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native
land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of
mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was
done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale, beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying, were some grown old in
wars,
The death wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many
scars:
But some were young—and suddenly beheld life's morn
decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine!

"Tell my mother that her other sons shall comfort her old
age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leap'd forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce
and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's
sword,
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and
gallant tread;

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast
eye,

For her brother was a soldier too, and not afraid to die.

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame;

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword
and mine),

For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

“There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gone by,
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in
her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—

Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes
heaviest mourning;

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be
risen

My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison),

I dream'd I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight
shine

On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the
Rhine!

“I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seem'd to
hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and
clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,

The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and
still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me as we passed with
friendly talk

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well remembered
walk,

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine:

But we'll meet no more at Bingen—loved Bingen on the
Rhine!”

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish
weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sigh'd and ceased to
speak:

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had
fled,—
The soldier of the Legion, in a foreign land—was dead !
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she look'd
down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses
strown ;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seem'd to
shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine !

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

(JOHN G. WHITTIER.)

UP from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The cluster'd spires of Frederick stand,
Green-wall'd by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord,
To the eyes of the famish'd rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early Fall,
When Lee march'd over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapp'd in the morning wind : the sun
Of noon look'd down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bow'd with her fourscore years and ten,

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men haul'd down.

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouch'd hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shiver'd the window-pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatch'd the silken scarf.

She lean'd far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came ;

The nobler nature within him stirr'd
To life at that woman's deed and word.

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet ;

All day long that free flag toss'd
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And, through the hill-gaps, sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

MAUD MULLER.

(J. G. WHITTIER.)

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed : " Ah, me !
That I the Judge's bride might be !

" He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat ;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay ;
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair ;

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay :

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune ;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go :

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead ;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain ;
" Ah, that I were free again !

" Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and many a pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

SHAMUS O'BRIEN, THE BOLD BOY OF GLIN-
GALL. A TALE OF '98.

(SHERIDAN LEFANOR.)

JIST afther the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys wor all scattered and bate,
'Twas the custom, whenever a pisant was got,
To hang him by thrial—barrin' sich as was shot.
There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,
And the martial-law hangin' the lavins by night.
It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon:
If he missed in the judges—he'd meet a dragoon;
An' whether the sodgers or judges gev sentence,
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.
An' it's many's the fine boy was then on his keepin'

Wid small share iv restin', or atin', or sleepin',
An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it,
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet—
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay;
An' the bravest an' hardiest boy iv them all
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town iv Glingall.
His limbs were well set, an' his body was light,
An' the keen-fanged hound had not teeth half so white;
But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,
And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red.
An' for all that he wasn't an ugly young bye,
For the divil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,
So droll an' so wicked, so dark and so bright,
Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night!
An' he was the best mower that ever has been,
An' the illigantest hurler that ever was seen,
An' his dancin' was sich that the men used to stare,
An' the women turn crazy, he done it so quare;
An', by gorra, the whole world gev it into him there.
An' it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught,
An' it's often he run, an' it's often he fought,
An' it's many the one can remember right well
The quare things he done: an' it's often I heerd tell
How he lathered the yeomen, himself agin four,
An' stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.
But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,
An' treachery prey on the blood iv the best;
Aftther many a brave action of power and pride,
An' many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,
An' a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,
In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,
For the door of the prison must close on you soon,
An' take your last look at her dim lovely light,
That falls on the mountain and valley this night;
One look at the village, one look at the flood,
An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood;
Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,
An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still;
Farewell to the pathern, the hurlin' an' wake,

And farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.
An' twelve sodgers brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' the turnkey resaved him, refusin' all bail;
The fleet limbs wor chained, an' the sthrong hands wor
bound,

An' he laid down his length on the cowl'd prison-ground,
An' the dreams of his childhood kem over him there
As gentle an' soft as the sweet summer air;
An' happy remembrances crowding on ever,
As fast as the foam-flakes dhrift down on the river,
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.
But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart
Would not suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;
An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,
An' he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,
By the hopes of the good, an' the cause of the brave,
That when he was mouldering in the cold grave
His enemies never should have it to boast
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dhry,
For, undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.
Well, as soon as a few weeks was over and gone,
The terrible day iv the thrial kem on,
There was sich a crowd there was scarce room to stand
An' sodgers on guard, an' dhragoons sword-in-hand;
An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered,
An' attorneys an' criers on the point iv bein' smothered;
An' counsellors almost gev over for dead,
An' the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;
An' the judge settled out so detarmined an' big,
With his gown on his back, and an illegant new wig;
An' silence was called, an' the minute it was said
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,
An' they heard but the openin' of one prison lock,
An' Shamus O'Brien kem into the dock.

For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,
An' he looked at the bars, so firm and so strong,
An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend,
A chance to escape, nor a word to defend;
An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone,

As calm and as cold as a statue of stone ;
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,
An' Jim didn't understand it, nor mind it a taste,
An' the judge took a big pinch of snuff, and he says,
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, av you plaze?"

An' all held their breath in the silence of dhread,
An' Shamus O'Brien made answer and said :
"My lord, if you ask me, if in my life-time
I thought any treason, or did any crime
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,
The hot blush of shame, or the coldness of fear,
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death blow,
Before God and the world I would answer you, no !
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,
An' fought for ould Ireland from the first to the close,
An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,
I answer you, yes; and I tell you again,
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then
In her cause I was willing my veins should run dhry,
An' that now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,
And the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;
By my sowl, it's himself was the crabbed ould chap;
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.
Then Shamus' mother in the crowd standin' by,
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry :
"O, judge! darlin', don't, O, don't say the word!
The crathure is young, have mercy, my lord;
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin';
You don't know him, my lord—O, don't give him to ruin!
He's the kindest crathure, the tendherest hearted;
Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted.
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him, forgive him, my lord,
An' God will forgive you—O, don't say the word!"
That was the first minute that O'Brien was shaken,
When he saw that he was not quite forgot or forsaken;
An' down his pale cheeks, at the word of his mother,
The big tears wor runnin' fast, one afther th' other;
An' two or three times he endeavored to spake,

But the sthrong manly voice used to falther and break ;
But at last, by the strength of his high-mounting pride,
He conquered and masthered his grief's swelling tide,
" An' " says he, " mother, darlin', don't break your poor
heart,

For, sooner or later, the dearest must part ;
And God knows it's betther than wandering in fear
On the bleak, trackless mountain, among the wild deer,
To lie in the grave, where the head, heart, and breast,
From thought, labor, and sorrow, forever shall rest.
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,
Don't make me seem broken, in this, my last hour ;
For I wish, when my head's lyin' under the raven,
No throe man can say that I died like a craven ! "
Then towards the judge Shamus bent down his head,
An' that minute the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high,
An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky ;
But why are the men standin' idle so late ?
An' why do the crowds gather fast in the street ?
What come they to talk of ? what come they to see ?
An' why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree ?
O, Shamus O'Brien ! pray fervent and fast,
May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last ;
Pray fast and pray sthrong, for the moment is nigh,
When, sthrong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die.
An' faster an' faster, the crowd gathered there,
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair ;
An' whiskey was sellin', and cussamuck too,
An' ould men and young women enjoying the view.
An' ould Tim Mulvany, he med the remark,
There wasn't sich a sight since the time of Noah's ark,
An' be gorry, 'twas throe for him, for divil sich a scruge,
Sich divarshin and crowds, was known since the deluge,
For thousands were gathered there, if there was one,
Waitin' till such time as the hangin' 'id come on.

At last they threw open the big prison-gate,
An' out came the sheriffs and sodgers in state,
An' a cart in the middle, and Shamus was in it,
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.

An' as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,
Wid prayin' and blessin', and all the girls cryin',
A wild wailin' sound kem on by degrees,
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,
An' the cart au' the sodgers go steadily on;
An' at every side swellin' around of the cart,
A wild, sorrowful sound, that id open your heart.
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,
An' the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;
An' the priest, havin' blest him, goes down on the ground,
An' Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around.
Then the hangman dhrew near, an' the people grew still,
Young faces turned sickly, and warm hearts turn chill;
An' the rope bein' ready, his neck was made bare,
For the gripe iv the life-strangling cord to prepare;
An' the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground;
Bang! bang! goes the carbines, and clash goes the sabres;
He's not down! he's alive still! now stand to him, neigh-
bors!

Through the smoke and the horses he's into the crowd—
By the heavens, he's free!—than thunder more loud,
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.
The sodgers ran this way, the sheriffs ran that,
An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;
To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe Glin,
An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in.
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,
But if you want hangin', it's yourself you must hang.

He has mounted his horse, and soon he will be
In America, darlint, the land of the free.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

(THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.)

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringin' to Winchester fresh dismay,

The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done! what to do? a glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There, with the glorious General's name,
Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
"Here is the steed that saved the day
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

DRIFTING.

(T. BUCHANAN READ.)

MY soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote:—

Round purple peaks
It sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands
The gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates.

I heed not, if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls
Where swells and falls
The Bay's deep breast at intervals
At peace I lie,
Blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild,
Is Heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled ;—
The airs I feel
Around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies,—
O'erveiled with vines,
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling kid;
Or down the walls,
With tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips
Sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far off-ships.

Yon deep bark goes
Where traffic blows,
From land of sun to lands of snows;—
This happier one,
Its course is run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,
To rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew,
My heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

THE GHOST.

'TIS about twenty years since Abel Law,
A short, round-favored, merry
Old soldier of the Revolutionary
War,
Was wedded to
A most abominable shrew.
The temper, sir, of Shakspeare's Catharine
Could no more be compared with hers,
Than mine
With Lucifer's.

Her eyes were like a weasel's; she had a harsh
Face, like a cranberry marsh,
All spread
With spots of white and red;
Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,
And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.
The appellation of this lovely dame
Was Nancy; don't forget the name.

Her brother David was a tall,
Good-looking chap, and that was all:
One of your great big nothings, as we say
Here in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes
And cracking them on other folks.
Well, David undertook one night to play
The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
He knew,
Would be returning from a journey through
A grove of forest wood
That stood
Below
The house some distance,—half a mile, or so.

With a long taper
Cap of white paper,
Just made to cover
A wig, nearly as large over
As a corn-basket, and a sheet
With both ends made to meet

Across his breast,
 (The way in which ghosts are always dressed)
 He took
 His station near
 A huge oak-tree,
 Whence he could overlook
 The road and see
 Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
 Had left the table
 Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
 With horse and wagon,
 To taste a flagon
 Of malt
 Liquor, and so forth, which, being done,
 He went on,
 Caring no more for twenty ghosts,
 Than if they were so many posts.

David was nearly tired of waiting ;
 His patience was abating ;
 At length, he heard the careless tones
 Of his kinsman's voice,
 And then the noise
 Of wagon-wheels among the stones.
 Abel was quite elated, and was roaring
 With all his might, and pouring
 Out, in great confusion,
 Scraps of old songs made in "The Revolution."

His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton ;
 And jovially he went on,
 Scaring the whip-po-wills among the trees
 With rhymes like these :—[*Sings.*]

" See the Yankees
 Leave the hill,
 With baggernetts declining,
 With looped-down hats
 And rusty guns,
 And leather-aprons shining.

" See the Yankees—Whoa ! Why, what is that ? "
 Said Abel, staring like a cat,

As, slowly, on the fearful figure strode
Into the middle of the road.

“My conscience! what a suit of clothes!
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
Hallo! friend, what’s your name! by the powers of gin,
That’s a strange dress to travel in.”
“Be silent, Abel; for now I have come
To read your doom;
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit”—“I suppose you are;
But you’ll not hurt me, and I’ll tell you why:
Here is a fact which you cannot deny;—
All spirits must be either good
Or bad,—that’s understood,—
And be you good or evil, I am sure
That I’m secure.
If a good spirit, I am safe. If evil,—
And I don’t know but you may be the Devil,—
If that’s the case, you’ll recollect, I fancy,
That I am married to your sister Nancy!”

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school, not far away,
’Mid Berkshire hills, one winter’s day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.
The while the master’s downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book:
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As ’twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!
“What’s that?” the startled master cries;
“That, thir,” a little imp replies,
“Wath William Willith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!”

With frown to make a statue thrill,
 The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
 Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
 With stolen chattels on his back,
 Will hung his head in fear and shame,
 And to the awful presence came—
 A great, green, bashful simpleton,
 The butt of all good-natured fun.
 With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
 The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
 That you, my biggest pupil, should
 Be guilty of an act so rude!
 Before the whole set school to boot—
 What evil genius put you to't?"
 "'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
 "I did not mean to be so bad;
 But when Susannah shook her curls,
 And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,
 And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
 I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
 But up and kissed her on the spot!
 I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
 But, somehow, from her looks—boo-hoo—
 I thought she kind o' wished me to!"

WOUNDED.

(WILLIAM E. MILLER.)

LET me lie down
 Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree,
 Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
 The surge of the combat, and where I may hear
 The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer:

Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
 Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share;
 The tempest,—its fury and thunder were there:
 On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,
 With the foe under foot, and our flag overhead:
 Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, ah, how can I rest
With this shot-shatter'd head and sabre-pierced breast?
Comrades, at roll-call when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and shell,
Through without faltering,—clear through with a yell!
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dash'd, at the mandate of doom!
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others so good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood.
For Freedom and Union each man owes his part;
And here I pay my share, all warm from my heart;
It is duty.

Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother! with meek tearful eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, forever and aye!
Oh that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest!
Dying at last!

I am no saint;
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins,
"Our Father," and then says, "Forgive us our sins:"
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say, "Amen!"
Ah! I'm no saint!

Hark! there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquer'd, I know!—
Up, on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah! there flies the flag, with its star-spangles bright,
The promise of glory, the symbol of right!
Well may they shout!

I'm muster'd out.
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression, and wrong !
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood-red-den'd sod
I die for the nation, the Union, and God !
I'm muster'd out !

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

(DUFERIN.)

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springing fresh and green
And the lark sang loud and high ;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek ;
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary ;
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely, now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But, O ! they love the better still
The few our Father sends !

And you were all I had, Mary—
My blessing and my pride :
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break—
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake ;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
O ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true !
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to ;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE.

(G. W. PATTEN.)

BLAZE, with your serried columns !
I will not bend the knee !
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low ;
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow !

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain ;
Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain !
I scorn your proffered treaty !
The pale-face I defy !
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle-cry !

Some strike for hope of booty,
Some to defend their all,—
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall :
I love, among the wounded,
To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream ;
And struggling through the everglade,
Your bristling bayonets gleam ;
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear ;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye—Come not here !

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die!
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath its wave!

THE VAGABONDS.

(J. T. TROWBRIDGE.)

WE are two travellers, Roger and I.
Roger's my dog:—come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!
Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs, (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen,)
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This out-door business is bad for strings,)
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank ye, sir,—I never drink;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral.—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—
Well, something hot, then,—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too,—see him nod his head?
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said,—
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But, no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, sir!)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold your
Cap while the gentleman gives a trifle,
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes,
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty knowing
The night's before us, fill the glasses!—
Quick, sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going!
Some brandy,—thank you,—there!—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,

That my poor stomach's past reform ;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink ;—
The same old story ; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, sir ; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures :
I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast !
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guess'd
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since,—a parson's wife :
'Twas better for her that we should part,—
Better the soberest, prosiest life,
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her ? Once : I was weak and spent
On the dusty road, a carriage stopped :
But little she dreamed as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped !

You've set me to talking, sir ; I'm sorry ;
It makes me wild to think of the change !
What do you care for a beggar's story ?
Is it amusing ? you find it strange ?
I had a mother so proud of me !
'Twas well she died before—— Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain ; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing, in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,
No doubt, remembering things that were,—
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming.—
You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—
Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;—
The sooner, the better for Roger and me !

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

(M. R. MITFORD.)

FRIENDS : I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom ;—we are slaves !
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave !—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame ;
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell, a name ! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini ! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,

At sight of that great ruffian ! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor ? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you—
I had a brother once,—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy ; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son ! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile
Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
The pretty, harmless boy was slain ! I saw
The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
For vengeance ! Rouse, ye Romans ! rouse, ye slaves !
Have ye brave sons ? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
To see them die ! Have ye daughters fair ? Look
To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
Dishonored ! and if ye dare call for justice,
Be answered by the lash ! Yet this is Rome,
That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
Of beauty, ruled the world ! Yet we are Romans !
Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
Was greater than a king !—and once again—
Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
Of either Brutus !—once again I swear,
The eternal city shall be free ! her sons
Shall walk with princes !

SPEECH OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ.

(CHARLES DICKENS.)

You heard from my learned friend, Gentlemen of the Jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, Gentlemen, is a widow ; yes, Gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, Gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman,

Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street; and here she placed in her front parlor-window a written placard, bearing this inscription, — "APARTMENTS FURNISHED FOR A SINGLE GENTLEMAN. INQUIRE WITHIN."

Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, Gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear,—she had no distrust,—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was a man of honor,—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word,—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver,—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself: to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let."

Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, Gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch, the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor-window three days, Gentlemen,—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house! He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick,—Pickwick the defendant!

Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, Gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, Gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy. I say systematic villainy, Gentlemen; and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one

or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant, be his name Pickwick, or Nokes, or Stoaks, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

I shall show you, Gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions, he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy. I shall prove to you, that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage,—previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends,—most unwilling witnesses, Gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses,—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

And now, Gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties,—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye,—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—"Garraway's, twelve o'clock.—Dear Mrs. B.—Chops and Tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Gentlemen, what does this mean? Chops and Tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick! Chops! Gracious heavens! And Tomato sauce. Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these?

The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious:—"Dear Mrs. B., I shall not be at home to-morrow. Slow coach." And then follows this very remarkable expression,—“Don't trouble yourself about the warming-pan.” The warming-pan! Why, Gentlemen, who does trouble himself about a warming-pan! Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover

for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, Gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you!

But enough of this, Gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant! Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass; but there is no invitation for them to inquire within, or without! All is gloom and silence in the house: even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded, when his mother weeps.

But Pickwick, Gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street,—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward,—Pickwick who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans,—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, Gentlemen, heavy damages is the only punishment with which you can visit him,—the only recompense you can award to my client! And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative Jury of her civilized countrymen!

LOVE.

(COLERIDGE.)

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mound I lay,
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight;
She stood and listened to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own.
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air;
I sang an old and moving story—
And old, rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined—and ah!
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a fitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death,
The Lady of the Land.

And how she wept, and clasped his knees ;
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;—

And that she nursed him in a cave ;
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve ;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve ;

And hopes and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherished long.

She wept with pity and delight—
She blushed with love, and virgin shame ;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved ; she stepped aside—
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms :
She pressed me with a meek embrace ;
And bending back her head, looked up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride ;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

LADY CLARE.

(TENNYSON.)

It was the time when lilies blow,
And the clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give to his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn :
Lovers long betrothed were they :
They two shall wed the morrow morn ;
God's blessing on the day !

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair ;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare;
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair:
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child."

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's
When you are man and wife."

"If I am a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie:
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know,
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse:
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!

Alas, my child, I sinned for thee."

"O mother, mother, mother," she said,

"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,

My mother dear, if this be so;

And lay your hand upon my head,

And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown—

She was no longer Lady Clare:

She went by dale, and she went by down,

With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought

Leapt up from where she lay,

Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,

And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower,

"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!

"Why come you dressed like a village maid,

That are the flower of all the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,

I am but as my fortunes are:

I am a beggar born," she said,

"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,

"For I am yours in word and deed.

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,

"Your riddle is hard to read."

Oh, and proudly stood she up!

Her heart within her did not fail:

She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,

And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:

He turned and kissed her where she stood:

"If you are not the heiress born,

And I," said he, "the next of blood—

“If you are not the heiress born,
And I,” said he, “the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be—LADY CLARE.”

LITTLE WILL.

A GREAT crowd of people had gathered around
A small ragged urchin stretched out on the ground
In the midst of the street; and some cried, “For shame!”
And others, “Can any one tell us his name?”
For that poor little body, now bleeding and still,
Was all that was left of once bright little Will.
A great heavy cart had come rattling that way
Where Willie and others were busy at play,
And the poor little fellow, now stretched on the stones,
Seemed only a mass of bruised flesh and crushed bones.
But still there was life; and a kind doctor said,—
“We must take the child home and put him to bed.
He must have all the care we can possibly give,
And it may be the poor little fellow will live.”

But alas for poor Willie, he had no nice home;
He lived in an alley, in one little room;
And his poor mother, working from earliest light,
Had often no supper to give him at night.

But joy for poor Willie! for not far away
From the place where all bleeding and shattered he lay,
Is a very large house standing back from the street,
With everything round it so quiet and neat,
Which many good people had built in His name
Who healed all the sick when from heaven he came:
And who promises blessings that ever endure
To those who shall comfort the sick and the poor.
So there in a room, large, and cheerful and bright,
Little Willie was laid on a pillow so white.
The walls with bright pictures were covered all o’er;
Will never had seen such a clean place before.
Long rows of small beds with small tables between,
The coverlid white and the beds painted green;

And so many children, all sick, but so bright,
Will almost forgot his great pain at the sight.

But the poor little boy suffered terrible pain
When the good surgeon came to examine again
Those poor little limbs ; and he said that next day
He must bring his sharp knives and cut both legs away.
O how could he bear it ? Oh what should he do ?
So small and alone he could never get through.
And then he knew well that he never could run
And play with the boys, as before he had done.
Poor Willie ! he felt that in all that great city
There was no one to help him and no one to pity.

It was night : in the hospital ward all was still,
Save the low moans of anguish from poor little Will,
When a dear little girl in the very next bed
Turned round on her pillow, and lovingly said,
“ Little boy, what’s the matter ; are you very ill ? ”
“ O yes,” said poor Willie ; “ and what is worse still,
The doctor is going to hurt my leg so
To-morrow, I never can bear it I know.”
“ But Jesus will help you,” said dear little Sue ;
“ He suffered and died, you know, Willie, for you.”
The child was astonished, and thus made reply :
“ Why, Susie, who’s Jesus, and what made him die ? ”

“ Oh, Willie ! how sad ; I thought every one knew.
You don’t go to Sunday-school ; isn’t that true ? ”
“ No, I never have been,” the boy made reply ;
“ But tell me of Jesus, and what made him die.”

“ Well, Jesus,” said Susie, “ came down long ago,
Because he was sorry we all suffered so,
And would be so naughty. And he was a child.
Just as little as we, but so gentle and mild.
And when he grew up, he went all through the land
And healed all the sick with a touch of his hand ;
And he took little children right up on his knee—
Oh, Willie, I wish it had been you and me,
But soon cruel men caught Jesus one day,
And beat him and mocked him and took him away,

And nailed him with nails to a great cross of wood.
Oh wasn't it hard, when he'd done them such good ?
How he must have loved us to die on the tree."

"But," said Will, "if he's dead, how can he help me?"

"Why, I'll tell you," said Susie; "though now he's in heaven,

In the Book he has left us a promise is given,
That whene'er we want him he'll come to our aid.
I'm so sure he loves me, I'm never afraid.
I know that he comes to this hospital here;
And though folks can't see him, they feel he is near.
I know, for I've tried it again and again,
He helps us bear sickness and sorrow and pain."

"Oh, how good!" said the boy, with a long, thankful sigh.

"But I'm so small, that he might pass me by;

So I'll put up my hand, just so he can see,

Then he'll know that I want him, and come right to me."

When the bright sun peeped in on that little white bed,
The hand was still raised, but dear Willie was dead !
The sad look of pain had gone from his face,
And the sweetest of smiles had taken its place;
For far off in heaven, that beautiful land,
Kind Jesus had seen little Will's lifted hand;
The smile on his face Jesus' kissing had given,
And he waked in the morning with Jesus in heaven.

Dear friends who have read this sweet story, you see
That trusting in Jesus will save you and me.

Oh that all who of Jesus' great mercy have heard,
Would, like dear little Willie, take Him at his word.

THE INQUIRY.

(CHARLES MACKAY.)

TELL me, ye winged winds, that round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot where mortals weep no more ?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain, the weary soul may rest ?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
 Know'st thou some favored spot, some island far away,
 Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs;
 Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?

The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
 Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer—"No."

And thou, serenest moon, that, with such lovely face,
 Dost look upon the earth, asleep in night's embrace;
 Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou not seen some spot,
 Where miserable man might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
 And a voice, sweet but sad, responded—"No."

Tell me; my secret soul;—oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
 Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death?
 Is there no happy spot, where mortals may be blessed,
 Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope, and Love, best boons to mortals given,
 Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"YES, IN
 HEAVEN!"

MELNOTTE'S ADDRESS TO PAULINE.

(EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.)

CLAUDE MELNOTTE, who had received many indignities to his slighted love, from Pauline, married her under the false appearance of an Italian prince. He afterwards repents his bitter revenge; makes immediate amends; and, impelled by affection, virtue, and a laudable ambition, finally conquers a position, and becomes, in fact, her husband.

Pauline! by pride
 Angels have fallen ere thy time; by pride—
 That sole alloy of thy most lovely mold—
 The evil spirit of a bitter love,
 And a revengeful heart, had power upon thee.
 From my first years, my soul was filled with thee:
 I saw thee, midst the flowers the lowly boy
 Tended, unmarked by thee—a spirit of bloom,
 And joy, and freshness, as if Spring itself
 Were made a living thing, and were thy shape!

I saw thee ! and the passionate heart of man
Entered the breast of the wild-dreaming boy ;
And from that hour I grew—what to the last
I shall be—thine adorer ! Well ! this love,
Vain, frantic, guilty, if thou wilt, became
A fountain of ambition and bright hope :
I thought of tales that by the winter hearth
Old gossips tell—how maidens, sprung from kings,
Have stooped from their high sphere ; how Love, like Death,
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook
Beside the scepter. Thus I made my home
In the soft palace of a fairy Future !

My father died ; and I, the peasant-born,
Was my own lord. Then did I seek to rise
Out of the prison of my mean estate ;
And, with such jewels as the exploring Mind
Brings from the caves of Knowledge, by my ransom
From those twin jailers of the daring heart—
Low Birth and iron Fortune. Thy bright image,
Glassed in my soul, took all the hues of glory,
And lured me on to those inspiring toils
By which man masters man ! For thee I grew
A midnight student o'er the dreams of sages :
For thee I sought to borrow from each Grace,
And every Muse, such attributes as lend
Ideal charms to love. I thought of thee,
And passion taught me poesy—of thee,
And on the painter's canvas grew the life
Of beauty !—Art became the shadow
Of the dear star-light of thy haunting eyes !
Men called me vain—some mad : I heeded not,
But still toiled on—hoped on—for it was sweet,
If not to win, to feel more worthy thee !

At last, in one mad hour, I dared to pour
The thoughts that burst their channels into song,
And sent them to thee,—such a tribute, lady,
As beauty rarely scorns, even from the meanest.
The name—appended by the burning heart
That longed to show its idol what bright things
It had created—yea, the enthusiast's name
That should have been thy triumph, was thy scorn !
That very hour,—when passion, turned to wrath,

Resembled hatred most—when thy disdain
Made my whole soul a chaos,—in that hour
The tempters found me a revengeful tool
For their revenge! Thou hadst trampled on the worm—
It turned and stung thee!
I will not tell thee of the throes—the struggles—
The anguish—the remorse. No—let it pass!
And let me come to such most poor atonement
Yet in my power. Pauline!—Do not fear me.
Thou dost not know me, Madame: at the altar
My vengeance ceased—my guilty oath expired!
Henceforth, no image of some marble saint,
Niched in cathedral's aisles, is hallowed more
From the rude hand of sacrilegious wrong.
I am thy husband—nay, thou need'st not shudder;—
Here, at thy feet, I lay a husband's rights.
A marriage thus unholy—unfulfilled—
A bond of fraud—is, by the laws of France,
Made void and null. To-night, then, sleep—in peace.
To-morrow, pure and virgin as this morn
I bore thee, bathed in blushes, from the altar,
Thy father's arms shall take thee to thy home.
The law shall do thee justice, and restore
Thy right to bless another with thy love,
And when thou art happy, and hast half forgot
Him who so loved—so wronged thee, think at least
Heaven left some remnant of the angel still
In that poor peasant's nature!—

MARCO BOZZARIS.

(FITZ GREENE HALLECK.)

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;

Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Plataea's day;
And now, there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
“To arms!—they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightning from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
“Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!

They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud huzza,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !

Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;

Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean's storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm

With banquet-song, and dance and wine,—
And thou art terrible !—The tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;
And all we know, or dream, or fear,
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee : there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.

We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die !

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

The breeze had sunk to rest, the noonday sun was high,
And ocean's breast lay motionless beneath a cloudless sky,
There was silence in the air, there was silence in the deep ;
And it seemed as though that burning calm were nature's
final sleep.

The mid-day watch was set, beneath the blaze of light,
When there came a cry from the tall mast-head, " A sail !
a sail, in sight ! "

And o'er the far horizon a snowy speck appeared,
And every eye was strained to watch the vessel as she
neared.

There was no breath of air, yet she bounded on her way,
And the dancing waves around her prow were flashing into
spray.

She answered not their hail, alongside as she passed :
There were none who trod her spacious deck ; not a seaman
on the mast ;

No hand to guide her helm : yet on she held her course ;
She swept along that waveless sea, as with a tempest's
force :

A silence, as of death, was o'er that vessel spread,
She seemed a thing of another world, the world where
dwell the dead.

She passed away from sight, the deadly calm was o'er,
And the spell-bound ship pursued her course before the
breeze once more ;
And clouds across the sky obscured the noonday sun,
And the winds arose at the tempest's call, before the day
was done.

Midnight—and still the storm raged wrathfully and loud,
And deep in the trough of the heaving sea labored that
vessel proud :

There was darkness all around, save where lightning flashes
keen
Played on the crests of the broken waves, and lit the depths
between.

Around her and below, the waste of waters roared,
And answered the crash of the falling masts as they cast
them overboard.

At every billow's shock her quivering timbers strain ;
And as she rose on a crested wave, that strange ship passed
again.

And o'er that stormy sea flew before the gale,
Yet she had not struck her lightest spar, nor furled her
loftiest sail.

Another blinding flash, and nearer yet she seemed,
And a pale blue light along her sails and o'er her rigging
gleamed.

But it showed no seaman's form, no hand her course to
guide;

And to their signals of distress the winds alone replied.
The Phantom Ship passed on, driven o'er her pathless way,
But helplessly the sinking wreck amid the breakers lay.

The angry tempest ceased, the winds were hushed to sleep,
And calm and bright the sun again shone out upon the
deep.

But that gallant ship no more shall roam the ocean free;
She has reached her final haven, beneath the dark blue sea.

And many a hardy seaman, who fears nor storm nor fight,
Yet trembles when the Phantom Ship drives past his watch
at night;

For it augurs death and danger: it bodes a watery grave,
With sea-weeds for his pillow—for his shroud, the wander-
ing wave.

LOCHINVAR'S RIDE.

(SCOTT.)

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the West,—
Through all the wide border his steed was the best!
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none,—
He rode all unarmed and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"O, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter,—my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide ;
And now am I come with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup,
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure !" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered "'Twere better, by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall-door, and the charger stood near ;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
"She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scar ;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Loch-
invar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran :
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?

THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

(BROWNING.)

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris and he :
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
“ Good speed ! ” cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Duffield ’twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with “ Yet there is time ! ”

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past ;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
And one eye’s black intelligence,—ever that glanced
O’er its white edge at me, his own master, askance ;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, “ Stay spur !
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault’s not in her ;

We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh ;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff,
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight !"

"How they'll greet us !"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground ;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(SHAKSPEARE.)

To be—or not to be—that is the question !
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And, by opposing, end them. To die—to sleep;—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
The flesh is heir to; 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep:
To sleep! perchance to dream! Ay; there's the rub;
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause!

There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin?

Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

(ADDISON.)

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?

Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis heaven itself, that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,—
 And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
 Through all her works,—He must delight in virtue;
 And that which He delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures,—this must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly armed. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to my end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secure in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies it point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

MURDER OF KING DUNCAN.

(SHAKSPEARE.)

Macbeth. Is this a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle towards my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.—
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind; a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fool o' th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.

Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. While I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me:
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

MORNING HYMN TO MOUNT BLANC.

(COLERIDGE.)

HAST thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course?—so long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
 The Arve and Aveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
 Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! Around thee and above
 Deep is the air and dark,—substantial black,—

An ebon mass ; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge ! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity !

O dread and silent mount ! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought : entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,—
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven.

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
Thou owest—not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale !
Oh ! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink :
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself, earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald ! wake, oh wake ! and utter praise.
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad !
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks.
Forever shattered and the same forever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam ?
And who commanded,—and the silence came,—
“ Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ? ”

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!—
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—
“GOD!” let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, “GOD!”

“GOD!” sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice,
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, “GOD!”
Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the elements!
Utter forth “GOD!” and fill the hills with praise.

Once more, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointing peak,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,—
Thou, too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from thy base
Slow-traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud,
To rise before me—rise, oh ever rise,
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth!
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God!

THE MODERN BELLE.

SHE sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair ;
She is clad in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair ;
She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
And simpers, and giggles, and winks ;
And though she talks but little,
'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies a-bed in the morning,
Till nearly the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling,
Because she was called so soon !
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still fresh with paint ;
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint.

She doats upon men unshaven,
And men with "flowing hair ;"
She's eloquent over mustaches,
They give such a foreign air.
She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon ;
And, if a mouse were to meet her,
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light ;
Her color is made of cosmetics,
(Though that she will never own,)
Her body is made mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow,
Who swells with a foreign air ;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair !

One of the very best matches—
Both are well-mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife.

OUR COUNTRY.

OUR country! 'Tis a glorious land!
With broad arms stretched from shore to shore—
The proud Pacific chafes her strand—
She hears the dark Atlantic roar;
And, nurtured on her ample breast,
How many a goodly prospect lies
In Nature's wildest grandeur drest,
Enamel'd with her loveliest dyes.

Rich prairies decked with flowers of gold,
Like sunlit oceans roll afar;
Broad lakes her azure heavens behold,
Reflecting clear each trembling star;
And mighty rivers, mountain-born,
Go sweeping onward, dark and deep,
Through forests where the bounding fawn
Beneath their sheltering branches leap.

And, cradled 'mid her clustering hills,
Sweet vales in dreamlike beauty hide,
Where love the air with music fills,
And calm content and peace abide;
For plenty here her fullness pours
In rich profusion o'er the land,
And, sent to seize her generous store,
There prowls no tyrant's hireling band.

Great God! we thank thee for this home—
This bounteous birth-land of the free;
Where wanderers from afar may come,
And breathe the air of liberty!
Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
Her harvests wave, her cities rise;
And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
Remain Earth's loveliest paradise!

THE BATTLE OF WARSAW.

(CAMPBELL.)

WHEN leagued Oppression poured to northern wars
Her whiskered pandours and her fierce hussars,
Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trumpet-horn;
Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man!

Warsaw's last champion, from her hight surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid;—
Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save,
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live!—with her to die!

He said, and on the rampart hights arrayed
His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed!
Firm paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
Revenge, or death;—the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm!

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew:—
Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime!
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career;
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceased the carnage there,
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—

On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow,
His blood-dyed waters murm'ring far below :
The storm prevails, the ramparts yield away,
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay !
Hark ! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call !
Earth shook—red meteors flashed along the sky,
And conscious nature shuddered at the cry !

Departed spirits of the mighty dead !
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled !
Friends of the world ! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van !
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own !
Oh ! once again to Freedom's cause return
The patriot Tell—the Bruce of Bannockburn !

THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD.

(ADDISON.)

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim ;
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?

What though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found ?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us, is divine !"

THINK BEFORE YOU SPEAK.

DID you hear of the curate, who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair ?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard :
In the hight of her speed she would stop at a word,
And again with a word, when the curate said "Hey,"
She would put forth her mettle and gallop away.

As near to the gates of a city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good man discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild-brier ;
High up on a bough, might have tempted a brute,
Large, glossy, and black, hung the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hnnngry, and thirsty to boot :
He shrunk from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit ;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
Then stood up erect on the back of his steed ;
On the saddle he stooped, while the creature kept still,
And he gathered the fruit till he'd taken his fill.

"Sure, never," he said, "was a creature so rare !
How docile, how true, is this excellent mare !
See, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground ;
Yet how had it been, if some fellow this way
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to say "Hey !"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out aloud in the hight of his glee ;
At the sound of his "hey !" the mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild-brier bush ;
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
"Much that well may be thought can not wisely be said."

THE CHARNEL SHIP.

THE night—the long dark night, at last,
Passed fearfully away.

'Mid crashing ice and howling blast,
They hailed the dawn of day—
Which broke to cheer the whaler's crew,
And wide around its gray light threw.

The storm had ceased—its wrath had rent
The icy wall asunder—
And many a piercing glance they sent
Around in awe and wonder—
And sailor-hearts their rude praise gave
To God, that morn, from o'er the wave.

The breeze blew freshly, and the sun
Pour'd his full radiance far,
On heaps of icy fragments won—
Sad trophies—in the past night's war
Of winds and waters—and in piles,
Now drifted by, bright shining isles.

But lo!—still further off appears
A form more dim and dark ;
And anxious eyes, and hopes, and fears,
Its slow, strange progress mark,—
As it moves toward them by the breeze,
Borne onward from more Northern Seas.

Near, and more near—and, can it be,
(More venturous than their own,)
A Ship, whose seeming ghost they see,
Among those icebergs thrown ;
With broken mast, dismantled all,
And dark sails like a funeral pall ?

"God of the Mariner! protect
Her inmates as she moves along,
Through perils which, ere now, had wreck'd—
But that thine arm is strong."
Ha! she has struck—she grounds—she stands—
Still as if held by giant hands.

“Quick, man the boat!”—away they sprang,
The stranger ship to aid;
And loud their hailing voices rang,
And rapid speed they made:
But all in silence, deep, unbroke,
The vessel stood—none answering spoke.

’Twas fearful—not a sound arose—
No moving thing was there,
To interrupt the dread repose
Which filled each heart with fear:
On deck they silent stepped, and sought,
Till one, a man, their sad sight caught.

He was alone—the damp, chill mould
Of years hung on his cheek;
A pen in his hand had meekly told
The tale no voice might speak:
“Seventy days,” the record stood,
“Had they been in the ice, and wanted food.”

They took his book, and turned away,
But soon discovered where
The wife, in her death-sleep, gently lay,
Near him, in life most dear—
Who, seated beside his young heart’s pride,
Long years before had calmly died.

Oh, wedded love! how beautiful,
How pure a thing thou art:
Whose influence even in death can rule,
And triumph o’er the heart;
Can cheer life’s roughest walk, and shed
A holy light around the dead.

There was a solemn, sacred feeling
Kindled in every breast;
And softly from the cabin stealing,
They left them to their rest—
The fair, the young, the constant pair,—
They left them with a blessing there;

And to their boat returning, each
With thoughtful brow and haste,
And o'ercharged hearts, too full for speech,
Left 'midst the frozen waste
That Charnel Ship, which years before
Had sailed from distant Albion's shore.

They left her in the icebergs, where
Few venture to intrude ;
A monument of death and fear,
'Mid Ocean's solitude !
And, grateful for their own release,
Thanked God, and sought their homes in peace.

THE RETORT.

ONE day, a rich man, flushed with pride and wine—
Sitting with guests at table, all quite merry—
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.
“Young man,” said he, “by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father earn his livelihood ?”
“He was a saddler, sir,” the young man said,
“And in his line was always reckoned good.”
“A saddler, eh ? and had you stuffed with Greek,
Instead of teaching you like him to do !
And pray, sir, why did not your father make
A saddler, too, of you ?”
At this each flatterer, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded—and the laugh went round.
At length, the secretary, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon if too free he made,)
“Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade.”
“My father's trade ?—Why, sir, but that's too bad ;
My father's trade ?—Why, blockhead, art thou mad ?
My father, sir, was never brought so low.
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know.”
“Indeed ! excuse the liberty I take ;
But, if your story's true,
How happened it your father did not make
A gentleman of you ?”

IMAGES OF GOD.

(J. G. LYONS.)

NOT from the noble quarry,
Nor from the wealthy mine,
Shalt thou bring images of God,
To deck His house or shrine :
Carrara's marble mountains
Before His face are dim ;
The purest gold that Sibir yields,
Recoils abash'd at Him.

Canova's art and chisel
Could faultless beauty give ;
His glowing thought and magic touch
Could make dead marble live ;—
For him lost Nymphs and Heroes
Would from the rough block spring ;
But weak were all Canova's skill
To frame the seraph's King.

In stone of snowy whiteness,
And precious ores of Earth,
Triumphant Genius carves or moulds
All shapes of human birth ;—
He calls up forms and features,
Which never yet have been,
But vainly will he toil or think
To show—the Great Unseen.

If thou wouldst find His likeness,
Search where the lowly dwell,
The faithful few that keep His laws,
Not boastingly, but well :
Mark those who walk rejoicing
The way which Jesus trod ;—
Thus only shalt thou see below
Fit Images of God.

THE REASON WHY.

Do you wish to know the reason
Why your neighbor often calls
On the dashing widow Wilkins,
And attends her to the balls?
Why his carriage is seen stopping
At some noted clothing store,
And the widow goes a shopping
Where she never went before?
If you wish it, I will tell you—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If they esteem it proper,
It is not your business why.

Would you like to know the secrets
Of your neighbor's house and life?
How he lives, or how he doesn't,
And just how he treats his wife?
How he spends his time of leisure,
Whether sorrowful or gay,
And where he goes for pleasure,
To the concert, or the play?
If you wish it, I will tell you—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If your neighbor is but civil,
It is not your business why.

In short, instead of prying
Into other folks' affairs,
If you do your own but justice
You will have no time for theirs.
Be attentive to such matters
As concerns yourself alone,
And whatever fortune flatters,
Let your business be your own.
One word by way of finis—
Let me whisper to you sly—
If you wish to be respected,
You must cease to be a pry.

THE LABORER.

(W. D. GALLAGHER.)

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—Who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then? Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye?
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No: uncurbed passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus checked;—

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot;
Thy labor and thy life accursed.
O, stand erect, and from them burst,
And longer suffer not.

Thou art thyself thine enemy:
The great!—what better they than thou?

As theirs is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust:
Nor place—uncertain as the wind;
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then; that thy little span
Of life may be well-trod.

THE CHAMOIS HUNTER.

(TUPPER.)

NIGHT gloomed apace, and dark on high
The thousand banners of the sky
Their awful width unfurled,
Veiling Mount Blanc's majestic brow,
That seemed, among its cloud-wrapt snow,
The ghost of some dead world;

When Pierre, the hunter, cheerly went
To scale the Catton's battlement
Before the peep of day:
He took his rifle, pole, and rope—
His heart and eyes alight with hope,
He hasted on his way.

He crossed the vale—he hurried on—
He forded the cold Arveyron—
The first rough terrace gained;
Threaded the fir-wood's gloomy belt,
And trod the snows that never melt,
And to the summit strained.

And now he nears the chasm'd ice ;
He stoops to leap, and in a trice
His foot hath slipped ! O, heaven !
He hath leaped in, and down he falls
Between those blue, tremendous walls,
Standing asunder riven !

But quick his clutching, nervous grasp
Contrives a jutting crag to clasp,
And thus he hangs in air ;—
O, moment of exulting bliss !
Yet hope so nearly hopeless is
Twin brother to despair.

He looked beneath—a horrid doom !
Some thousand yards of deepening gloom
Where he must drop to die !
He looked above, and many a rood
Upright the frozen ramparts stood,
Around a speck of sky.

Fifteen long, dreadful hours he hung,
And often, by strong breezes swung,
His fainting body twists ;
Scarce can he cling one moment more—
His half-dead hands are ice, and sore
His burning, bursting wrists.

His head grows dizzy—he must drop :
He half resolves ;—but stop, oh, stop !
Hold on to the last spasm !
Never in life give up your hope :
Behold ! behold ! a friendly rope
Is dropping down the chasm !

They call thee, Pierre ! See, see them here ;
Thy gathered neighbors far and near :
Be cool, man—hold on fast !
And so from out that terrible place,
With death's pale paint upon his face,
They drew him up at last.

And he came home an altered man,
For many harrowing terrors ran
Through his poor heart that day:
He thought how all through life, though young,
Upon a thread, a hair, he hung,
Over a gulf midway :

He thought what fear it were to fall
Into the pit that swallows all,
Unwinged with hope and love :
And when the succor came at last,
Oh, then he learnt how firm and fast
Was his best Friend above !

THE DOVE.*

'Twas midnight ! solemn, dark, and deep !
And vainly I had courted sleep,
When, worn with pain, with anguish tossed,
Hope, faith, and patience, nearly lost,
I heard a sound, a gentle sound,
Breaking the solemn stillness round ;
A gently soft and murmuring sound,
Making the stillness more profound.

I hushed my breath !—again it came !—
My heart beat faster—still the same
Low, gentle murmur met my ear,
Approaching nearer and more near ;
A single sound, yet soft and clear,
And strangely fraught with memories dear.

A flood of clear and silver light
Then burst upon my raptured sight,
Filling my little chamber quite,
And in that light a bird was seen ;
Not “grim and black with stately mien,”

* These lines were composed by Miss Townsend, of Philadelphia, after hearing Edgar A Poe's “Raven” read. Her own situation of blindness and entire helplessness is touchingly alluded to.

But purely white and beautiful,
With look so mild and dutiful ;
A lovely bird with plumage white,
In that calm, still, and clear moonlight.

Floating a moment round my head,
It rested opposite my bed,
Beside a picture lovelier
Than heathen god, and holier,
Two beauteous babes, whose sinless eyes
Bespeak them still in Paradise—
Whose loving, soft, and gentle eyes
Tell where that land of beauty lies.

There sat that radiant, white-winged bird—
I listened, but no sound I heard—
And then I spoke : “ Sweet bird,” I said,
“ From what far country hast thou fled ?
Whence com’st thou—and why cam’st thou here ?
Can’st thou bring ought my soul to cheer ?
Hast thou strange news ?—speak, gentle dove ! ”
And the bird answered—“ God is love.”

“ They tell me so,” I faintly said,
“ But joy has flown, and hope is dead,
And I am sick, and sad, and weary,
And life is long, and dark, and dreary—
Think not thy words my spirit move ? ”
Still the bird answered—“ God is love ! ”

“ Some dearly loved are far away,
And some, who fondly near me stay
Are sick, and sad, and suffering,
While I am weak and murmuring.
Each for the other grieves, and tries
To stay the tears that fill his eyes—
Why comes not comfort from above ? ”
Firmly, but mournfully, the dove
Distinctly answered—“ God is love.”

I started up—“ The world,” I said,
“ Though beautiful it once was made

Is full of crime and misery now ;
 Want sits on many a haggard brow ;
 The warrior wields his bloody sword,
 Slaves tremble at the tyrant's word—
 Vice honored, virtue scorned, we see—
 Why are these ills allowed to be ? ”
 He raised his head, that soft-eyed dove,
 As though my boldness he'd reprove,
 Then bowed and answered—“ God is love.”

“ Forgive,” I said, in accents mild,
 “ I would I were again a child.
 I've wandered from the heavenly track,
 And it is late to journey back ;
 My wings are clipped, I can not soar,
 I strive to mount, but o'er and o'er
 My feeble wings I raise in vain—
 I flutter, sink, and fall again ! ”
 In low, but earnest tones, the dove
 Still softly murmured—“ God is love.”

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

LITTLE Gretchen, little Gretchen wanders up and down the street ;
 The snow is on her yellow hair, the frost is at her feet.
 The rows of long, dark houses without look cold and damp,
 By the struggling of the moonbeam, by the flicker of the lamp.
 The clouds ride fast as horses, the wind is from the north,
 But no one cares for Gretchen, and no one looketh forth.
 Within those dark, damp houses are merry faces bright,
 And happy hearts are watching out the old year's latest night.

With the little box of matches she could not sell all day,
 And the thin, thin tattered mantle the wind blows every way,
 She clingeth to the railing, she shivers in the gloom,—
 There are parents sitting snugly by firelight in the room ;
 And children with grave faces are whispering one another
 Of presents for the New Year, for father or for mother.
 But no one talks to Gretchen, and no one hears her speak,
 No breath of little whisperers comes warmly to her cheek.

No little arms are round her: ah me! that there should be,
 With so much happiness on earth, so much of misery!
 Sure they of many blessings should scatter blessings round,
 As laden boughs in autumn fling their ripe fruits to the ground.

And the best love man can offer to the God of love, be sure,
Is kindness to his little ones, and bounty to his poor.
Little Gretchen, little Gretchen goes coldly on her way;
There's no one looketh out at her, there's no one bids her stay.

Her home is cold and desolate; no smile, no food, no fire,
But children clamorous for bread, and an impatient sire.
So she sits down in an angle where two great houses meet,
And she curleth up beneath her, for warmth, her little feet;
And she looketh on the cold wall, and on the colder sky,
And wonders if the little stars are bright fires up on high.
She hears a clock strike slowly, up in a far church tower,
With such a sad and solemn tone, telling the midnight hour.

And she remembered her of tales her mother used to tell,
And of the cradle songs she sang, when summer twilights fell:
Of good men and of angels, and of the Holy Child,
Who was cradled in a manger, when winter was most wild;
Who was poor, and cold, and hungry, and desolate and lone;
And she thought the song had told he was ever with his own;
And all the poor and hungry and forsaken ones are his,—
“How good of Him to look on me in such a place as this!”

Colder it grows and colder, but she does not feel it now,
For the pressure at her heart, and the weight upon her brow;
But she struck one little match on the wall so cold and bare,
That she might look around her, and see if He were there.
The single match has kindled, and by the light it threw
It seemed to little Gretchen the wall was rent in two;
And she could see folks seated at a table richly spread,
With heaps of goodly viands, red wine and pleasant bread.

She could smell the fragrant savor, she could hear what they did say,
Then all was darkness once again, the match had burned away,
She struck another hastily, and now she seemed to see
Within the same warm chamber a glorious Christmas tree.
The branches were all laden with things that children prize,
Bright gifts for boy and maiden—she saw them with her eyes,
And she almost seemed to touch them, and to join the welcome
shout,

When darkness fell around her, for the little match was out.

Another, yet another, she has tried—they will not light;
Till all her little store she took, and struck with all her might;
And the whole miserable place was lighted with the glare,
And she dreamed there stood a little child before her in the air.
There were blood-drops on his forehead, a spear-wound in his side,
And cruel nail-prints in his feet, and in his hands spread wide.
And he looked upon her gently, and she felt that he had known
Pain, hunger, cold, and sorrow—ay, equal to her own.

And he pointed to the laden board and to the Christmas tree,
Then up to the cold sky, and said, "Will Gretchen come with me?"
The poor child felt her pulses fail, she felt her eyeballs swim,
And a ringing sound was in her ears, like her dead mother's hymn:
And she folded both her thin white hands, and turned from that
 bright board,
And from the golden gifts, and said "With thee, with thee, O
 Lord!"
The chilly winter morning breaks up in the dull skies
On the city wrapt in vapor, on the spot where Gretchen lies.

In her scant and tattered garment, with her back against the wall
She sitteth cold and rigid, she answers to no call.
They have lifted her up fearfully, they shuddered as they said,
"It was a bitter, bitter night! the child is frozen dead."
The angels sang their greeting for one more redeemed from sin;
Men said, "It was a bitter night; would no one let her in?"
And they shivered as they spoke of her, and sighed. They could
 not see
How much of happiness there was after that misery.

THE SPECTACLE OF THE HEAVENS.

(EDWARD EVERETT.)

[The oration of the Hon. Edward Everett, delivered at the inauguration of the Dudley Astronomical Observatory, Albany, was a splendid and eloquent performance. The following extract, portraying the approach of the morning, is of unsurpassed beauty.]

MUCH as we are indebted to our observatories for elevating our conceptions of the heavenly bodies, they present, even to the unaided sight, scenes of glory which words are too feeble to describe. I had occasion, a few weeks since, to take the early train from Providence to Boston, and, for this purpose, rose at two o'clock in the morning. Every thing around was wrapped in darkness, and hushed in silence, broken only by what seemed, at that hour, the unearthly clank and rush of the train. It was a mild, serene, midsummer's night; the sky was without a cloud—the winds were whist. The moon, then in the last quarter, had just risen; and the stars shone with a spectral luster but little affected by her presence. Jupiter, two hours high, was the herald of the day: the Pleiades, just above the horizon, shed their sweet influence in the east: Lyra sparkled near the zenith: Andromeda veiled her newly-discovered

ered glories from the naked eye, in the south: the steady Pointers, far beneath the pole, looked meekly up from the depths of the north to their sovereign.

Such was the glorious spectacle, as I entered the train. As we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible. The intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels, hidden from mortal eyes, shifted the scenery of the heavens: the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the blue hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tear-drops of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds, the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his course.

I do not wonder at the superstition of the ancient Magians, who, in the morning of the world, went up to the hill-tops of Central Asia, and, ignorant of the true God, adored the most glorious work of his hand. But I am filled with amazement when I am told that, in this enlightened age, and in the heart of the Christian world, there are persons who can witness this daily manifestation of the power and wisdom of the Creator, and yet say, in their hearts, "There is no God."

THE IMMENSITY OF CREATION.

(O. M. MITCHELL.)

LIGHT traverses space at the rate of a million miles a minute, yet the light from the nearest star requires ten years to reach the earth, and Herschel's telescope revealed

stars two thousand three hundred times further distant. The great telescope of Lord Ross pursued these creations of God still deeper into space, and, having resolved the *nebulæ* of the Milky Way into stars, discovered other systems of stars—beautiful diamond points, glittering through the black darkness beyond. When he beheld this amazing abyss—when he saw these systems scattered profusely, throughout space—when he reflected upon their immense distance, their enormous magnitude, and the countless millions of worlds that belonged to them—it seemed to him as though the wild dream of the German poet was more than realized.

“God called man in dreams into the vestibule of heaven, saying, ‘come up hither, and I will show thee the glory of my house.’ And to his angels who stood about his throne, he said, ‘take him, strip him of his robes of flesh; cleanse his affections; put a new breath into his nostril; but touch not his human heart—the heart that fears, and hopes, and trembles.’ A moment, and it was done, and the man stood ready for his unknown voyage. Under the guidance of a mighty angel, with sounds of flying pinions, they sped away from the battlements of heaven. Some time, on the mighty angel’s wings, they fled through Saharas of darkness, wildernesses of death. At length, from a distance not counted, save in the arithmetic of heaven, light beamed upon them—a sleepy flame, as seen through a hazy cloud. They sped on, in their terrible speed, to meet the light; the light with lesser speed came to meet them. In a moment, the blazing of suns around them—a moment, the wheeling of planets; then came long eternities of twilight; then again, on the right hand and the left, appeared more constellations. At last, the man sank down, crying, ‘Angel, I can go no further, let me lie down in the grave, and hide myself from the infinitude of the universe, for end there is none.’ ‘End is there none?’ demanded the angel. And, from the glittering stars that shone around, there came a choral shout, ‘end there is none!’ ‘End is there none?’ demanded the angel, again, ‘and is it this that awes thy soul? I answer, end there is none to the universe of God! Lo, also, there is no beginning!’”

AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR.

(LORD CHATHAM.)

I CAN not, my lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery can not save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger, and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors.

Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to their dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them?—measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! “But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world; now, none so poor to do her reverence.”

The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained, by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do. I know their virtue and their valor; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility.

You can not, my lords, you can not conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be forever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of

rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms — never, never, never !

STUART HOLLAND.*

(WALLACE.)

DEATH on the waters ! hark, the cry
Of hundreds in their agony
 Who, helpless, crowd the deck !
There manhood sternly marks his tomb,
And woman wails amid the gloom,
 As slowly sinks the wreck.
But who is he that calmly stands,
The lighted brand within his hands,
 Beside the minute-gun ?—
What quiet grandeur in his air—
His right arm raised—his forehead bare—
Amid the cannon's quivering glare
 And mist-wreaths rolling dun !
"Save, save thyself !" the captain cried—
"The craven crew have left our side ;
I go where goes my glorious bride—
 My own majestic bark :
But thou art free—thy mother waits
Her son beside the cottage gates !"
 How answered Holland ?—hark !
His minute gun again !—and by
The flash that lights the sea and sky,
 Behold the hero's form,
Grand as a young Greek god, who smiles
When shake the proud Olympian piles,
And quiver all the misty isles
 Beneath the bolted storm !

* When the Arctic was wrecked Stuart Holland was stationed at the signal-gun, where he faithfully performed his duty until the steamer sunk beneath the waves. He was in the very act of firing as the vessel sank.

In vain, in vain the loud gun roars—
No more for him the calm green shores—
For him no more the home;
But still undaunted there he stands,
The lighted brand within his hands,
 Above the wild white foam.
See! see! the vessel reels—a cry
Of shivering horror rends the sky—
 O, God! can no one save?
The proud ship sinks—and sinks—again
The cannon thunders to the main—
 Then naught but mist and wave,
Where but a few brief hours before,
 The vessel o'er the billows bore
In pride four hundred joyous souls
 To an expectant shore!

Soul of the brave! when sounds the tromp,
'Mid red-browed Battle's glorious pomp,
And rolling drum and thrilling fife
Lead on the dark and desperate strife,
While gorgeous banners rise and fall
Majestic o'er the soldier's pall,
And eager nations turn their eyes
Upon the hero's sacrifice—
O, 'tis not then, it is not there,
With gory blade and vengeful air,
 The grandest wreath is thine;
'Tis when, with calm, untrembling breath,
The hero, smiling, faces death
 Upon the land or brine,
And knowing not if e'er his name
Shall murmur from the harp of fame,
But looking from a troubled zone
To God, and to his God alone!
Brave Sailor! such a wreath is thine!
For still, despite of reeling deck,
Of yawning wave, of sinking wreck,
 The record of thy deed remains,
Stamped on the pyramid that Time,
For hero-souls of every clime,
 Has reared on Glory's plains.

O, Dweller of the crag and cloud,
Wave wider, wider yet thy wing!
Roll back, roll back the tempest's shroud,
And brood above the thunder's spring!
A newer splendor lights thy plume,
And fresher vigor nerves thy flight,
Amid the South's soft, sunny bloom,
Or through the Norland's wintry night.
'Twas not in vain our martyrs sighed,
And not in vain our heroes cried,
'Tis sweet for one's own land to die!
The soul of yore, the soul that gave—
From Vernon's mount and Ashland's grave—
Their glory to our soil and wave,
Still lightens through the sky!

WRECK OF THE ARCTIC.

(H. W. BEECHER.)

It was autumn. Hundreds had wended their way from pilgrimages: from Rome and its treasures of dead art, and its glory of living nature; from the sides of the Switzer's mountains; from the capitals of various nations; all of them saying, in their hearts, we will wait for the September gales to have done with their equinoctial fury, and then we will embark; we will slide across the appeased ocean, and, in the gorgeous month of October, we will greet our longed-for native land, and our heart-loved homes.

And so the throng streamed along from Berlin, from Paris, from the Orient, converging upon London, still hastening toward the welcome ship, and narrowing, every day, the circle of engagements and preparations. They crowded aboard. Never had the Arctic borne such a host of passengers, nor passengers so nearly related to so many of us.

The hour was come. The signal-ball fell at Greenwich. It was noon also at Liverpool. The anchors were weighed; the great hull swayed to the current; the national colors streamed abroad, as if themselves instinct with life and national sympathy. The bell strikes; the wheels revolve; the signal-gun beats its echoes in upon every structure along

the shore; and the Arctic glides joyfully forth from the Mersey, and turns her prow to the winding channel, and begins her homeward run. The pilot stood at the wheel, and men saw him. Death sat upon the prow, and no eye beheld him. Whoever stood at the wheel, in all the voyage, Death was the pilot that steered the craft, and none knew it. He neither revealed his presence nor whispered his errand.

And so hope was effulgent, and lithe gayety disported itself, and joy was with every guest. Amid all the inconveniences of the voyage, there was still that which hushed every murmur—"Home is not far away." And every morning it was still one night nearer home! Eight days had passed. They beheld that distant bank of mist that forever haunts the vast shallows of Newfoundland. Boldly they made it; and, plunging in, its pliant wreaths wrapped them about. They shall never emerge. The last sunlight has flashed from that deck. The last voyage is done to ship and passengers. At noon there came, noiselessly stealing from the north, that fated instrument of destruction. In that mysterious shroud, that vast atmosphere of mist, both steamers were holding their way with rushing prow and roaring wheels, but invisible.

At a league's distance unconscious, and at a nearer approach unwarned; within hail, and bearing right toward each other; unseen, unfelt, till, in a moment more, emerging from the gray mists, the ill-omened Vesta dealt her deadly stroke to the Arctic. The death-blow was scarcely felt along the mighty hull. She neither reeled nor shivered. Neither commander nor officers deemed that they had suffered harm. Prompt upon humanity, the brave Luce (let his name be ever spoken with admiration and respect,) ordered away his boat with the first officer to inquire if the strangers had suffered harm. As Gourley went over the ship's side, oh, that some good angel had called to the brave commander in the words of Paul, on a like occasion, "Except these abide in the ship, ye can not be saved."

They departed, and with them the hope of the ship; for now the waters, gaining upon the hold, and rising up upon the fires, revealed the mortal blow. Oh, had now that stern, brave mate, Gourley, been on deck, whom the sailors were wont to mind—had he stood to execute efficiently the com-

mander's will—we may believe that we should not have had to blush for the cowardice and recreancy of the crew, nor weep for the untimely dead. But, apparently, each subordinate officer lost all presence of mind, then courage, and so honor. In a wild scramble, that ignoble mob of firemen, engineers, waiters, and crew rushed for the boats, and abandoned the helpless women, children, and men to the mercy of the deep! Four hours, there were, from the catastrophe of the collision to the catastrophe of sinking.

Oh, what a burial was here! Not as when one is borne from his home, among weeping throngs, and gently carried to the green fields, and laid peacefully beneath the turf and the flowers. No priest stood to pronounce a burial service. It was an ocean grave. The mists alone shrouded the burial-place. No spade prepared the grave, nor sexton filled up the hallowed earth. Down, down they sank; and the quick-returning waters smoothed out every ripple, and left the sea as if it had not been.

TRUE MANLINESS.

(D. C. EDDY.)

It is not every one that wears a human form, that can claim to be a man, in the full sense of that term. Many live and move among us, who are destitute of the chief elements of a manly character. They suppose themselves men; indeed, they regard their own course as honorable and worthy of imitation. The gambler has his code of honor; the duelist has his code of honor; the soldier, red in blood, has his code of honor. Napoleon was an honorable man, in his way, and the world ascribed to him many great and noble qualities. He fought well and conquered well. His banner waved in triumph over many a bloody field; carnage, and famine, and death attended his steps, and like the genius of evil he stalked abroad. He was, doubtless, a splendid general, and a brilliant emperor; but the child who wandered over the field, after his most triumphant charge, and wet with water the lips of the dying soldiers there, was far more exalted in the scale of being, than was the plumed and epauletted chieftain.

Nelson was a skillful officer, and died, as the world says, "in all his glory." His banner was his shroud, the roar of cannon was his dirge, and the shout of victory was his requiem. In the list of naval heroes his name stands foremost, and they who love the navy have learned to honor him. But the poor sailor, who, a few months since, in yonder city, braved the fire, and at the risk of his own life saved a mother's only child, gained a truer glory than ever shone around the victories of the distinguished admiral.

How false, how unjust the estimate which the world places upon the actions of men. He who dies upon the battlefield—who rushes to carnage and strife—whose hands are dripping with human gore—is a man of honor. Parliaments and senates return him thanks, and whole nations unite in erecting a monument over the spot where sleeps his corpse. But he whose task it is to dry up the stream of blood—to mitigate the anguish of earth—to lift man up, and make him what God designed him to be—dies without a tongue to speak his eulogy, or a monument to mark his fall.

If you would show yourself a man, in the truest and noblest sense, go not to yonder tented-field, where death hovers, and the vulture feeds himself on human victims! Go not where men are carving monuments of marble to perpetuate names which will not live in our own grateful memory! Go not to the dwellings of the rich! Go not to the palaces of kings! Go not to the halls of merriment and pleasure! Go, rather, to the widow, and relieve her woe! Go to the orphan, and speak words of comfort! Go to the lost, and save him! Go to the fallen, and raise him up! Go to the wanderer, and bring him back to virtue! Go to the sinner, and whisper in his ear words of salvation and eternal life!

BERNARDO AND KING ALPHONSO.

(J. G. LOCKHART.)

WITH some good ten of his chosen men,
Bernardo hath appeared,
Before them all in the palace hall,
The lying king to beard;

With cap in hand and eye on ground,
He came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frowned,
And flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king,
"Who com'st unbid to me!
But what from traitor's blood should spring,
Save traitor like to thee?
His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart—
Perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part
To share Don Sancho's grave."

—"Whoever told this tale,
The king hath rashness to repeat,"
Cries Bernard, "here my gage I fling
Before the LIAR's feet!
No treason was in Sancho's blood—
No stain in mine doth lie:
Below the throne what knight will own
The coward calumny?"

"The blood that I like water shed,
When Roland did advance,
By secret traitors hired and led,
To make us slaves of France;
The life of king Alphonso
I saved at Roncesval—
Your words, Lord King, are recompense
Abundant for it all.

"Your horse was down—your hope was flown—
I saw the falchion shine
That soon had drunk your royal blood
Had I not ventured mine;
But memory soon of service done
Deserteth the ingrate;
You've thanked the son for life and crown
By the father's bloody fate.

“Ye swore upon your kingly faith
To set Don Sancho free;
But, curse upon your paltering breath!
The light he ne’er did see;
He died in dungeon cold and dim,
By Alphonso’s base decree;
And visage blind and stiffened limb,
Were all they gave to me.

“The king that swerveth from his word,
Hath stained his purple black;
No Spanish lord will draw his sword
Behind a liar’s back;
But noble vengeance shall be mine,
And open hate I’ll show—
The king hath injured Carpio’s line,
And Bernard is his foe!”

“Seize, seize him!” loud the king doth scream;
“There are a thousand here!
Let his foul blood this instant stream;—
What! caitiffs, do ye fear? -
Seize, seize the traitor!”—But not one
To move a finger dareth;
Bernardo standeth by the throne,
And calm his sword he bareth.

He drew the falchion from the sheath,
And held it up on high;
And all the hall was still as death;—
Cries Bernard, “Here am I—
And here’s the sword that owns no lord,
Excepting Heaven and me;
Fain would I know who dares it point—
King, Condé, or Grandee.”

Then to his mouth his horn he drew—
It hung below his cloak—
His ten true men the signal knew,
And through the ring they broke;

With helm on head, and blade in hand,
The knights the circle break,
And back the lordlings 'gan to stand,
And the false king to quake.

“Ha! Bernard,” quoth Alphonso,
“What means this warlike guise?
Ye know full well I jested—
Ye know your worth I prize!”
But Bernard turned upon his heel,
And, smiling, passed away:—
Long rued Alphonso and his realm
The jesting of that day!

RAIN ON THE ROOF.

(COATES KINNEY.)

WHEN the humid showers gather over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,
'Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreary fancies into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into
woof,
As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother, as she used to years
agone,
To survey the infant sleepers ere she left them till the
dawn.
I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister, with her wings and waving
hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—a serene angelic
pair—

Glide around my wakeful pillow with their praise or mild
reproof,
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me with her eyes' delicious
blue.

I forget, while gazing on her, that her heart was all untrue :
I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the
rain.

There is naught in art's bravuras that can work with such a
spell,

In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the holy pas-
sions swell,

As that melody of nature—that subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the
rain.

SPEECH OF BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

(SHAKSPEARE.)

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ;
and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for mine hon-
or ; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe.
Censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that
you may be the better judge. If there be any in this
assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that
Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that
friend demand why Brutus rose up against Cæsar, this is
my answer—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved
Rome more.

Had you rather that Cæsar were living, and die all slaves,
than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ? As Cæsar
loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at
it ; as he was valiant, I honor him ; but as he was ambi-
tious, I slew him. There are tears for his love ; joy for his
fortune ; honor for his valor ; and death for his ambition.
Who's here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any,
speak ; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that

would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying—a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this, I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

TALKING of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name,
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;
And his long gown floated out behind,
As down to the stream his way he took,
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven; and when I'm there,
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back,
And the poor old father tried in vain,
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide ;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the " Church " or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed ;
His dress of a sober hue was made :
" My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly, waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat ;
A moment he silently sighed over that ;
And then, as he gazed to the further shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly, sailing, away, away ;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven, " all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
And he saw that the river ran broad and high,
And looked rather suprising, as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness ;
But he cried, " Dear me ! what shall I do ?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide ;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came ;
But, as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged ? may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end ?"

"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."

"But I have been dipped, as you'll see me now,

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you ;
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down ;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road, they could never agree
The old or the new way, which could it be,
Nor ever a moment paused to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

But the brethren only seemed to speak :
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What troubles she met with on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,
A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men ;'
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all ?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream ;

Then, just as I thought, the two ways met
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one :
The toilsome journey of life was done ;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms or crosses or books had they :
No gowns of silk or suits of gray ;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS. ;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

(HORACE MANN.)

THE Greek rhetorician, Longinus, quotes from the Mosaic account of the creation what he calls the sublimest passage ever uttered : " God said, ' Let there be light,' and there was light." From the centre of black immensity effulgence burst forth. Above, beneath, on every side, its radiance streamed out, silent, yet making each spot in the vast concave brighter than the line which the lightning pencils upon the midnight-cloud. Darkness fled as the swift beams spread onward and outward, in an unending circumfusion of splendor. Onward and outward still they move to this day, glorifying, through wider and wider regions of space, the infinite Author from whose power and beneficence they sprang. But not only in the beginning, when God created the heavens and the earth, did he say, " Let there be light." Whenever a human soul is born into the world, its Creator stands over it, and again pronounces the same sublime words, " Let there be light."

Magnificent, indeed, was the material creation, when, suddenly blazing forth in mid-space, the new-born sun dispelled the darkness of the ancient night. But infinitely more magnificent is it when the human soul rays forth its subtler and swifter beams ; when the light of the senses irradiates all outward things, revealing the beauty of their

colors, and the exquisite symmetry of their proportions and forms; when the light of reason penetrates to their invisible properties and laws, and displays all those hidden relations that make up all the sciences; when the light of conscience illuminates the moral world, separating truth from error, and virtue from vice. The light of the newly-kindled sun, indeed, was glorious. It struck upon all the planets, and waked into existence their myriad capacities of life and joy. As it rebounded from them, and showed their vast orbs all wheeling, circle beyond circle, in their stupendous courses, the sons of God shouted for joy. That light sped onward, beyond Sirius, beyond the pole-star, beyond Orion and the Pleiades, and is still spreading onward into the abysses of space. But the light of the human soul flies swifter than the light of the sun, and outshines its meridian blaze. It can embrace not only the sun of our system, but all suns and galaxies of suns; aye! the soul is capable of knowing and of enjoying Him who created the suns themselves; and when these starry lustres that now glorify the firmament shall wax dim, and fade away, like a wasted taper, the light of the soul shall still remain; nor time, nor cloud, nor any power but its own perversity, shall ever quench its brightness. Again I would say, that whenever a human soul is born into the world, God stands over it, and pronounces the same sublime fiat, "Let there be light!" And may the time soon come, when all human governments shall co-operate with the divine government in carrying this benediction and baptism into fulfillment!

LITTLE JIM.

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside poor and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her
cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to
speak,

Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life,
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's
 bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself
 instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from
 him,

"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim,
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and mother, don't you
 cry."

With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her, as he took each little, tiny sip.

"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night
 to him,

And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so
 dear,

Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel;
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of
 Him,

In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little
 Jim.

YOUR MISSION.

If you cannot on the ocean
 Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows,
 Laughing at the storms you meet,

You can stand among the sailors,
Anchor'd yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
While the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along ;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

If you cannot in the conflict,
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battle-field is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

PSALM OF MARRIAGE.

(PHEBE CARY.)

TELL me not in mournful jingle,
"Marriage is an empty dream!"
For the girl is dead that's single,
And girls are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
Single blessedness a fib!
"Man thou art, to man returnest!"
Has been spoken of the rib.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us nearer marriage day.

Life is long, and youth is fleeting,
And our hearts, though light and gay,
Still like pleasant drums are beating
Wedding marches all the way.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle!
Be a heroine—a wife!——

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act to the living present!
Heart within and hope ahead!

Lives of married folks remind us
We can make our lives as well,
And, departing, leave behind us
Such examples as shall "tell."

Such example that another,
Wasting time in idle sport,
A forlorn, unmarried brother,
Seeing, shall take heart and court.

Let us, then be up and doing,
 With a heart on triumph set.
 Still contriving, still pursuing,
 And each one a husband get.

THE PRESS.

(EBENEZER ELLIOTT.)

GOD said—"Let there be light!"
 Grim darkness felt his might,
 And fled away:
 Then startled seas and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
 And cried—" 'Tis day! 'tis day!"

"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
 The thunderous clouds, that flamed
 O'er daisies white;
 And lo! the rose, in crimson dressed,
 Leaned sweetly on the lily's breast,
 And, blushing, murmured—"Light!"

Then was the skylark born!
 Then rose the embattled corn;
 Then floods of praise
 Flowed o'er the sunny hills of noon;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Poured forth her pensive lays.
 Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
 Lo, trees and flowers clad
 In glory bloom!

And shall the mortal sons of God
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb?
 No, by the mind of man!
 By the swart artisan!
 By God, our sire!

Our souls have holy light within,
 And every form of grief and sin

Shall see and feel its fire.
 By earth, and hell, and heaven,
 The shroud of souls is riven !
 Mind, mind alone
 Is light, and hope, and life, and power !
 Earth's deepest night from this blest hour,
 The night of minds is gone !

"The Press!" all lands shall sing ;
 The Press, the Press we bring,
 All lands to bless :
 O pallid Want ! O Labor stark !
 Behold we bring the second ark !
 The Press ! the Press ! the Press !

THE ISLAND.

(REV. W. T. BACON.)

THAT Isle, so beautiful to view,
 No poet's fancy ever drew ;
 He had not dreamed of such a thing,
 With all the beauty he could bring.
 It lay upon the open sea,
 It lay beneath the stars and sun—
 A thing, too beautiful to be,
 A jewel, cast that sea upon !

The winds came upward to the beach,
 The waves came rolling up the sand,
 Then backward with a gentle reach,
 Now forward to the land,
 Sparkling and beautiful,—tossing there,
 Then vanishing into the air.

The winds came upward to the beach,
 The waves came upward in a curl,
 Then far along the shore's slope reach,
 There ran a line of pearl ;
 And shells were there of every hue,
 From snowy white to burning gold,

The jasper, and the Tyrian blue,
The sardonyx and emerald ;
And o'er them, as the soft winds crept,
A melody from each was swept,
For melody within each slept,
Harmoniously blended ;
And never, till the winds gave out,
And ceased the surf its tiny shout,
'That melody was ended :
Morn, noon, and eve, was heard to be
The music of those shells and sea.

The winds went upward from the deep,
The winds went up across the sand,
And never did the sea-wind sweep
Over a lovelier land ;
The northern seas, the southern shores,
The eastern and the western isles,
Had rifled all their sweets and stores,
To deck this lovely place with smiles ;
And mounts were here, and tipped with green,
And kindled by the glowing sun ;
And vales were here, and stretched between,
Where waters frolicked in their fun ;
And goats were feeding in the light,
And birds were in the green wood halls,
And echoing o'er each hilly hight
Was heard the dash of waterfalls.

Oh ! all was beauty, bliss, and sound,
A Sabbath sweetness reigned around ;
All was delight, for everything
Was robed in loveliness and Spring ;
Color and fragrance, fruit and flower,
Were here within this island bower.

THE TRUE REFORMERS.

(HORACE GREELEY.)

To the rightly constituted mind, to the truly developed man, there always is, there always must be opportunity—

opportunity to be and to learn, nobly to do and to endure ; and what matter whether with pomp and eclat, with sound of trumpets and shout of applauding thousands, or in silence and seclusion, beneath the calm, discerning gaze of heaven ? No station can be humble on which that gaze is approvingly bent ; no work can be ignoble which is performed uprightly, and not impelled by sordid and selfish aims.

Not from among the children of monarchs, ushered into being with boom of cannon and shouts of reveling millions, but from amid the sons of obscurity and toil, cradled in peril and ignominy, from the bulrushes and the manger, come forth the benefactors and saviours of mankind. So when all the babble and glare of our age shall have passed into a fitting oblivion, when those who have enjoyed rare opportunities, and swayed vast empires, and been borne through life on the shoulders of shouting multitudes, shall have been laid at last to rest in golden coffins, to molder forgotten, the stately marble their only monuments, it will be found that some humble youth, who neither inherited nor found, but hewed out his opportunities, has uttered the thought which shall render the age memorable, by extending the means of enlightenment and blessing to our race. The great struggle for human progress and elevation proceeds noiselessly, often unnoted, often checked and apparently baffled, amid the clamorous and debasing strifes impelled by greedy selfishness and low ambition. In that struggle, maintained by the wise and good of all parties, all creeds, all climes, bear ye the part of men. Heed the lofty summons, and, with souls serene and constant, prepare to tread boldly in the path of highest duty. So shall life be to you truly exalted and heroic ; so shall death be a transition neither sought nor dreaded ; so shall your memory, though cherished at first but by a few humble, loving hearts, linger long and gratefully in human remembrance, a watchword to the truthful and an incitement to generous endeavor, freshened by the proud tears of admiring affection, and fragrant with the odors of heaven !

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

(SHAKSPEARE.)

Brakenbury. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day?

Clarence. Oh! I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
And, in my company, my brother Gloster;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we looked towards England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befallen us. As we passed along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O, Heaven! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
 But smothered it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. Oh, no! my dream was lengthened after life,
 Oh! then began the tempest to my soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman, which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who cried aloud,—“What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”
 And so he vanished: Then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,—
 “Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury;—
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!”—
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. I pray thee, Brakenbury, stay by me;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

(WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.)

OH! what's the matter?—what's the matter?
 What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
 That evermore his teeth they chatter,
 Chatter, chatter, chatter still.
 Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
 Good duffel gray, and flannel fine;
 He has a blanket on his back,
 And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
 'Tis all the same with Harry Gill ;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
 His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover,
 And who so stout of limb as he ?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover ;
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor,
 Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;
And any man who passed her door,
 Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling,
 And then her three hours' work at night !
Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
 It would not pay for candle-light.
This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,—
 Her hut was on a cold hill-side ;
And in that country coals are dear,
 For they come far by wind and tide.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
 Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage ;
 But she, poor woman, dwelt alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
 The long, warm, lightsome summer day ;
Then at her door the canty dame
 Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fether,
 Oh ! then how her old bones would shake !
You would have said, if you had met her,
 'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead :
 Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
 And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh ! joy for her ! whene'er in winter,
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scattered many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, wood or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days,

Now when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring,
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake ?
And now and then it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vowed that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take ;
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand ;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land :—
He hears a noise,—he's all awake,—
Again !—on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake !
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her :
Stick after stick did Goody pull ;
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.—
When with her load she turned about,
The by-road back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast;
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God who is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm,—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
Oh! may he never more be warm!"—
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining, all the morrow,
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,—
Alas that day for Harry Gill:
That day he wore a riding-coat.
But not a whit the warmer he;
Another was on Thursday brought,
And, ere the Sabbath, he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned:
Yet still his jaws and teeth they chatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say 'tis plain,
That live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold!"—
A-bed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

THE ANGEL IN THE THUNDER-STORM.

(JOHN WILSON.)

ONE May-day long ago — some two centuries since—a rural festival was interrupted by a thunder-storm, and the party of youths and maidens, driven from the budding arbors, were all assembled in the ample kitchen of a Farm.

The house seemed to be in the very heart of the thunder; and the master began to read, without declaring it to be a religious service, a chapter of the Bible; but the frequent flashes of lightning so blinded him, that he was forced to lay down the book, and all then sat still without speaking a word; many with pale faces, and none without a mingled sense of awe and fear. The maiden forgot her bashfulness as the rattling peals shook the roof-top, and hid her face in her lover's bosom; the children crept closer and closer, each to some protecting knee, and the dogs came all into the house, and lay down in dark places. Now and then there was a convulsive, irrepressible, but half-stifled shriek—some sobbed—and a loud hysterical laugh from one overcome with terror, sounded ghastly between the deepest of all dread repose—that which separates one peal from another, when the flash and roar are one, and the thick air smells of sulphur.

The body feels its mortal nature, and shrinks as if about to be withered into nothing. Now the muttering thunder seems to have changed its place to some distant cloud—now, as if returning to blast those whom it had spared, waxes louder and fiercer than before—till the great tree that shelters the house is shivered with a noise like the masts of a ship carried away by the board.

"Look! father, look!—see, yonder is an angel all in white, descending from heaven!" said little Alice, who had already been almost in the attitude of prayer, and now clasped her hands together, and steadfastly, and, without fear of the lightning, eyed the sky—"One of God's holy angels—one of those who sing before the Lamb!" And, with an inspired rapture, the fair child sprung to her feet. "See ye her not—see ye her not—father—mother? Lo! she beckons to me with a palm in her hand, like one of the palms in that picture in our Bible, when our Saviour is

entering into Jerusalem! There she comes, nearer and nearer the earth. Oh! pity, forgive, and have mercy on me, thou most beautiful of all the angels, even for His name's sake!"

All eyes were turned towards the black heavens, and then to the raving child. Her mother clasped her to her bosom, afraid that terror had turned her brain—and her father, going to the door, surveyed an ampler space of the sky. She flew to his side, and clinging to him again, exclaimed in a wild outcry,—“On her forehead a star! on her forehead a star! And, oh! on what lovely wings she is floating away, away into eternity! The angel, father, is calling me by my Christian name, and I must no more abide on earth; but, touching the hem of her garment, be wafted away to heaven.” Sudden, as a bird let loose from the hand, darted the maiden from her father's bosom, and, with her face upward to the skies, pursued her flight.

Young and old left the house, and, at that moment, the forked lightning came from the crashing cloud, and struck the whole tenement into ruins. Not a hair on any head was singed; and, with one accord, the people fell down upon their knees. From the eyes of the child, the angel, or vision of the angel, had disappeared; but, on her return to Heaven, the celestial heard the hymn that rose from those that were saved, and above all the voices, the small, sweet, silvery voice of her whose eyes alone were worthy of beholding a saint transfigured.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

(THOMAS PRINGLE.)

“AFAR in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side.”
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years;
And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead;

Bright visions of glory—that vanish too soon ;
Day-dreams—that departed ere manhood's noon ;
Attachments—by fate or by falsehood reft ;
Companions of early days—lost or left ;
And my native land—whose magical name
Thrills to the heart like electric flame ;
The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my prime ;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time
When the feelings were young and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view ;
All—all now forsaken—forgotten, foregone !
And I—a lone exile remembered of none—
My high aims abandoned—my good acts undone,
A-weary of all that is under the sun,—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the desert afar from man !

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption and strife,—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,—
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
Oh ! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the desert alone to ride !
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand—
The only law of the Desert Land !

Afar in the desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by side:
Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot hath never passed,
And the quivered Coranna or Bechuan
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan :
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear,

Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone ;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorn that pierces the foot ;
And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink.

A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides ;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears to refresh the aching eye :
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night-winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,
As I sit apart by the desert-stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,
“ A still small voice ” comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child)
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—“ Man is distant, but God is near ! ”

ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

(ELIHU BURRITT.)

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, “ when the morning stars sung together.” The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is mid-day.

It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key-rock of that vast arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock

down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth.

At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall be lost in oblivion. It was the name of Washington.

Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasped his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands.

'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep into that flinty album.

His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new-created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear.

He now, for the first time, cast a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is half worn away to the haft. He can hear the voices but not the words, of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment! What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hand into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment.

His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting, with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!"

The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below! There stand his father, mother, brother, and sister, on the very spot, where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds, perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below.

Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all must be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words God! and Mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

ENIGMA.

(MISS FANSHAWE.)

'Twas whispered in heaven, and muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as it fell ;
On the confines of earth 'twas permitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its presence confessed ;
'Twas seen in the lightning, and heard in the thunder ;
'Twill be found in the spheres, when riven asunder ;
'Twas given to man with his earliest breath,
Assists at his birth, and attends him in death ;
Presides o'er his happiness, honor, and health,
Is the prop of his house, and the end of his wealth.

It begins every hope, every wish it must bound,
And though unassuming, with monarchs is crowned.
In the heaps of the miser 'tis hoarded with care,
But is sure to be lost in his prodigal heir.
Without it the soldier and sailor may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it from home.
In the whispers of conscience its voice will be found,
Nor e'er in the whirlwind of passion be drowned.
It softens the heart ; and, though deaf to the ear,
It will make it acutely and instantly hear.
But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower—
O, breathe on it softly ; it dies in an hour.

ANOTHER ENIGMA.

(JANE TAYLOR.)

WHERE Nature wears her wildest dress,
In colors all her own,
Where howling winds rage merciless,
I spread my stormy throne :
And loud and angry, wild and rude,
I reign in dreary solitude.

When summer skies are clear to view,
 And sunbeams dance around,
 I wear a robe of purest blue,
 With silvery fringes bound ;
 And blush and sparkle, smile and play,
 Like beauty on a festal day.

Sweet evening sets her earliest star
 Upon my peaceful breast,
 And I restore the gems afar,
 To deck Aurora's vest ;
 The host of heaven, in bright array,
 To me, by turns, their homage pay.

The silent cave, the sparkling grot,
 In unknown realms, I ween,
 Where foot of mortals enters not,
 Nor vulture's eye hath seen—
 'Tis there I love to steal along,
 And pour my everlasting song.

THE OCEAN.

(LORD BYRON.)

OH ! that the Deserts were my dwelling-place,
 With one fair spirit for my minister,
 That I might all forget the human race,
 And, hating no one, love but only her !
 Ye Elements !—in whose ennobling stir
 I feel myself exalted—can ye not
 Accord me such a being ? Do I err
 In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
 Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
 I love not man the less, but nature more,

From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depth, with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee, the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth : there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals :
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;
These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage : their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,

Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

THE MURDERER'S SECRET.

(WEBSTER.)

THE deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters through the window, already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half-lighted by the moon—he winds up the ascent of stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him.

The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death? It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished! The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say that is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by man.

True it is, generally speaking, that "murder will out." True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery: especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance, connected with the time and place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene; shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul can not keep its own secret.

It is false to itself; or rather, it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself: it labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an in-

habitant; it finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it asks no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth.

The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him. And, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels a beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstances to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession.

PICTURES OF MEMORY.

(ALICE CARY.)

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the misletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their shining edge;
Not for the vines on the upland
Where the bright berries be,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip
It seemeth best to me.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—

In the lap of that old dim forest
He lieth in peace asleep :
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago ;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face :
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures,
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

REPLY TO SIR R. WALPOLE, 1741.

(WILLIAM PITT, AFTERWARDS EARL OF CHATHAM.)

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny ;—but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining ;—but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the conse-

quences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation;—who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime: I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man. In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned, to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age or modelled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain,—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves,—nor shall anything but age restrain my resentment;—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that, if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice,—whoever may protect them in their villany, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN, 1800.

(THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

ON Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each warrior drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steeds to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
And darker yet shall be the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
While furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Ah! few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet.
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

FORGIVE.

BISHOP HEBER.

O GOD! my sins are manifold; against my life they cry,
And all my guilty deeds foregone up to Thy temple fly.
Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is
driven?

“Forgive!” a blessed voice replied, “and thou shalt be
forgiven!”

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell; they spurn me in
their pride,

They render evil for my good; my patience they deride;
Arise! my King! and be the proud in righteous ruin
driven!—

“Forgive!” the awful answer came, “as thou wouldst be
forgiven!”

Seven times, O Lord, I’ve pardoned them; seven times
they’ve sinned again;

They practise still to work me woe, and triumph in my pain;
But let them dread my vengeance now, to just resentment
driven!

“Forgive!” the voice in thunder spake, “or never be for-
given!”

CONVERSATIONS AFTER MARRIAGE.*

(SHERIDAN.)

PART FIRST.

[*Enter Lady Teazle and Sir Peter.*]

Sir Peter. Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I’ll not bear it!

Lady Teazle. Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it
or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way
in everything; and what’s more, I will too. What!
though I was educated in the country, I know very well
that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody
after they are married.

* From “The School for Scandal.”

Sir P. Very well, ma'am, very well—so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

Lady T. Authority! No, to be sure:—if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me; I am sure you were old enough.

Sir P. Old enough!—ay—there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

Lady T. My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.

Sir P. No, no madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Slife! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon* into a green-house.

Lady T. Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it was spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

Sir P. Zounds! madam—if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

Lady T. No, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

Sir P. Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style, —the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I saw you first sitting at your tambor, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted of your own working.

Lady T. Oh yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led,—my daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap dog.

Sir P. Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so indeed.

Lady T. And then, you know, my evening amusements;—to draw pattern for ruffles, which I had not mate-

* A magnificent temple at Rome, dedicated to all the gods. It is now converted into a church. It was built or embellished by Agrippa, is of a round or cylindrical form, with a spherical dome, and one hundred and forty-four feet in diameter.

rials to make up; to play Pope Joan* with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

Sir P. I am glad you have so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach—*vis-a-vis*†—and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection, I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a docked coach-horse.

Lady T. No—I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

Sir P. This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

Lady T. Well, then; and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is—

Sir P. My widow, I suppose?

Lady T. Hem! hem!

Sir P. I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you: however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

Lady T. Then why will you endeavor to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

Sir P. 'Slife, madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

Lady T. Lud, Sir Peter! would you have me be out of the fashion?

Sir P. The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

Lady T. For my part, I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

Sir P. Ay; there again—taste. Zounds! madam, you had no taste when you married me!

Lady T. That's very true indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume, I may go to my engagement at Lady Sneerwell's."

* Pope Joan, a game at cards.

† A carriage in which two persons sit face to face.

Sir P. Ay, there's another precious circumstance — a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

Lady T. Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

Sir P. Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance; for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves!—Such a crew! Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle* who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clip-pers of reputation.

Lady T. What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

Sir P. Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

Lady T. Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

Sir P. Grace, indeed!

Lady T. But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humor; and I take it for granted, they deal exactly in the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Sneerwell's too.

Sir P. Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

Lady T. Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-by to you. [*Exit.*]

Sir P. So—I have gained much by my intended expostulation: yet, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasingly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarreling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage, as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me. [*Exit.*]

CONVERSATIONS AFTER MARRIAGE.

PART SECOND.

Lady Teazle. Lud! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarreling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humored when I am not by.

* A sort of sledge used to draw traitors to execution.

Sir Peter. Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humored at all times.

Lady T. I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humored now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

Sir P. Two hundred pounds! What, ain't I to be in a good-humor without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and i' faith there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it [*gives her notes*]; but seal me a bond of repayment.

Lady T. Oh, no; there—my note of hand will do as well. [*Offering her hand.*]

Sir P. And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you:—but shall we always live thus, hey?

Lady T. If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarreling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

Sir P. Well; then let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

Lady T. I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you: you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

Sir P. Yes, yes, and you were kind and attentive—

Lady T. Ay, so I was, and would always take your part when my acquaintances used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

Sir P. Indeed!

Lady T. Ay; and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

Sir P. Thank you.

Lady T. And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of a husband.

Sir P. And you prophesied right: and we shall now be the happiest couple—

Lady T. And never differ again?

Sir P. No, never!—though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

Lady T. I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter; indeed, you always gave the provocation.

Sir P. Now see, my angel, take care—contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

Lady T. Then don't you begin it, my love.

Sir P. There, now! you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

Lady T. Nay, you know if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

Sir P. There! now you want to quarrel again.

Lady T. No, I am sure I don't; but if you will be so peevish—

Sir P. There now! who begins first?

Lady T. Why you, to be sure. I said nothing—but there's no bearing your temper.

Sir P. No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

Lady T. Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

Sir P. Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

Lady T. You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

Sir P. Now may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

Lady T. So much the better.

Sir P. No, no, madam; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you—a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest squires in the neighborhood.

Lady T. And I am sure I was a fool to marry you—an old dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one who would have him.

[Crosses L.

Sir P. Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

Lady T. No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who

everybody said would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broke his neck since we have been married.

Sir P. I have done with you, madam! You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are—not without grounds.

Lady T. Take care, Sir Peter! you had better not insinuate any such thing! I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

Sir P. Very well, madam! very well! A separate maintenance as soon as you please! Yes, madam, or a divorce!—I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

Lady T. Agreed! agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple—and never differ again, you know—ha! ha! ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you; so, bye—bye.

Sir P. Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either! Oh, I am the most miserable fellow! But I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no! she may break my heart, but she shan't keep her temper.

INVECTIVE AGAINST MR. CORRY.—1800.

(HENRY GRATTAN.)

A DUEL, in which Mr. Corry was wounded in the arm, was the sequel to this speech. The immediate provocation of the speech was a remark from Corry, that Grattan, instead of having a voice in the councils of his country, should have been standing as a culprit at her bar.

MR. SPEAKER:—Sir, Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word that he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order. Why? Because the limited talents of some men render it impossible

for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time. On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from the honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask, why not "traitor," unqualified by any epithet? I will tell him; it was because he dare not! It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow! I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy councillor. I will not call him fool because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament and freedom of debate, to the uttering language, which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow! I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy councillor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow! He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false! Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned, not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country, that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am

proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect that Constitution, of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt—they are seditious—and they, at this very moment, are in a conspiracy against their country! I have returned to refute a libel, as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand for impeachment or trial! I dare accusation! I defy the honorable gentleman! I defy the Government! I defy their whole phalanx!—let them come forth! I tell the ministers I shall neither give them quarter nor take it! I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defence of the liberties of my country.

ALFRED THE GREAT TO HIS MEN.

(SHERIDAN KNOWLES.)

My friends, our country must be free! The land
Is never lost that has a son to right her,—
And here are troops of sons, and loyal ones!
Strong in her children should a mother be:
Shall ours be helpless, that has sons like us?
God save our native land, whoever pays
The ransom that redeems her! Now, what wait we?—
For Alfred's word to move upon the foe?
Upon him, then! Now think ye on the things
Ye most do love! Husbands and fathers, on
Their wives and children; lovers, on their beloved;
And all, upon their country! When you use
Your weapons, think on the beseeching eyes,
To whet them, could have lent you tears for water!
O, now be men, or never! From your hearths
Thrust the unbidden feet, that from their nooks
Drove forth your aged sires—your wives and babes
The couches, your fair-handed daughters used
To spread, let not the vaunting stranger press,
Weary from spoiling you! Your roofs, that hear
The wanton riot of the intruding guest,

That mock their masters,—clear them for the sake
Of the manhood to which all that's precious clings
Else perishes. The land that bore you—O!
Do honor to her! Let her glory in
Your breeding! Rescue her! Revenge her,—or
Ne'er call her mother more! Come on, my friends
And, where you take your stand upon the field,
However you advance, resolve on this,
That you will ne'er recede, while from the tongues
Of age, and womanhood, and infancy,
The helplessness, whose safety in you lies,
Invokes you to be strong! Come on! Come on!
I'll bring you to the foe! And when you meet him,
Strike hard! Strike home! Strike, while a dying blow
Is in an arm! Strike till you're free, or fall!

FITZ JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

THE chief in silence strode before,
And reached the torrent's sounding shore.
And here his course the chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the lowland warrior said:—
“Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust;
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.

The Saxon paused:—“I ne'er delayed,
When foemen bade me draw my blade;
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,

And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved :

Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means ? ” — “ No, stranger, none !
And here,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead :
‘ Who spills the foremost foeman’s life,
His party conquers in the strife.’ ”
“ Then, by my word,” the Saxon said,
“ The riddle is already read ;
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
There lies Red Murdock,* stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me ;

To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt, be still his foe ;
Or, if the king shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strength restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand
That aids thee now to guard thy land.”

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick’s eye—
“ Soars thy presumption, then, so high
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
Thou add’st but fuel to my hate.—
My clansman’s blood demands revenge !—

Not yet prepared ?—By Heaven I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light,
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill-deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady’s hair ! ”

“ I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;

* Red Murdock was a faithless guide whom Fitz James had just before slain.

For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud chief! can courtesy be shown.

Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast;
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt,
We'll try this quarrel hilt to hilt."

Then each at once, his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.

He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood.

Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wint'ry rain,
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand,
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.

“Now yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart’s blood dyes my blade !”
“Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
Let recreant yield who fears to die.”
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James’s throat he sprung,
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.

Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
No maiden’s hand is round thee thrown !
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel !
They tug, they strain ; down, down they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.

The chieftain’s gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast ;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !

But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life’s exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game ;
For while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye ;
Down came the blow ! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all Fitz-James arose.

RICHELIEU AND FRANCE.

(SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.)

My liege, your anger can recall your trust,
Annul my office, spoil me of my lands,
Rifle my coffers ; but my name,—my deeds,—

Are royal in a land beyond your sceptre.
 Pass sentence on me, if you will ;—from kings,
 Lo, I appeal to time ! Be just, my liege.
 I found your kingdom rent with heresies,
 And bristling with rebellion ;—lawless nobles
 And breadless serfs ; England fomenting discord,
 Austria, her clutch on your dominion ; Spain
 Forging the prodigal gold of either Ind
 To armed thunderbolts. The Arts lay dead ;
 Trade rotted in your marts ; your Armies mutinous,
 Your Treasury bankrupt. Would you now revoke
 Your trust, so be it ! and I leave you, sole,
 Supremest monarch of the mightiest realm,
 From Ganges to the Icebergs. Look without—
 No foe not humbled ! Look within,—the arts
 Quit, for our schools, their old Hesperides,
 The golden Italy ! while throughout the veins
 Of your vast empire flows in strengthening tides
 Trade, the calm health of nations ! Sire, I know
 That men have called me cruel ;—
 I am not ;—I am just ! I found France rent asunder,
 The rich men despots, and the poor banditti ;
 Sloth in the mart, and schism within the temple ;
 Brawls festering to rebellion ; and weak laws
 Rotting away with rust in antique sheaths.
 I have re-created France ; and, from the ashes
 Of the old feudal and decrepit carcass,
 Civilization, on her luminous wings,
 Soars, phoenix-like, to Jove ! What was my art ?
 Genius, some say ;—some, Fortune ;—Witchcraft, some.
 Not so ;—my art was Justice !

THE ANGELS OF BEUNA VISTA.

(JOHN G. WHITTIER.)

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward far away,
 O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
 Who is losing ? who is winning ? are they far or come they
 near ?
 Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm we
 hear ?

“Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreats and now advances!

Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla’s charging lances!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot together fall;

Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs the Northern ball.”

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and frightful on.

Speak, Ximena, speak, and tell us who has lost and who has won;

“Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall;
O’er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for them all!

“Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting; Blessed Mother, save my brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps of slain;

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and strive to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before our eyes!

“Oh, my heart’s love! oh, my dear one! lay thy poor head on my knee;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear me? Canst thou see?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh, my Bernard, look once more

On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is o’er.”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down to rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a soldier
lay,
Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow his
life away;
But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror straight she turned away her
head;
With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead;
But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling
breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parched lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand, and
faintly smiled;
Was that pitying face his mother's? did she watch beside
her child?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart
supplied;
With her kiss upon his forehead, "Mother!" murmured
he, and died.

"A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely, in the
North!"
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her
dead,
And turned to soothe the living still, and bind the wounds
which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena; "Like a cloud before the
wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and
death behind;
Ah! they plead in vain for mercy; in the dust the wounded
strive;
Hide your faces, holy angels! O, thou Christ of God, for-
give."

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains! let the cool, gray
 shadows fall;
 Dying brothers, fighting demons,—drop thy curtain over
 all!
 Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the
 battle rolled,
 In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew
 cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task pursued,
 Through that long, dark night of sorrow, worn, and faint,
 and lacking food;
 Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care they
 hung,
 And the dying foemen blessed them in a strange and North-
 ern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father! is this evil world of ours;
 Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
 Eden flowers;
 From its smoking hell of battle Love and Pity send their
 prayer,
 And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.

THE DIES IRÆ.

(THOMAS DE CELANO. TRANSLATED BY GENREAL DIX.)

That day, a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of
 wateness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day
 of clouds and thick darkness, a day of the trumpet and alarm
 against the fenced cities, and against the high towers!—ZEPHA-
 NIAH i. 15, 16.

DAY of vengeance, without morrow!
 Earth shall end in flame and sorrow,
 As from Saint and Seer we borrow.

Ah! what terror is impending,
 When the Judge is seen descending,
 And each secret veil is rending,

To the throne, the trumpet sounding,
Through the sepulchres resounding,
Summons all, with voice astounding.

Death and Nature, mazed, are quaking,
When, the grave's long slumber breaking,
Man to judgment is awaking.

On the written Volume's pages,
Life is shown in all its stages—
Judgment-record of past ages !

Sits the Judge, the raised arraiging,
Darkest mysteries explaining,
Nothing unavenged remaining.

What shall I then say, unfriended,
By no advocate attended,
When the just are scarce defended ?

King of majesty tremendous,
By Thy saving grace defend us,
Fount of pity, safety send us !

Holy Jesus, meek, forbearing,
For my sins the death-crown wearing,
Save me, in that day, despairing.

Worn and weary, Thou hast sought me ;
By Thy cross and passion bought me—
Spare the hope Thy labors brought me.

Righteous Judge of retribution,
Give, O give me absolution
Ere the day of dissolution.

As a guilty culprit groaning,
Flushed my face, my errors owning,
Hear, O God, my spirit's moaning !

Thou to Mary gav'st remission,
Heard'st the dying thief's petition,
Bad'st me hope in my contrition,

In my prayers no grace discerning,
Yet on me Thy favor turning,
Save my soul from endless burning.

Give me, when Thy sheep confiding
Thou art from the goats dividing,
On Thy right a place abiding!

When the wicked are confounded,
And by bitter flames surrounded,
Be my joyful pardon sounded!

Prostrate, all my guilt discerning,
Heart as though to ashes turning;
Save, O save me from the burning!

Day of weeping, when from ashes
Man shall rise mid lightning flashes,
Guilty, trembling with contrition,
Save him, Father, from perdition.

THE SEVENTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

(REV. GEORGE CROLY.)

'T WAS morn,—the rising splendor rolled
On marble towers and roofs of gold :
Hall, court and gallery, below,
Were crowded with a living flow ;
Egyptian, Arab, Nubian there,
The bearers of the bow and spear,
The hoary priest, the Chaldee sage,
The slave, the gemmed and glittering page—
Helm, turban and tiara, shone,
A dazzling ring, round Pharaoh's throne.

There came a man,—the human tide
Shrank backward from his stately stride :
His cheek with storm and time was tanned ;
A shepherd's staff was in his hand.
A shudder of instinctive fear
Told the dark king what step was near ;

On through the host the stranger came,
It parted round his form like flame.

He stooped not at the footstool stone,
He clasped not sandal, kissed not throne;
Erect he stood amid the ring,
His only words,—“Be just, O king!”
On Pharaoh’s cheek the blood flushed high,
A fire was in his sullen eye;
Yet on the Chief of Israel
No arrow of his thousands fell:
All mute and moveless as the grave,
Stood chilled the satrap and the slave.

“Thou’rt come,” at length the Monarch spoke;
Haughty and high the words outbroke:
“Is Israel weary of its lair,
The forehead peeled, the shoulder bare?
Take back the answer to your band;
Go, reap the wind; go, plough the sand;
Go, vilest of the living vile,
To build the never-ending pile,
Till, darkest of the nameless dead,
The vulture on their flesh is fed!
What better asks the howling slave
Than the base life our bounty gave?”

Shouted in pride the turbaned peers,
Upclashed to Heaven the golden spears.
“King! thou and thine are doomed!—Behold
The prophet spoke,—the thunder rolled!
Along the pathway of the sun
Sailed vapory mountains, wild and dun.
“Yet there is time,” the prophet said,—
He raised his staff,—the storm was stayed.
“King! be the word of freedom given;
What art thou, man, to war with Heaven?”

There came no word.—The thunder broke
Like a huge city’s final smoke,
Thick, lurid, stifling, mixed with flame,
Through court and hall the vapors came.

Loose as the stubble in the field,
Wide flew the men of spear and shield ;
Scattered like foam along the wave,
Flew the proud pageant, prince and slave ;
Or, in the chains of terror bound,
Lay, corpse-like, on the smouldering ground.
“ Speak, King !—the wrath is but begun,—
Still dumb ?—Then, Heaven, thy will be done ! ”

Echoed from earth a hollow roar,
Like ocean on the midnight shore ;
A sheet of lightning o’er them wheeled,
The solid ground beneath them reeled ;
In dust sank roof and battlement ;
Like webs the giant walls were rent ;
Red, broad, before his startled gaze,
The Monarch saw his Egypt blaze.
Still swelled the plague,—the flame grew pale,
Burst from the clouds the charge of hail ;
With arrowy keenness, iron weight,
Down poured the ministers of fate ;
Till men and cattle, crushed, congealed,
Covered with death the boundless field.

Still swelled the plague,—uprose the blast,
The avenger, fit to be the last ;
On ocean, river, forest, vale,
Thundered at once the mighty gale.
Before the whirlwind flew the tree,
Beneath the whirlwind roared the sea ;
A thousand ships were on the wave,—
Where are they ?—ask that foaming grave !
Down go the hope, the pride of years ;
Down go the myriad mariners ;
The riches of Earth’s richest zone,
Gone ! like a flash of lightning, gone !

And, lo ! that first fierce triumph o’er,
Swells Ocean on the shrinking shore
Still onward, onward, dark and wide,
Engulfs the land the furious tide.
Then bowed thy spirit, stubborn king,

Thou serpent, reft of fang and sting;
Humbled before the prophet's knee,
He groaned, "Be injured Israel free!"

To Heaven the sage upraised his wand;
Back rolled the deluge from the land;
Back to its caverns sank the gale;
Fled from the noon the vapors pale;
Broad burned again the joyous sun;—
The hour of wrath and death was done.

HEATHEN CHINEE;—OR, PLAIN LANGUAGE
FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

(F. BRET HARTE.)

WHICH I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain,

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and child-like,
As I frequently remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With a smile that was child-like and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewn
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game he "did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

A HEALTH.

(EDWARD C. PINCKNEY.)

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon ;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words ;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours ;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers ;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain ;
But memory such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill'd this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,

A woman, of her gentle sex,
The seeming paragon—
Her health ! and would on earth there stood,
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

THE FROST.

(H. F. GOULD.)

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the hight
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go on like that blustering train—
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain;
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he drest
In diamond beads ; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear,
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane, like a fairy, crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things ; there were flowers and trees ;
There were be vies of birds, and swarms of bees ;
There were cities with temples and towers ; and these
All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair—
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there,

That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
 "Now, just to set them a-thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
 "This costly pitcher I'll burst in three;
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall 'tchick!' to tell them I'm drinking!"

EXTRACT FROM "THE CELESTIAL COUNTRY."

(BERNARD OF CLUNI.—TRANS. BY JOHN MASON NEALE.)

For thee, O dear, dear Country!
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;
 For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.
 The mention of thy glory
 Is unction to the breast,
 And medicine in sickness,
 And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O onely Mansion!
 O Paradise of joy!
 Where tears are ever banished,
 And smiles have no alloy,
 Beside thy living waters
 All plants are, great and small,
 The cedar of the forest,
 The hyssop of the wall;
 With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze,
 The sardius and the topaz
 Unite in thee their rays;
 Thine ageless walls are bonded
 With amethyst unpriced:
 Thy saints build up its fabric,
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

.

Thou hast no shore, fair Ocean!
 Thou hast no time, bright day!
 Dear fountain of refreshment
 To pilgrims far away!

Upon the Rock of Ages
 They raise thy holy tower ;
 Thine is the victor's laurel,
 And thine the golden dower.

.

Jerusalem the golden,
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice oppressed.
 I know not, O I know not,
 What social joys are there !
 What radiancy of glory,
 What light beyond compare !

.

They stand those hills of Sion,
 Conjubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng ;
 The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the Blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

.

Jerusalem the glorious !
 The glory of the Elect !
 O dear and future vision
 That eager hearts expect !
 Even now by faith I see thee,
 Even here thy walls discern ;
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,
 And strive, and pant, and yearn.

.

Exult, O dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part ;
 His only, His forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !
 Exult, O dust and ashes !
 The Lord shall be thy part ;
 His only, His forever,
 Thou shalt be, and thou art !

"PASSING AWAY."

(JOHN PIERPONT.)

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear,—
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell

That he winds on the beach, so mellow and clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the moon and the fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore?—

Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words:—as they float, they say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,

Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear,
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,

Striking the hour, that fill'd my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.
For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung;
(As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing;)

And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
And, as she enjoyed it, she seem'd to say,
"Passing away! passing away!"

O, how bright were the wheels, that told

Of the lapse of time, as they moved around slow!
And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
Seemed to point to the girl below.

And lo! she had changed:—in a few short hours
Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
In the fulness of grace and womanly pride,
That told me she soon was to be a bride;—

Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
Looking down on field of blossoming clover.
The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
Had something lost of his brilliant blush;
And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
That marched so calmly around above her,
Was a little dimm'd,—as when evening steals
Upon noon's hot face;—Yet one couldn't but love her,
For she look'd like a mother, whose first babe lay
Rock'd on her breast, as she swung all day;—
And she seem'd, in the same silver tone, to say,
 "Passing away! passing away!"

While yet I look'd what a change there came!
Her eye was quench'd, and her cheek was wan:
Stooping and staff'd was her wither'd frame,
Yet just as busily, swung she on;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnish'd, but on they kept,
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivell'd lips of the toothless crone,—
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burthen of her lay,)—
 "Passing away! passing away!"

SPEECH OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

(WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.)

FAREWELL,—a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;

And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he fall, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth : my high blown pride
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
I feel my heart new opened : Oh ! how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favors !

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me
Out of thy honest truth to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be ;
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee :
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition ;
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not ;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king ;
And,—Pr'ythee, lead me in ;
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

ON BEING FOUND GUILTY OF HIGH TREASON.

(ROBERT EMMETT.)

WHAT have I to say, why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination, or that it would become me to say with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored—as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country—to destroy. I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a Court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your Lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor, to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is at present buffeted.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me, without a murmur. But the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the Court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my Lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice:—the man dies, but his memory lives: that mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me.

My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind, by humiliation, to the purposed ig-

nominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the scaffold's shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this Court. You, my Lord, are a judge. I am the supposed culprit. I am a man,—you are a man also. By a revolution of power, we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this Court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar, and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, also condemn my tongue to silence, and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but, while I exist, I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions. As a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the best use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my Lord, we must appear, on the great day, at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe who are engaged in the most virtuous actions, or actuated by the purest motives,—my country's oppressors or myself.

I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France!—and for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country! And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition; and is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No! I am no emissary. My ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country,—not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? For a change of masters?—No; but for ambition! O, my country! was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family have placed myself among the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment; and for it I now offer up my life! O God! No! my Lord; I acted as an Irishman

determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor, and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly riveted despotism. I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had fitted her to fill.

Connection with France was, indeed, intended ; but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought aid of them ; and we sought it, as we had assurance we should obtain it,—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come in as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the People, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I would meet them on the beach, with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war ; and I would animate you to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil. If they succeeded in landing, and if we were forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze every house, burn every blade of grass before them, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave.

I have been charged with that importance, in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your Lordship expressed it, “the life and blood of the conspiracy.” You do me honor overmuch. You have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my Lord ;—men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friends,—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand ! *

* Here he was interrupted by Lord Norbury.

What, my Lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediate minister, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my short life,—am I to be appalled here, before a mere remnant of mortality?—by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have caused to be shed, in your unhallowed ministry, in one great reservoir, your Lordship might swim in it! *

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor. Let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression and the miseries of my countrymen. The proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for my views. No inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation or treachery, from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I, who lived but for my country—who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No. God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life!

* Here the judge interfered.

My Lords, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates, warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me,—and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask, at my departure from this world;—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth,—then, and not till then,—let my epitaph be written! I have done.

TO THE EVENING WIND.

(WILLIAM CULLEN BYRANT.)

SPIRIT that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day
Gratefully flows thy freshness round my brow;
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Roughening their crests, and scattering high their spray,
And swelling the white sail. I welcome thee
To the scorch'd land, thou wanderer of the sea!

Nor I alone—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fulness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And languishing to hear thy welcome sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretch'd beyond the sight.
Go forth, into the gathering shade; go forth,—
God's blessing breath'd upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wood-bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wide, old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
The strange, deep harmonies that haunt his breast :
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And where the o'ershadowing branches sweep the grass.

Stoop o'er the place of graves, and softly sway
The sighing herbage by the gleaming stone ;
That they who near the churchyard willows stray,
And listen in the deepening gloom, alone,
May think of gentle souls that pass'd away,
Like thy pure breath, into the vast unknown,
Sent forth from heaven among the sons of men,
And gone into the boundless heaven again.

The faint old man shall lean his silver head
To feel thee : thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moisten'd curls that overpread
His temples, while his breathing grows more deep ;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more ;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore ;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

A YANKEE IN LOVE.

(ALFRED BURNETT.)

ONE day Sall fooled me ; she heated the poker awful hot,
then asked me to stir the fire. I seized hold of it mighty

quick to oblige her, and dropped it quicker to oblige myself. Well, after the poker scrape, me and Sall only got on middlin' well for some time, till I made up my mind to pop the question, for I loved her harder every day, and I had an idee she loved me or had a sneaking kindness for me. But how to do the thing up nice and rite pestered me orful. I bought some love books, and read how the fellers git down onto their knees and talk like poets, and how the girls would gently-like fall in love with them. But somehow or other that way didn't kinder suit my notion. I asked mam how she and dad courted, but she said it had been so long she had forgotten all about it. Uncle Jo said mam did all the courting.

At last I made up my mind to go it blind, for this thing was farely consumin' my mind; so I goes over to her dad's, and when I got there I sot like a fool, thinkin' how to begin. Sall seed somethin' was troublin' me, so she said, says she, "An't you sick, Peter?" She said this mity soft-like. "Yes! No!" sez I; "that is, I an't zackly well; I thought I'd come over to-night," sez I. I tho't that was a mity purty beginnin'; so I tried agin. "Sall," sez I—and by this time I felt kinder fainty about the stommuck and shaky about the knees—"Sall," sez I. "What?" sez she. "Sall," sez I agin. "What?" sez she. I'll get to it arter awhile at this rate, thinks I. "Peter," sez she, "there's suthin' troublin' you; 'tis mighty wrong for you to keep it from a body, for an inard sorer is a consumin' fire." She said this, she did, the sly critter. She knowed what was the matter all the time mighty well, and was only tryin' to fish it out, but I was so far gone I couldn't see the point. At last I sorter gulped down the big lump a risin' in my throat, and sez I, sez I, "Sall, do you love anybody?" "Well," says she, "there's dad and mam," and a countin' of her fingers all the time, with her eyes sorter shet like a feller shootin' off a gun, "and there's old Pide [that were their old cow,] and I can't think of anybody else just now," says she. Now, this was orful for a feller ded in love; so arter awhile I tried another shute. Sez I, "Sall," sez I, "I'm powerful lonesome at home, and sometimes think if I only had a nice, pretty wife to luv and talk to, move, and have my bein' with, I'd be a tremendous feller." Sez I, "Sall, do you know any gall would keer for me?"

With that she begins, and names over all the gals for five miles around, and never once came nigh naming of herself, and sed I oughter git one of them. This sorter got my dander up, so I hitched my cheer up close to her, and shet my eyes and sed, "Sall, you are the very gal I've been hankering arter for a long time. I luv you all over, from the sole of your head to the crown of your foot, and I don't care who nos it, and if you say so we'll be jined together in the holy bonds of hemlock, Epluribusunum, world without end, amen!" sez I; and then I felt like I'd thrownd up an alligator, I felt so relieved. With that she fetched a sorter scream, and arter awhile sez, sez she, "Peter!" "What, Sally?" sez I. "Yes!" sez she, a hidin' of her face behind her hands. You bet a heap I felt good. "Glory! glory!!" sez I, "I must holler, Sall, or I shalt bust. Hurrah for hooray! I can jump over a ten-rail fence!" With that I sot rite down by her and clinched the bargain with a kiss. Talk about your blackberry jam; talk about your sugar and merlasses; you wouldn't a got me nigh 'em—they would all a been sour arter that. O, these gals! how good and bad, how high and low they make a feller feel! If Sall's daddy hadn't sung out 'twas time all honest folks was a bed, I'd a sot there two hours longer. You oughter seed me when I got home! I pulled dad out of bed and hugged him! I pulled mam out of bed and hugged her! I pulled aunt Jane out of bed and hugged her! I larfed and hollered, I crowed like a rooster, I danced round there, and I cut up more capers than you ever heerd tell on, till dad thought I was crazy, and got a rope to tie me with. "Dad," sez I, "I'm goin' to be married!" "Married!" bawled dad. "Married!" squalled mam. "Married!" screamed aunt Jane. "Yes, married," sez I; "Married all over, married for sure, married like a flash—joined in wedlock, hooked on for life, for worser or for better, for life and for death—to Sall! I am that very thing—me! Peter Sorghum Esquire!"

With that I ups and tells 'em all about it from Alfer to Ermeger! They was all mighty well pleased, and I went to bed as proud as a young rooster with his first spurs.

THE GLADIATOR.

(J. A. JONES.)

THEY led a lion from his den,
The lord of Afric's sun-scorched plain ;
And there he stood, stern foe of men,
And shook his flowing mane.
There's not, of all Rome's heroes, ten
That dare abide this game.
His bright eye nought of lightning lacked :
His voice was like the cataract.

They brought a dark-haired man along
Whose limbs with gyves of brass were bound ;
Youthful he seemed, and bold, and strong,
And yet unscathed of wound.
Blithely he stepped among the throng,
And careless threw around
A dark eye, such as courts the path
Of him who braves a Dacian's wrath.

Then shouted the plebeian crowd—
Rung the glad galleries with the sound ;
And from the throne there spake aloud
A voice, " Be the bold man unbound !
And, by Rome's sceptre, yet unbowed,
By Rome, earth's monarch crowned,
Who dares the bold—the unequal strife,
Though doomed to death, shall save his life."

Joy was upon that dark man's face,
And thus, with laughing eye, spake he—
" Loose ye the lord of Zaara's waste,
And let my arms be free ;
' He has a martial heart,' thou sayst,
But oh ! who will not be
A hero, when he fights for life,
And home, and country,—babes and wife.

“And thus I for the strife prepare ;
The Thracian falchion to me bring ;
But ask the imperial leave to spare
The shield—a useless thing.
Were I a Samnite’s rage to dare,
Then o’er me should I fling
The broad orb ; but to lion’s wrath
The shield were but a sword of lath.”

And he has bared his shining blade,
And springs he on the shaggy foe ;
Dreadful the strife, but briefly played—
The desert king lies low,
His long and loud death-howl is made,
And there must end the show.
And when the multitude were calm,
The favorite freedman took the palm.

“Kneel down, Rome’s emperor beside : ”
He knelt, that dark man ;—o’er his brow
Was thrown a wreath in crimson dyed,
And fair words gild it now ;
“Thou’rt the bravest youth that ever tried
To lay a lion low ;
And from our presence forth thou go’st
To lead the Dacians of our host.”

Then flushed his cheek, but not with pride,
And grieved and gloomily spoke he :
“My cabin stands where blithely glide
Proud Danube’s waters to the sea ;
I have a young and blooming bride,
And I have children three ;
No Roman wealth nor rank can give
Such joy, as in their arms to live.

“My wife sits at the cabin door,
With throbbing heart and swollen eyes ;
While tears her cheeks are coursing o’er,
She speaks of sundered ties.
She bids my tender babes deplore
The death their father dies ;

She tells these jewels of my home
I bleed to please the rout of Rome.

“I cannot let those cherubs stray
Without their sire’s protecting care;
And I would chase the griefs away
Which cloud my wedded fair.”
The monarch spoke, the guards obey,
And gates unclosed are;
He’s gone—no golden bribes divide
The Dacian from his babes and bride.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

(OLIVER GOLDSMITH.)

NEAR yonder copse where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher’s modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;
Remote from town he ran his godly race,
Nor e’er had changed, nor wished to change his place.
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skill to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claim allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his side, and talked the night away;
Wept o’er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;

Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side ;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm ;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

WHEN streams of unkindness, as bitter as gall,
Bubble up from the heart to the tongue,
And Meekness is writhing in torment and thrall,
By the hands of Ingratitude wrung,—

In the heat of injustice, unwept and unfair,
While the anguish is festering yet,
None, none but an angel or God can declare,
"I now can forgive and forget."

But, if the bad spirit is chased from the heart,
And the lips are in penitence steep'd,
With the wrong so repented the wrath will depart,
Though scorn or injustice were heap'd :
For the best compensation is paid for all ill,
When the cheek with contrition is wet,
And every one feels it is possible still
At once to forgive and forget.

To forget ? It is hard for a man with a mind,
However his heart may forgive,
To blot out all insults and evils behind,
And but for the future to live :
Then how shall it be ? for at every turn
Recollection the spirit will fret,
And the ashes of injury smoulder and burn,
Though we strive to forgive and forget.

Oh, hearken ! my tongue shall the riddle unseal,
And mind shall be partner with heart,
While to thee thyself I bid conscience reveal,
And show thee how evil thou art :
Remember thy follies, thy sins, and—thy crimes,
How vast is that infinite debt !
Yet Mercy hath seven by seventy times
Been swift to forgive and forget !

Brood not on insults or injuries old,
For thou art injurious too,—
Count not their sum till the total is told,
For thou art unkind and untrue :
And if all thy harms are forgotten, forgiven,
Now mercy with justice is met ;
Oh, who would not gladly take lessons of heaven,
Nor learn to forgive and forget ?

Yes, yes ; let a man, when his enemy weeps,
Be quick to receive him a friend :

For thus on his head in kindness he heaps
Hot coals,—to refine and amend;
And hearts that are Christian more eagerly yearn,
As a nurse on her innocent pet,
Over lips that, once bitter, to penitence turn,
And whisper, Forgive and forget.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

(WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.)

THE melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods,
And meadows brown and sere.
Heap'd in the hollows of the grove,
The wither'd leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves;
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
The brier-rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook,
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone,
From upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home ;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The fair, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side ;
In the cold, moist earth we laid her
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief :
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

SOCRATES SNOOKS.

MISTER Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the married relation :
Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.

But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head,
When, one morning, to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think, for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife :
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy."

"Now, Socrates, dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear everything vulgarly my'd ;
Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say, our cow house, our barn yard, our pig pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
Of my houses, my lands, my gardens, my trees."
"Say our," Xantippe exclaimed in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age !"

Oh, woman ! though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis don't tell a fib,
Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
You are certain to prove the best man of the two.
In the following case this was certainly true ;
For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
And laying about her, all sides at random,
The adage was verified—"Nil desperandum."

Mister Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain,
To ward off the blows which descended like rain—
Concluding that valor's best part was discretion—
Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian :
But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
Converted the siege into a blockade.

At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
He concluded 'twas useless to strive against fate :
And so, like a tortoise protruding his head,
Said, "My dear, may we come out from under our bed ?"
"Hah ! hah !" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
I perceive you agree to my terms by your looks :
Now, Socrates—hear me—from this happy hour,
If you'll only obey me, I'll never look sour."
'Tis said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
He chanced for a clean pair of trowsers to search :
Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches,
"My dear, may we put on our new Sunday breeches ?"

TUBAL CAIN.

(CHARLES MACKAY.)

OLD Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when the earth was young,
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright,
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.
And he sang, "Hurrah for my handiwork!
Hurrah for the spear and sword!
Hurrah for the hand that shall wield them well!
For he shall be king and lord."

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade,
As the crown of his desire;
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud in glee,
And gave him gifts of pearls and gold,
And spoils of forest free.
And they sang, "Hurrah for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew!
Hurrah for the smith! hurrah for the fire!
And hurrah for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done.
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind;
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage blind.
And he said, "Alas, that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword, for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow man!"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low ;
But he rose up at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright, courageous eye,
And he bared his strong right arm for work,
While the thick flames mounted high ;
And he sang, " Hurrah for my handiwork !"
And the red sparks lit the air—
" Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made"—
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing land ;
And sang, " Hurrah for Tubal Cain !
Our stanch good friend is he ;
And, for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the plough,
We'll not forget the sword."

DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

(WILLIAM S. PEIRCE.)

O ! THE halcyon days of childhood,
Rosy tints of early morn ;
Purple gleams across life's dawning,
Joys of earth, of Eden born.

●
Up and down the little hillock
Where my childhood used to play,
Moves a band of living pleasures,
Pleasures thrilling all the day.

Golden cups amidst the verdure,
Pluck'd in childish sports and glee,
Weave a wreath of sunny brightness
Through a life-long memory.

And the broad and shining river
Glittering in the Summer beam ;
With its white-winged voyagers,
How it haunts me like a dream !

And the gushing heart of childhood,
Full of faith and full of love,
Warbling all its heart's affections,
Like the cooing of a dove.

O ! the halcyon days of childhood,
Rosy tints of early morn ;
Purple gleams across life's dawning,
Joys of earth of Eden born.

HYMN.

(WILLIAM S. PEIRCE.)

THE morning dawns : my soul, arise
And sing a song of glad surprise.
The mercies of thy God display,
With the first beams of opening day.

How gently did thine eyelids close,
When evening shades induced repose ;
And when by mortal eyes unseen,
The Lord thy watch and ward hath been.

Thy weary frame, a toilsome way,
Had borne the burdens of the day ;
The Lord renews thy wasted powers
With rest, and food, and gentle hours.

His bounteous stores thy wants supply,
His ear attends thy feeblest cry,
His guiding hands thy footsteps lead,
His mercy meets thy utmost need.

By sin and sorrow sore opprest,
What balm shall heal thy aching breast?
The Lord himself, with pitying care
Doth blot out each repentant tear.

When sickness, death, and sore disma
Have borne thy fondest hopes away;
His gentle hands thy wounds have healed,
His cheering words fresh courage yield.

Till evening shades around me throng,
His goodness still shall be my song;
And onward to my latest days,
I'll sing aloud His glorious praise.

MY CHILD.

(PIERPONT.)

I CANNOT make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair,
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I thread the crowded street;
A satchell'd lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and color'd hair:
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid ;
Closed are his eyes ; cold is his forehead ;
My hand that marble felt ;
O'er it in prayer I knelt ;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there !

I cannot make him dead !
When passing by the bed,
So long watch'd over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek it inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there !

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy,
To Him who gave my boy,
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there !

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am, in spirit, praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there !

Not there !—Where, then, is he ?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear ;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,
Is but his wardrobe lock'd ;—he is not there !

He lives !—In all the past
He lives ; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair ;
In dreams I see him now ;
And, on his angel brow,
I see it written, “Thou shalt see him there !”

Yes, we all live to God !
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there !

CHRIST IN THE TEMPEST.

(E. C. EMBURY.)

MIDNIGHT was on the mighty deep,
And darkness filled the boundless sky,
While 'mid the raging wind was heard
The sea-bird's mournful cry ;
For tempest clouds were mustering wrath
Across the seaman's trackless path.

It came at length : one fearful gust
Rent from the mast the shivering sail,
And drove the helpless bark along,
The plaything of the gale,
While fearfully the lightning's glare
Fell on the pale brows gather'd there.

But there was one o'er whose bright face
Unmarked the livid lightnings flash'd,
And on whose stirless, prostrate form,
Unfelt the sea-spray dash'd ;
For 'mid the tempest fierce and wild,
He slumbered like a wearied child.

Oh ! who could look upon that face,
And feel the sting of coward fear ?
Though hell's fierce demons raged around
Yet heaven itself was here ;
For who that glorious brow could see,
Nor own a present Deity ?

With hurried fear they pressed around
The lowly Saviour's humble bed,
As if his very touch had power
To shield their souls from dread;
While cradled on the raging deep,
He lay in calm and tranquil sleep.

Vainly they struggled with their fears,
But wilder still the tempest woke,
Till from their full and o'erfraught hearts
The voice of terror broke:
"Behold! we sink beneath the wave,
We perish, Lord! but thou canst save."

Slowly he rose; and mild rebuke
Shone in his soft and heaven-lit eye:
"O ye of little faith," he cried,
"Is not your master nigh?
Is not your hope of succor just?
Why know ye not in whom ye trust?"

He turn'd away, and conscious power
Dilated his majestic form,
As o'er the boiling sea he bent,
The ruler of the storm;
Earth to its centre felt the thrill,
As low he murmur'd, "Peace! Be still!"

Hark to the burst of meeting waves,
The roaring of the angry sea!
A moment more and all is hushed
In deep tranquility;
While not a breeze is near to break
The mirror'd surface of the lake.

Then on the stricken hearts of all
Fell anxious doubt and holy awe,
As timidly they gazed on him,
Whose will was nature's law;
"What man is this," they cry, "whose word
E'en by the raging sea is heard?"

THE CHAMELEON.

(MERRICK.)

Two travelers of conceited cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And, on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that,
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun ;
A lizard's body, lean and long ;
A fish's head ; a serpent's tongue ;
Its foot with triple claw disjoined,
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—
Who ever saw so fine a blue ?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies ;
"'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
Stretched at its ease, the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, sir, as well as you,
And must again affirm it blue ;
At leisure I the beast surveyed
Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, sir, I assure ye."
"Green !" cries the other, in a fury :—
"Why, sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes ?"
"'Twere no great loss," the friend replies ;
"For if they always serve you thus,
You'll find them but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows

When luckily came by a third—
 To him the question they referred;
 And begged he'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue?

"Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,—
 The creature's neither one nor t'other;
 I caught the animal last night,
 And viewed it o'er by candle light;
 I marked it well—'twas black as jet;
 You stare! but, sirs, I've got it yet,
 And can produce it."—"Pray, sir, do;
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue."

"And I'll engage that, when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 "Well, then, at once to ease the doubt,"
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out;
 And, when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
 He said, then full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and lo—'twas white!

Both stared; the man looked wondrous wise!
 "My children," the chameleon cries,
 (Then first the creature found a tongue,)
 "You all are right, and all are wrong;
 When next you talk of what you view,
 Think others see as well as you;
 Nor wonder if you find that none
 Prefers your eyesight to his own."

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Oh! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
 And sing me the holy strain
 That soothed me last, as you fondly prest
 My glowing cheek to your soft white breast,
 For I saw a scene when I slumbered last,
 That I fain would see again.

And smile as you often then did smile,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me thy glist'ning eye,
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a sweet and heavenly dream,
While slumbering on thy knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a beautiful wood,
And we rested us under a bough;
Then near me a butterfly flaunted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew suddenly sick with fear,
And I loudly wept for thee;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,
And she kissed me softly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe, with me!"

My tears and fears she gently beguiled,
And she led me far away;
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb;
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom;
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.

And fair and heavenly forms were there,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,
And wondering, around me I gazed and gazed;
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blazed—
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a bright and shining throng,
Of white winged babes to me ;
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled,
And they marvelled to meet with an earth-born child ;
And they gloried that I from the earth was exiled,
Saying, " Here, love, blest shalt thou be."

Then I gladly mixed with the heavenly throng,
With cherub and seraphim fair ;
And saw, as I roamed the regions of peace,
The spirits which came from this world of distress,
And there was the joy no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before ;
For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a guest—
And the heart that has throbbed in the climes of the blest
Can love this world no more.

THE EXECUTION.

(THOMAS INGOLSBY.)

MY Lord Tomnoddy got up one day ;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.
Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim ;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat ;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten ;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
" Pray, did your Lordship please to ring ? "

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,

“Malibran’s dead,
Duvernay’s fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do?”—

Tim look’d up, and Tim look’d down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peeped in the crown;
He bit his lip, and he scratch’d his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him bang’d:
“An’t please you, my Lord, there’s a man to be hanged.”

My Lord Tomnoddy jump’d up at the news,
“Run to M’Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
Rope-dancers a score
I’ve seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more:
But to see a man swing
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!”

My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street and through square,
His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow’s, goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;
She produced some alarm,
But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on arm,
Spattering with clay
Two urchins at play,
Knocking down—very much to the sweeper’s dismay—
An old woman who wouldn’t get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall
Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.

But eastward afar,
 Through Temple Bar,
 My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
 Never heeding their squalls,
 Or their calls, or their bawls,
 He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
 And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
 Turns down the Old Bailey,
 Where in front of the gaol, he
 Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily
 Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
 For the whole first-floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

* * * * *

The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark midnight—
 Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
 The parties are met;
 The tables are set;
 There is "punch," "cold without," "hot with," "heavy
 wet,"
 Ale-glasses and jugs,
 And rummers and mugs,
 And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
 Cold fowl and cigars,
 Pickled onions in jars,
 Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws!—
 And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
 And there is M'Fuze,
 And Lieutenant Tregooze,
 And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
 All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One!
 Supper is done,
 And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
 Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
 My Lord Tomnoddy
 Is drinking gin-toddy,
 And laughing at every thing, and every body.
 The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes three!
 —"Who so merry, so merry as we?"
 Save Captain M'Fuze,

Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blackening his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!—
Round the debtors' door
Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more;
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes Five!
The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks
Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and sinks.
Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die!
Alack! that ever so fair a sun
As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such a scene of misery!—
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!

List to that low funereal bell :
 It is tolling, alas ! a living man's knell !—
 And see !—from forth that opening door
 They come—he steps that threshold o'er
 Who ne'er shall tread upon threshold more !
 —God ! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
 That pale wan man's mute agony,—
 The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
 Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky,
 As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
 The path of the spirit's unknown career ;
 Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
 Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer ;
 That heaving chest !—Enough—'tis done !
 The bolt has fallen !—the spirit is gone—
 For weal or for woe is known to but One !
 —Oh ! 'twas a fearsome sight !—Ah me !
 A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock ! 'tis time, 'tis time !
 The hour is past : with its earliest chime
 The cord is severed, the lifeless clay
 By “dungeon villains” is borne away :
 Nine !—'twas the last concluding stroke !
 And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke !
 And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
 And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose :
 And they stared at each other, as much as to say
 “Hollo ! Hollo !

Here's a rum Go !

Why, Captain !—my Lord !—Here's the devil to pay !
 The fellow's been cut down and taken away !

What's to be done ?

We've missed all the fun !—

Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town :
 We are all of us done so uncommonly brown !”

What was to be done ?—'twas perfectly plain
 That they could not well hang the man over again :
 What was to be done ?—The man was dead !
 Nought could be done !—nought could be said ;
 So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed !

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

MR. PRESIDENT,—it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of Hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those who, having eyes, see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern our temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth,—to know the worst, and to provide for it!

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the House? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, Sir; it will prove a snare to your feet! Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss! Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

Let us not deceive ourselves, Sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which Kings resort. I ask Gentlemen, Sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can Gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, Sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them?—Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that, for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer

upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, Sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned, we have remonstrated, we have supplicated, we have prostrated ourselves before the Throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted, our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult, our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the Throne.

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight; I repeat it, Sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, Sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of People, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, Sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of

Nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, Sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, Sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable; and let it come! I repeat it, Sir, let it come!

It is in vain, Sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that Gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

THE CRUCIFIXION.

(JOSEPH HARRISON, JR.)

WHAT means yon sad procession onward wending,
With measured tread, up Calvary's Mountain side?
What mean those vast assembled hosts attending?
Thousands on thousands swell the living tide.

Amidst moves one whose face with love is beaming;
Bowed to the earth, a heavy cross he bares.
See! o'er his brow the sanguine flood is streaming:
Pierced are his temples with the crown he wears.

'Tis the Redeemer they are upward leading;
To death they bear him on, with ruthless hands;
Fainting and worn, his heart for sinners bleeding,
Now on the summit, meek and low he stands.

To the dread cross his hands and feet they're nailing;
Unmurmuring, unresisting, see he yields;
All are relentless, none his fate bewailing,
Save the sad group that in the distance kneels.

The cross is raised, is fixed ; and now toward Heaven,
The Saviour's voice is heard, plaintive and low :
" Father, O Father ! be thy pardon given !
Forgive ! forgive ! they know not what they do."

His words unheeded pass. Hark ! they are crying,
" Thou Son of God, come down." In jeers they rave :
" Show us thy power ; why rest there basely dying ?
He others saved, himself, he cannot save."

Again he speaks ; hear his deep accents breathing :
" 'Tis finished ; all on earth is done," he cries.
He bows his head ; his spirit now is leaving
Its earthly tenement. He dies ! he dies !

All nature mourns ; the sun his rays withholding,
Spreads gloom around ; the Temple's veil is rent ;
The dead arise, their cerements unfolding.
Stricken with fear, the throng in terror went.

Man, cruel man, how couldst thou, in thy blindness,
Thus vainly strive to thwart thy coming good ?
How couldst thou thus repay his every kindness,
And deeply dye thy hands in precious blood ?

Oh ! why was this tremendous deed permitted ?
Why was thy hand, O God, uplifted still ?
'Twas this : by it were all our sins remitted ;
'Twas done, obedient to Jehovah's will.

THE BIBLE ADAPTED TO ALL.

(MRS. SARAH S. ELLIS.)

SIMPLE as the language of a child—it charms the most fastidious taste. Mournful as the voice of grief—it reaches to the highest pitch of exultation. Intelligible to the unlearned peasant—it supplies the critic and the sage with food for earnest thought. Silent and secret as the reproofs of conscience—it echoes beneath the vaulted dome of the cathedral and shakes the trembling multitude. The last

companion of the dying and destitute—it seals the bridal vow, and crowns the majesty of kings. Closed in the heedless grasp of the luxurious and the slothful—it unfolds its awful record over the yawning grave. Bright and joyous as the morning star to the benighted traveller—it rolls like the waters of the deluge over the path of him who willfully mistakes his way.

TACT *versus* TALENT.

(LONDON ATLAS.)

TALENT is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable: tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

CASABIANCA.

(MRS. HEMAMS.)

Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned; and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

THE boy stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had fled;

The flame that lit the battle's wreck shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood, as born to rule the storm,—

A creature of heroic blood, a proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go, without his Father's word ;

That Father, faint in death below, his voice no longer heard.
He called aloud :—“ Say, father, say, if yet my task is done ? ”

He knew not that the chieftain lay, unconscious of his son.

“ Speak, father ! ” once again he cried, “ if I may yet be gone !

And ”—but the booming shots replied, and fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath, and in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death, in still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud, “ My father, must I stay ? ”

While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud, the wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild, they caught the flag on high,

And streamed above the gallant child, like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound,—the boy—O ! where was he ?

Ask of the winds, that far around with fragments strewed the sea,

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair, that well had borne their part !

But the noblest thing which perished there was that young, faithful heart !

CRADLE SONG.

(TENNYSON.)

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !

Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

BUGLE SONG.

(TENNYSON.)

THE splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE.

(MILTON.)

"THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness, beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,
On earth, join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolor'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,

Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all ye living souls : Ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil ; or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

HARRY BLUFF.

WHEN a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his home,
And his dear, native land, o'er the ocean to roam ;
Like a sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
He was true Yankee oak, boys, the older he grew,
Tho' his body was weak, and his hands they were soft,
When the signal was given, he was first man aloft,
And the veterans all cried, he'll one day lead the van,
In the heart of a boy was the soul of a man ;
And he lived like a true Yankee Sailor.

When to manhood promoted, and burning for fame,
Still in peace or in war, Harry Bluff was the same,
So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
That the myrtle and laurel entwin'd o'er his grave.
For his country he fell, when, by victory crown'd,
The flag shot away, fell in tatters around,
And the foe thought he'd struck, but he sang out avast !
For Columbia's colors he nail'd to the mast,
And he died like a true Yankee Sailor.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A HERMIT there was, and he lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy he said he had got;
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,
And when I came there, the old hermit said, "well,
Young man, by your looks you want something, I see;
Now tell me the business that brings you to me?"

"The way to be happy, they say you have got,
And, as I want to learn it, I've come to your grot.
Now I beg and entreat, if you have such a plan,
That you'll write it me down, as plain as you can."
Upon which the old hermit went to his pen,
And brought me this note when he came again:

"'Tis being, and doing, and having, that make
All the pleasures and pains of which beings partake;
To be what God pleases,—to do a man's best,
And to have a good heart,—is the way to be blessed."

THE TRIUMPHS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

(REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL. D.)

Now gather all our Saxon bards;
Let harps and hearts be strung,
To celebrate the triumphs
Of our own good Saxon tongue;
For, stronger far than hosts that march
With battle flags unfurl'd,
It goes with Freedom, Thought, and Truth,
To rouse and rule the world.

Stout Albion learns its household lays
On every surf-worn shore,
And Scotland hears it echoing far,
As Orkney's breakers roar:
From Jura's crags and Mona's hills
It floats on every gale,
And warms, with eloquence and song,
The homes of Innisfail.

On many a wide and swarming deck,
It scales the rough wave's crest,
Seeking its peerless heritage,
The fresh and fruitful West :
It climbs New England's forest steeps,
As victor mounts a throne ;
Niagara knows and greets the voice,
Still mightier than his own.

It kindles realms so far apart,
That, while its praise you sing,
These may be clad with Autumn's fruits,
And those with flowers of Spring :
It quickens lands whose meteor lights
Flame in an Arctic sky,
And lands for which the Southern Cross
Hangs its orb'd fires on high.

It goes with all that prophets told,
And righteous kings desir'd,
With all that great apostles taught,
And glorious Greeks admir'd,
With Shakspeare's deep and wondrous verse,
And Milton's loftier mind,
With Alfred's laws, and Newton's lore,
To cheer and bless mankind.

Mark, as it spreads, how deserts bloom,
And error flees away,
As vanishes the mist of night
Before the star of day :
But, grand as are the victories
Whose monuments we see,
These are but as the dawn which speaks
Of noontide yet to be.

Take heed, then, heirs of Saxon fame,
Take heed, nor once disgrace,
With deadly pen, or spoiling sword,
Our noble tongue and race :
Go forth prepar'd, in every clime,

To love and help each other,
And judge that they, who counsel strife,
Would bid you smite—a brother.

Go forth, and jointly speed the time,
By good men pray'd for long,
When Christian States, grown just and wise
Will scorn revenge and wrong ;
When Earth's oppress'd and savage tribes
Shall cease to pine or roam,
All taught to prize these English words,
Faith, Freedom, Heaven, and Home.

THE MEN TO MAKE A STATE.

(GEORGE W. DOANE.)

1. THE men, to make a state, must be intelligent men. I do not mean that they must know that two and two make four; or, that six per cent. a year is half per cent a month. Intelligence takes a wider and higher range. Its study will be man. It will make history its cheap experience. It will read hearts. It will know men. It will first know itself. What else can govern men? Who else can know the men to govern men?

2. The men, to make a state, must be honest men. I do not mean men that would never steal. I do not mean men that would scorn to cheat in making change. I mean men with a single face. I mean men with a single tongue. I mean men that consider always what is right; and do it at whatever cost. I mean men who can dine, like Andrew Marvel, on a neck of mutton; and whom, therefore, no king on earth can buy.

3. The men, to make a state, must be brave men. I do not mean the men that pick a quarrel. I do not mean the men that carry dirks. I do not mean the men that call themselves hard names; as Bouncers, Killers, and the like. I mean the men that walk with open face and unprotected breast. I mean the men that do, but do not talk. I mean the men that dare to stand alone. I mean the men that are to-day where they were yesterday, and

will be there to-morrow. I mean the men that can stand still and take the storm. I mean the men that are afraid to kill, but not afraid to die.

4. The men, to make a state, must be religious men. States are from God. States are dependent upon God. States are accountable to God. To leave God out of states, is to be Atheists. I do not mean that men must cant. I do not mean that men must wear long faces. I do not mean that men must talk of conscience, while they take your spoons. I speak of men who feel and own a God. I speak of men who feel and own their sins. I speak of men who think the Cross no shame. I speak of men who have it in their heart as well as on their brow.

5. The men, to make a state, are made by Faith. There must be faith, which furnishes the fulcrum Archimedes* could not find, for the long lever that should move the world. There must be faith to look through clouds and storms up to the sun that shines as cheerily on high as on creation's morn. There must be faith that can lay hold on Heaven, and let the earth swing from beneath it, if God will. There must be faith that can afford to sink the present in the future; and let time go, in its strong grasp upon eternity. This is the way that men are made, to make a state.

6. The men, to make a state, are made by self-denial. The willow dallies with the water, and is fanned forever by its coolest breeze, and draws its waves up in continual pulses of refreshment and delight; and is a willow, after all. An acorn has been loosened, some autumnal morning, by a squirrel's foot. It finds a nest in some rude cleft of an old granite rock, where there is scarcely earth to cover it. It knows no shelter, and it feels no shade. It squares itself against the storms. It shoulders through the blast. It asks no favor, and gives none. It grapples with the rock. It crowds up toward the sun. It is an oak. It has been seventy years an oak. It will be an oak for seven times seventy years; unless you need a man-of-war to thunder at the foe that shows a flag upon the shore, where freemen dwell: and then you take no willow in its daintiness and gracefulness; but that old, hardy, storm-stayed and storm-

* Archimedes, a celebrated mathematician of antiquity, born on the island of Sicily, about the year 287 before Christ.

strengthened oak. So are the men made that will make a state.

7. The men, to make a state, are themselves made by obedience. Obedience is the health of human hearts: obedience to God; obedience to father and to mother, who are, to children, in the place of God. Obedience is but self-government in action: and he can never govern men who does not govern first himself. Only such men can make a state.

LINES ON A SKELETON.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor Hope, nor Joy, nor Love, nor Fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy,
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained,
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke!
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unvails Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.

But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth or Fame.

Avails it, whether, bare or shod,
These feet the paths of duty trod ?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed ;
If Grandeur's guilty bride they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angels' wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky.

THE CORAL GROVE.

(DR. JAMES G. PERCIVAL.)

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove ;
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.

The floor is of sand like the mountain-drift,
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow ;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow ;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air :

There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter :
There, with a slight and easy motion,
The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea ;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea.

And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the waves his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myraid voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

LAST WORDS OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

(WILLIAM H. SEWARD.)

WHAT means, then, this abrupt and fearful silence? What unlooked-for calamity has quelled the debates of the Senate, and calmed the excitement of the people? An old man, whose tongue once, indeed, was eloquent, but now, through age, had well-nigh lost its cunning, has fallen into the swoon of death. He was not an actor in the drama of conquest, nor had his feeble voice yet mingled in the lofty argument:—

“A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.”

In the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of Conscript Fathers of the Republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a brief space. But it was long enough for him. The re-kindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm, and vigorous. His weeping family, and his sorrowing compeers, were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death, that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him.

But he knew that eternity lay close by the shores of time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "This," said the dying man, "this is the end of earth." He paused for a moment, and then added,—“I am content.” Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene,—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when in mortal agony, One who spake as never man spake, said,—“It is finished!”

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

IN her ear he whispers gaily,
“If my heart by signs can tell,
Maiden I have watch’d thee daily,
And I think thou lov’st me well.”
She replies, in accents fainter,
“There is none I love like thee.”
He is but a landscape-painter,
And a village maiden she.
He to lips that fondly falter,
Presses his without reproof:
Leads her to the village altar,
And they leave her father’s roof.
“I can make no marriage present:
Little can I give my wife.
Love will make our cottage pleasant,
And I love thee more than life.”
They by parks and lodges going
See the lordly castles stand:
Summer woods, about them blowing,
Made a murmur in the land.
From deep thought himself he rouses,
Says to her that loves him well,
“Let us see these handsome houses
Where the wealthy nobles dwell.”
So she goes by him attended,
Hears him lovingly converse,

Sees whatever fair and splendid
Lay betwixt his home and hers ;
Parks with oak and chestnut shady,
Parks and order'd gardens great,
Ancient homes of lord and lady,
Built for pleasure and for state.
All he shows her makes him dearer :
Evermore she seems to gaze
On that cottage growing nearer,
Where they twain will spend their days.
O, but she will love him truly !
He shall have a cheerful home ;
She will order all things duly,
When beneath his roof they come.
Thus her heart rejoices greatly,
Till a gateway she discerns
With armorial bearings stately,
And beneath the gate she turns ;
Sees a mansion more majestic
Than all those she saw before :
Many a gallant gay domestic
Bows before him at the door.
And they speak in gentle murmur,
When they answer to his call,
While he treads with footsteps firmer,
Leading on from hall to hall.
And, while now she wonders blindly
Nor the meaning can divine,
Proudly turns he round and kindly,
"All of this is mine and thine."
Here he lives in state and bounty,
Lord of Burleigh, fair and free,
Not a lord in all the county
Is so great a lord as he.
All at once the color flushes
Her sweet face from brow to chin :
As it were with shame she blushes,
And her spirit changed within.
Then her countenance all over
Pale again as death did prove :
But he clasp'd her like a lover,
And he cheered her soul with love.

So she strove against her weakness,
Tho' at times her spirits sank :
Shaped her heart with woman's meekness
To all duties of her rank :
And a gentle consort made he,
And her gentle mind was such
That she grew a noble lady,
And the people loved her much.
But a trouble weigh'd upon her,
And perplex'd her, night and morn,
With the burthen of an honor
Unto which she was not born.
Faint she grew, and ever fainter,
As she murmur'd, " Oh, that he
Were once more that landscape-painter,
Which did win my heart from me !"
So she droop'd and droop'd before him,
Fading slowly from his side :
Three fair children first she bore him,
Then, before her time, she died.
Weeping, weeping late and early,
Walking up and pacing down,
Deeply mourn'd the Lord of Burleigh,
Burleigh-house by Stamford-town.
And he came to look upon her,
And he look'd at her and said,
" Bring the dress and put it on her,
That she wore when she was wed."
Then her people, softly treading,
Bore to earth her body, drest
In the dress that she was wed in,
That her spirit might have rest.

THE LIFE BOAT.

MAN the life boat ! man the life boat !
Help ! or yon ship is lost !
Man the life boat ! man the life boat !
See ! how she's tempest toss'd !
No human pow'r in such an hour,
The gallant bark can save ;

Her mainmast gone and hurrying on
She seeks her wat'ry grave!
Man the life boat, man the life boat,
See, the dreaded signal flies;
Ah! she's struck, and from the rock,
Despairing shouts arise.

And one there stands and wrings his hands,
Amidst the tempest wild;
For on the beach he cannot reach,
He sees his wife and child;
Life saving ark, yon doomed bark,
Immortal souls doth bear,
Nor gems, nor gold, nor wealth untold,
But men, brave men are there.
Man the life boat, man the life boat,
See, the dreaded signal flies:
Ah! she's struck, and from the rock,
Despairing shouts arise.

Oh! speed the life boat! speed the life boat!
Oh God! their efforts crown.
She dashes on, the ship is gone
Full forty fathoms down.
Ah see! the crew are strug'ling now
Amidst the billows' roar.
They're in the boat! they're all afloat!
Hurrah! they have gained the shore.
Bless the life boat! bless the life boat!
Oh God! thou'st heard our prayer,
Bless the life boat! bless the life boat
No longer we'll despair.

HOME.

(MONTGOMERY.)

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;

A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
Art thou a man ?—a patriot ?—look around ;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home !

BEAUTIFUL TALES.

(HENRY HARBAUGH.)

HAVE you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow-white bird of the lake ?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake ;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then, in the soft, still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
It sings as it soars into heaven.
And the blessed notes fall back from the skies ;
'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard this tale ; shall I tell you one,
A greater and better than all ?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore ;
Before whom the hosts of them fall ?
How he left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the cross,
And die for the life of his foes ?
O prince of the noble ! O sufferer divine !
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine !

Have you heard this tale,—the best of them all,—
The tale of the Holy and True ?
He dies, but his life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
As the stars fill the sky above ;
He taught us to yield up the love of life,
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, his loss is our gain,—
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others do give up your all ;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow,
Into earth's dark bosom must fall,—
Must pass from the view, and die away,
And then will the fruit appear ;
The grain, that seems lost in the earth below,
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain ;
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.

(DOUGLAS JERROLD.)

Now, Mr. Caudle,—Mr. Caudle, I say : oh ! you can't be asleep already, I know. Now, what I mean to say is this : there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance

about the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle; I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow morning I quit the house. No, no! There's an end of the marriage state, I think,—and end of all confidence between man and wife,—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em. Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul: tell me, what's it all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still,—not that I care much about it,—still, I should like to know. There's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it; I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle, just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

And you're not going to let me know the secret, eh? You mean to say—you're not? Now, Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion,—not that I care about the secret itself; no, I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about; it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason,—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha! you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have all the best of them to yourselves; otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason,—when he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart, a secret place in his mind, that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage.

Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is: it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me,—you'll tell your own Margaret? You won't? You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

(ALICE CARY.)

THE prairie stretched as smooth as a floor,
As far as the eye could see,
And the settler sat at his cabin door,
With his little girl on his knee ;
Striving her letters to repeat,
And pulling her apron over her feet.

His face was wrinkled but not old,
For he bore an upright form,
And his shirt sleeves back to the elbow rolled
They showed a brawny arm.
And near in the grass with toes upturned,
Was a pair of old shoes, cracked and burned.

A dog with his head betwixt his paws,
Lay lazily dozing near,
Now and then snapping his tar black jaws
At the fly that buzzed in his ear ;
And near was the cow-pen, made of rails,
And a bench that held two milking pails.

In the open door an ox-yoke lay,
The mother's odd redoubt,
To keep the little one, at her play
On the floor, from falling out ;
While she swept the hearth with a turkey wing,
And filled her tea-kettle at the spring.

The little girl on her father's knee,
With eyes so bright and blue,
From A, B, C, to X, Y, Z,
Had said her lesson through ;
When a wind came over the prairie land,
And caught the primer out of her hand.

The watch dog whined, the cattle lowed
And tossed their horns about,
The air grew gray as if it snowed,
"There will be a storm, no doubt,"

So to himself the settler said;
"But, father, why is the sky so red?"

The little girl slid off his knee,
And all of a tremble stood;
"Good wife," he cried, "come out and see,
The skies are as red as blood."
"God save us!" cried the settler's wife,
"The prairie's a-fire, we must run for life!"

She caught the baby up, "Come,
Are ye mad? to your heels, my man;"
He followed, terror-stricken, dumb,
And so they ran and ran.
Close upon them was the snort and swing
Of buffaloes madly galloping.

The wild wind, like a sower, sows
The ground with sparkles red;
And the flapping wings of the bats and crows,
And the ashes overhead,
And the bellowing deer, and the hissing snake,
What a swirl of terrible sounds they make.

No gleam of the river water yet,
And the flames leap on and on,
A crash and a fiercer whirl and jet,
And the settler's house is gone.
The air grows hot; "this fluttering curl
Would burn like flax," said the little girl.

And as the smoke against her drifts,
And the lizard slips close by her,
She tells how the little cow uplifts
Her speckled face from the fire;
For she cannot be hindered from looking back
At the fiery dragon on their track.

They hear the crackling grass and sedge,
The flames as they whirl and rave,
On, on! they are close to the water's edge,—
They are breast-deep in the wave;
And lifting their little one high o'er the tide,
"We are saved, thank God, we are saved!" they cried.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

(HORACE SMITH.)

IN Broad-street buildings (on a winter night),
Snug by his parlor fire, a gouty wight
Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
His feet, rolled up in fleecy hose,
With t'other he'd beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing,
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops ;
When lo ! a decent personage in black,
Entered and most politely said—
“ Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by ;
And thought it neighborly to give you notice.”
“ Ten thousand thanks ! ” the gouty man replied ;
“ You see, good sir, how to my chair I'm tied ;—
“ Ten thousand thanks ; how very few do get,
In time of danger,
Such kind attentions from a stranger !
Assuredly, that fellow's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate ;
He knows, too, (the unconscious elf,)
That there's no soul at home except myself.”
“ Indeed,” replied the stranger (looking grave,)
“ Then he's a double knave ;
He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors ;
And see, how easily might one
Of these domestic foes,
Even beneath your very nose,
Perform his knavish tricks :
Enter your room as I have done,
Blow out your candles—thus—and thus—
Pocket your silver candlesticks :
And—walk off—thus”—

So said, so done ; he made no more remark,
Nor waited for replies,
But marched off with his prize,
Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

(PHILO H. CHILD.)

ALONE, in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I've wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head ;
Oh ! why does the wind blow upon me so wild ?
Is it because I'm nobody's child ?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright ;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are carolling songs in rapture there.
I wonder, if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat.

Oh ! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town ?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavements alone to die ?
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed.
No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's child !

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me ; e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them ; 'tis wondrous to see,
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me !

Perhaps 'tis a dream ; but, sometimes, when I lie,
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar.

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings ;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird
The sweetest voice that ever was heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame ;

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary night,
I'm going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so wild—
I am sure I shall then be somebody's child.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A COUNSEL in the "Common Pleas,"
Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit,
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes,
In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
Ridiculing and maltreating
Women, or other timid folks ;
In a late cause, resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
Appeared expressly meant by fate
For being quizzed and played upon.

So having tipped the wink to those
In the back rows,

Who kept their laughter bottled down,
Until our wag should draw the cork—
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

“Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?”

“Why—not, sir, as they do wi’ you;
But on four legs instead of two.”

“Officer,” cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,

“Do, pray keep silence down below there!
Now look at me, clown, and attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?”

“Yees, very like, I often go there.”

“Our rustic’s waggish—quite laconic,”
(The counsel cried, with grin sardonic),

“I wish I’d known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I

On circuit was at York residing.
Now, farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you’re on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?”

“Why no, sir, no! we’ve got our share,
But not so many as when you were there.”

THE SOLDIER’S DREAM.

(THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn :
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

DEACON STOKES.

(THOMAS QUILP.)

THERE once lived one Asa Stokes,
One of those men whom everything provokes,
A surly-tempered, evil-minded, bearish,
Ill-natured kind of being ;
He was the deacon of the parish,
And had the overseeing
Of some small matters, such as the ringing
Of the church-bell, and took the lead in singing.

There was a chap about there named Ezekiel,
A clever, good-for-nothing fellow,
Who very often used to get quite mellow ;
Of whom the Deacon always used to speak ill ;
For he was fond of cracking jokes
On Deacon Stokes, to show on
What terms he stood among the women folks, and so on.

One night Ezekiel
Brought up at a post before the Deacon's mansion.
With one arm around the post, awhile he stood
In thoughtful mood, with one eye turned
Up toward the window where, with feeble glare,
A candle burned ;
Then with a serious face, and a grave, mysterious
Shake of the head, Ezekiel said—
(His right eye once more thrown upon the beacon
That from the window shone,) "I'll start the Deacon!"

Rap, rap, rap, rap, went Deacon Stokes's knocker.
But no one stirred ; rap, rap, it went again ;
"By George, it must be after ten, or
They must take an early hour for turning in,"
Rap, rap, rap, rap—"My conscience, how they keep
A fellow waiting—Patience, how they sleep!"

The Deacon then began to be alarmed,
And in amazement threw up the casement ;
And with cap on head, of fiery red,
Demanded what the cause was of the riot,
That thus disturbed his quiet.

"Quite cool this evening, Deacon Stokes," replied
The voice below. "Well, sir, what is the matter ?
"Quite chilly, Deacon ; how your teeth do chatter !"
"You vagabond, a pretty time you've chosen
To show your wit ; for I am almost frozen ;
Be off, or I will put the lash on !"
"Why bless you, Deacon, don't be in a passion !"
'Twas all in vain to speak again,
For with the Deacon's threat about the lash,
Down went the sash.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, the knocker went again,
And neither of them was a very light rap ;
Thump, thump, against the door went Ezekiel's cane,
And that once more brought Deacon Stokes's night-cap.

"Very cold weather, Deacon Stokes, to-night !"
"Begone, you vile, insolent dog, or I'll
Give you a warming, that shall serve you right ;

You villain, it is time to end the hoax !”

“ Why bless your soul and body, Deacon Stokes,
Don’t be so cross when I’ve come here, in this severe
Night, which is cold enough to kill a horse,
For your advice upon a very difficult and nice
Question. Now, bless you, do make haste and dress you.”

“ Well, well, out with it, if it must be so ;
Be quick about it, I’m very cold.”

“ Well, Deacon, I don’t doubt it,
In a few words the matter can be told.
Deacon, the case is this ; I want to know
If this cold weather lasts all summer here—
What time will green peas come along next year ? ”

GINEVRA.

(ROGERS.)

SHE was an only child ; her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father,
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue,
But now the day was come, the day, the hour ;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundreth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum ;
And, in the luster of her youth, she gave
Her hand with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy ; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
“ ’Tis but to make a trial of our love ! ”
And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread,
’Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;

Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and t'was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
“Why not remove it from its lurking place?”
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
“Ginevra.” There then had she found a grave;
Within that chest she had concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

ADAM AND EVE.

(MILTON.)

Two forms of noble shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honor clad
In naked majesty seemed lords of all:
And worthy seemed; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed),
Whence true authority in men; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;

For contemplation he and valor formed ;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him :
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad ;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met ;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.

A SUMMER EVENING.

(DR. ISAAC WATTS.)

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain !
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way :
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.

ONE HUNDREDTH PSALM.

(WATTS.)

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name !

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise :
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

THE DUTY OF MAN TO BE CONTENT WITH THE
RANK WHICH HE HOLDS IN CREATION.

(POPE.)

FROM Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
Breathes in our souls, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all !

Cease then, nor order imperfection name ;
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit—in this or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear ;
Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see ;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good :
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is is right.

THE HERMIT AND THE ANGEL.

(PARNELL.)

SCARCE had the hermit's angry speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man !
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet ;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
Celestial odors breathe through purpled air ;
And wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;

Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,
And in a calm, his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of Music ravished as he spoke);—
“Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky :
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world he made ;
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends :
’T is thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high ;
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew ;
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.
The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
“Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done !”
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE FLEA POWDER.

A FRENCHMAN once,—so runs a certain ditty,—
Had crossed the Straits to London city,
To get a living by the arts of France,
And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull, to dance.
But, lacking pupils, vain was all his skill ;
His fortune sank from low to lower still ;
Until, at last,—pathetic to relate,—
Poor Monsieur landed at starvation’s gate.

Standing, one day, beside a cook-shop door,
And gazing in, with aggravation sore,
He mused within himself what he should do
To fill his empty maw, and pocket too.
By nature shrewd, he soon contrived a plan,
And thus to execute it straight began :
A piece of common brick he quickly found,
And with a harder stone to powder ground,
Then wrapped the dust in many a dainty piece
Of paper, labelled "Poison for de Fleas,"
And sallied forth, his roguish trick to try,
To show his treasures, and to see who'd buy.
From street to street he cried, with lusty yell,
"Here's grand and sovereign flea poudare to sell!"
And fickle Fortune seemed to smile at last,
For soon a woman hailed him as he passed,
Struck a quick bargain with him for the lot,
And made him five crowns richer on the spot.
Our wight, encouraged by this ready sale,
Went into business on a larger scale ;
And soon, throughout all London, scattered he
The "only genuine poudare for de flea."
Engaged, one morning, in his new vocation
Of mingled boasting and dissimulation,
He thought he heard himself in anger called ;
And, sure enough, the self-same woman bawled,—
In not a mild or very tender mood,—
From the same window where before she stood.
"Hey, there," said she, "you Monsher Powder-man!
Escape my clutches now, sir, if you can ;
I'll let you dirty, thieving Frenchmen know
That decent people won't be cheated so."
Then spoke Monsieur, and heaved a saintly sigh,
With humble attitude and tearful eye ;—
"Ah, Madame! s'le vous plait, attendez vous,—
I vill dis leetle ting explain to you :
My poudare gran! magnifique! why abuse him?
Aha! I show you how to use him ;
First, you must wait until you catch de flea ;
Den, tickle he on de petite rib, you see ;
And when he laugh,—aha! he ope his throat ;
Den poke de poudare down!—Begar! he choke."

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE PORTER.

(G. R. PLANCHE.)

At Trin. Col. Cam.—which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College, Cambridge,—there resided
One Harry Dashington,—a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education.

That is, he understood computing
The odds at any race or match;
Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting;
Could kick up rows, knock down the watch,
Play truant and the rake at random,
Drink, tie cravats, drive a tandem.

Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
So far from working reformation,
Seemed but to make his lapses greater;
Till he was warned that next offence
Would have this certain consequence—
Expulsion from his Alma Mater.
One need not to be a necromancer
To guess, that, with so wild a wight,
The next offence occurred next night;
When our incurable came rolling
Home, as the midnight chimes were tolling,
And rang the college bell :—no answer.

The second peal was vain ; the third
Made the street echo its alarum ;
When, to his great delight, he heard
The sordid janitor, old Ben,
Rousing and growling in his den :
“ Who’s there ?—I s’pose young Harum-scarum.”
“ ’Tis I, my worthy Ben,—’tis Harry.”
“ Ay, so I thought,—and there you’ll tarry ;
’Tis past the hour,—the gates are closed,—

You know my orders,—I shall lose
My place, if I undo the door.”
“And I,” young Hopeful interposed,
“Shall be expelled, if you refuse,
So prythee”—Ben began to snore.

“I’m wet,” cried Harry, “to the skin ;
Hip ! hallo ! Ben, don’t be a ninny ;
Beneath the gate I’ve thrust a guinea,
So tumble out and let me in.”

“Humph !” growled the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoyed and half in dudgeon ;
“Now you may pass, but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate.”
“Look on the stones, old Cerberus,”
Cried Harry, as he passed the gate,
“I’ve dropped a shilling,—take the light,
You’ll find it just outside,—good night.”

Behold the porter in his shirt,
Dripping with rain that never stopped,
Groping and raking in the dirt,
And all without success ; but that
Is hardly to be wondered at,
Because no shilling had been dropped ;
So he gave o’er the search at last,
Regained the door, and found it fast.

With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans,
He rang once,—twice,—and thrice ; and then,
Mingled with giggling, heard the tones
Of Harry, mimicking old Ben ;
“Who’s there ? ’Tis really a disgrace
To ring so loud,—I’ve locked the gate,
I know my duty ; ’tis too late,—
You wouldn’t have me lose my place ? ”

“Psha ! Mr. Dashington ; remember
This is the middle of November ;
I’m stripped ; ’tis raining cats and dogs”—
“Hush, hush !” quoth Hal, “I’m fast asleep ;
And then he snored as loud and deep

As a whole company of hogs.

"But, hark ye, Ben, I'll grant admittance
At the same rate I paid myself."

"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"
Replied the avaricious elf.

"No,—all or none,—a full acquittance;
The terms, I know, are somewhat high;
But you have fixed the price, not I;
I won't take less; I can't afford it."

So, finding all his haggling vain,
Ben, with an oath and groan of pain,
Drew out the guinea, and restored it.

"Surely you'll give me," growled the outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,

"Something, now you've done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking."

"Oh, surely, surely," Harry said;

"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half drowned, and quite undressed,
I'll give you," said the generous fellow,—
Free, as most people are when mellow,—

"I'll give you—leave to go to bed."

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

(FATHER PROUT.)

WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork of thee,—

With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine ;
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate ;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican ;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame ;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.
Oh ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow ;
While on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there's an anthem
More dear to me ;
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sounds so grand, on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

(ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.)

It is a place where poets crown'd
May feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints
May weep amid their praying—
Yet let the grief and humbleness,
As low as silence languish ;
Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets ! from a maniac's tongue
Was pour'd the deathless singing !
O Christians ! at your cross of hope
A hopeless hand was clinging !
O men ! this man in brotherhood,
Your weary paths beguiling,
Groan'd inly while he taught you peace,
And died while ye were smiling.

And now, what time ye all may read
Through dimming tears his story—
How discord on the music fell,
And darkness on the glory—
And how, when, one by one, sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face,
Because so broken-hearted.

He shall be strong to sanctify
The poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down
In meeker adoration ;
Nor ever shall he be in praise
By wise or good forsaken ;
Named softly as the household name
Of one whom God hath taken !

With sadness that is calm, not gloom,
I learn to think upon him ;
With meekness that is gratefulness,
On God, whose heaven hath won him.
Who suffered once the madness-cloud
Towards his love to blind him ;
But gently led the blind along,
Where beast and bird could find him ;

And wrought within his shatter'd brain
Such quick poetic senses,
As hills have language for, and stars
Harmonious influences !
The pulse of dew upon the grass
His own did calmly number ;
And silent shadow from the trees
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint,
From falsehood's chill removing,
Its women and its men became
Beside him true and loving !
And timid hares were drawn from wood
To share his home-caresses,
Uplooking to his human eyes,
With sylvan tendernesses.

But while in darkness he remain'd,
Unconscious of the guiding,
And things provided came without
The sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth,
Though frenzy desolated—
Nor man nor nature satisfy
Whom only God created.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

(J. T. ALLINGHAM.)

Old Fickle. WHAT reputation, what honor, what profit can accrue to you from such conduct as yours? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

Tristram Fickle. I am clear out of that scrape now, Sir.

Old F. Then, from a fiddler, you are metamorphosed into a philosopher; and, for the noise of drums, trumpets and hautboys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, Sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle down to the puzzlers of modern date.

Old F. How much had I to pay the cooper, the other day, for barrelling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

Tri. You should not have paid him anything, Sir; for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

Old F. No jesting, Sir! this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

Tri. And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

Old F. Don't tell me of versatility, Sir: Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to anything but extravagance.

Tri. Yes, Sir,—one thing more.

Old F. What is that, Sir?

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and, from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

Old F. Well said, my boy,—well said! You make me happy, indeed! [*Patting him on the shoulder.*] Now, then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law—

Old F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

Old F. No!

Tri. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

Old F. Better and better! I am overjoyed. Why, 'tis the very thing I wished. Now I am happy! [*Tristram makes gestures as if speaking.*] See how his mind is engaged!

Tri. Gentlemen of the Jury—

Old F. Why, Tristram!

Tri. This is a cause—

Old F. O, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks. I see something about you now that I can depend on. [*Tristram continues making gestures.*]

Tri. I am for the plaintiff in this cause—

Old F. Bravo! bravo! Excellent boy! I'll go and order your books, directly!

Tri. 'Tis done, Sir.

Old F. What, already!

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books, when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

Old F. What, do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, Sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

Old F. Twelve square feet of learning! Well—

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber—

Old F. A barber! What, is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one-half of my head, Sir.

Old F. You will excuse me if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law.

Tri. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, Sir, the Athenian orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

Old F. Ah, he was perfectly right to lock himself up, after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awaking the dormant patriotism of his countrymen,—lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice; he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force; the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks; he denounces, and indignation fills the bosom of his hearers; he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin; he threatens the tyrant,—they grasp their swords; he calls for vengeance,—their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry! One soul animates a nation, and that soul is the soul of the orator!

Old F. O, what a figure he will make on the King's Bench! But, come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how happily this determination of yours will further it. You have [*Tristram makes extravagant gestures, as if speaking*] often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barrister—

Tri. Who is against me in this cause—

Old F. He is a most learned lawyer—

Tri. But, as I have justice on my side—

Old F. Zounds! he doesn't hear a word I say! Why, Tristram!

Tri. I beg your pardon, Sir; I was prosecuting my studies.

Old F. Now, attend—

Tri. As my learned friend observes—Go on, Sir; I am all attention.

Old F. Well, my friend the counsellor—

Tri. Say learned friend, if you please, Sir. We gentlemen of the law always—

Old F. Well, well,—my learned friend—

Tri. A black patch!

Old F. Will you listen, and be silent?

Tri. I am as mute as a judge.

Old F. My friend, I say, has a ward who is very handsome, and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you a charming wife.

Tri. This is an action—

Old F. Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce you to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and his gravity—

Tri. Might be plaintiff and defendant.

Old F. But now you are grown serious and steady, and have-resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you together; you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows, of course.

Tri. A verdict in my favor.

Old F. You marry and sit down, happy for life.

Tri. In the King's Bench.

Old F. Bravo! Ha, ha, ha! But now run to your study—run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I'll go and call upon the counsellor.

Tri. I remove by *habeas corpus*.

Old F. Pray have the goodness to make haste, then.
[*Hurrying him off.*]

Tri. Gentlemen of the Jury, this is a cause—[*Exit.*]

Old F. The inimitable boy! I am now the happiest father living. What genius he has! He'll be lord chancellor, one day or other, I dare be sworn. I am sure he has talents! O, how I long to see him at the bar!

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

(H. W. LONGFELLOW.)

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend—"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch

Of the North-Church tower, as a signal-light—
One if by land, and two if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said good-night, and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge, black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack-door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up to the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the light ladder, slender and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the quiet town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,

Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and sombre, and still.

And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village-street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies fearless and fleet :
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame by its heat.

It was twelve by the village-clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town,
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village-clock,
When he rode into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.
It was two by the village-clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,

And felt the breath of the morning-breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again,
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear—
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beat of that steed,
And the midnight-message of Paul Revere.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me,

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill;
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

GOD.

(FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DERZHAVINE.)

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
 Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
 Thou only God! there is no God beside!
 Being above all beings! Mighty One!
 Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with thyself alone:
 Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
 Being whom we call God—and know no more!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
 Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death!
 As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;
 And as the spangles in the sunny rays
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise.

A million torches lighted by thy hand
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
 They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—

A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?—
But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am *I*, then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness—is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am *I*, then?—Naught!

Naught!—But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught!—but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward thy presence; for in thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell: aspiring high,
Even to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God, and surely thou must be!

Thou art!—directing, guiding all—thou art!
Direct my understanding then to thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth—
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good!
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

COURAGE.

(BARRY CORNWALL.)

COURAGE!—Nothing can withstand
Long a wronged, undaunted land,
If the hearts within her be
True unto themselves and thee
Thou freed giant, Liberty !
O, no mountain-nymph art thou
When the helm is on thy brow,
And the sword is in thy hand,
Fighting for thy own good land.

Courage !—Nothing e'er withstood
Freemen fighting for their good,
Armed with all their father's fame,
They will win and wear a name,
That shall go to endless glory,
Like the Gods of old Greek story,
Raised to Heaven and heavenly worth
For the good they gave to earth.

Courage !—There is none so poor
(None of all who wrong endure),
None so humble, none so weak,
But may flush his father's cheek,
And his maiden's dear and true,
With the deeds that he may do.
Be his days as dark as night,
He may make himself a light.
What though sunken be his sun ?
There are stars when day is done !

Courage !—Who will be a slave,
That hath strength to dig a grave,
And therein his fetters hide,
And lay a tyrant by his side ?
Courage !—Hope, howe'er he fly,
For a time, can never die !
Courage, therefore, brother men !
Courage ! To the fight again !

THE PASSAGE.

(UHLAND. TRANSLATED BY MISS AUSTEN.)

MANY a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave,
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river,

Then, in this same boat, beside,
Sat two comrades old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in science wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

So, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends who closed their course before me.

Yet what binds us, friend to friend
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore—
Let us walk in soul once more!

Take, O boatman, twice thy fee!—
Take,—I give it willingly—
For, invisibly to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

AGAINST EMPLOYING INDIANS IN WAR.

(EARL OF CHATHAM.)

WHO is the man that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of our army, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the sav-

age?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman savage of the woods; to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights; and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment; but, atrocious as they are, they have found a defender in this House. "It is perfectly justifiable," says a noble Lord, "to use all the means that God and Nature put into our hands." I am astonished, shocked, to hear such principles confessed,—to hear them avowed in this House, or even in this country;—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian! My Lords, I did not intend to have trespassed again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled by every duty to proclaim it. As members of this House, as men, as Christians, we are called upon to protest against the barbarous proposition. "That God and Nature put into our hands!" What ideas that noble Lord may entertain of God and Nature, I know not; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and to humanity. What! attribute the sacred sanction of God and Nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife,—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, revealed or natural; every sentiment of honor, every generous feeling of humanity.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand most decisive indignation! I call upon that Right Reverend Bench, those holy ministers of the Gospel, and pious pastors of our Church; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and to vindicate the religion of their God! I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned Bench, to defend and support the justice of their country! I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sancity of their lawn; upon the judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution! I call upon the honor of your Lordships to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own! I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character! I invoke the genius of the Constitution! From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the

immortal ancestor of the noble Lord frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country! In vain did he lead your victorious fleets against the boasted Armada of Spain,—in vain did he defend and establish the honor, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant Religion of his country,—if these more than Popish cruelties and Inquisitorial practices are let loose amongst us! Turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman and child? Send forth the infidel savage? Against whom? Against your Protestant brethren! To lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war! Spain armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of America; and we improve on the inhuman example of even Spanish cruelty;—we turn loose these savage hell-hounds against our brethren and countrymen in America, of the same language, laws, liberties, and religion,—endeared to us by every tie that should sanctify humanity!

My Lords, this awful subject, so important to our honor, our Constitution, and our religion, demands the most solemn and effectual inquiry. And I again call upon your Lordships, and the united powers of the State, to examine it thoroughly and decisively, and to stamp upon it an indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. And I again implore those holy prelates of our religion to do away those iniquities from among us. Let them perform a lustration; let them purify this House and this country from this sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and my indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, or have reposed my head on my pillow, without giving this vent to my eternal abhorrence of such preposterous and enormous principles.

IRISH ALIENS AND ENGLISH VICTORIES.

(SHIEL.)

THE Duke of Wellington is not a man of an excitable temperament. His mind is of a cast too martial to be

easily moved; but, notwithstanding his habitual inflexibility, I cannot help thinking that, when he heard his Roman Catholic countrymen (for we are his countrymen) called aliens in race, aliens in country, and aliens in religion,—I cannot help thinking that he ought to have recollected the many fields of fight in which we have been contributors to his renown. “The battles, sieges, fortunes that he has passed,” ought to have come back upon him. He ought to have remembered that, from the earliest achievement in which he displayed that military genius which has placed him foremost in the annals of modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable,—from Assaye to Waterloo,—the Irish soldiers, with whom your armies are filled, were the inseparable auxiliaries to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiéra through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of war before? What desperate valor climbed the steeps and filled the moats at Badajos? All his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory,—Vimiéra, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuéra, Toulouse, and, last of all, the greatest—Waterloo. Tell me,—for you were there,—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (Sir Henry Hardinge), from whose opinions I differ, but who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast;—tell me,—for you must needs remember,—on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers, when the artillery of France was levelled with a precision of the most deadly science,—when her legions, incited by the voice and inspired by the example of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the onset,—tell me if, for an instant, when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost, the “aliens” blenched? And when, at length, the moment for the last and decided movement had arrived, and the valor which had so long been wisely checked was, at last, let loose,—when, with words familiar but immortal, the great captain commanded the great assault,—tell me if Catholic Ireland with less heroic valor than the natives of this your own glorious country precipitated herself upon the foe? The blood of England, Scotland, and of Ireland, flowed in the same stream, and drenched the same field. When the chill morning dawned,

their dead lay cold and stark together;—in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green corn of spring is now breaking from their commingled dust; the dew falls from Heaven upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not be permitted to participate; and shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?

REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

(LORD THURLOW.)

Edward Thurlow, who rose to be Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, was born in 1732, and died in 1806. Butler, in his "Reminiscences," says: "It was my good fortune to hear his celebrated reply to the Duke of Grafton, who reproached Lord Thurlow with his plebeian extraction, and his recent admission into the peerage. His Lordship had spoken too often, and began to be heard with a civil but visible impatience; and, under these circumstances, he was attacked in the manner we have mentioned. Lord Thurlow rose from the woolsack, and advanced slowly to the place from which the Chancellor generally addresses the House of Lords, and then, fixing on the Duke the look of Jove when he has grasped the thunder, he said, (in a level tone of voice,) 'I am amazed at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me.' Then raising his voice,—'Yes, my Lords, I am amazed,' &c."

I AM amazed at the attack which the noble Duke has made on me. Yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble Peer who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable to owe it to these, as to being an accident of an accident? To all these noble Lords the language of the noble Duke is as applicable and insulting, as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone.

No one venerates the Peerage more than I do; but, my Lords, I must say that the Peerage solicited me,—not I the Peerage. Nay, more,—I can say, and will say, that as a Peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honorable House, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his

Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England, —nay, even in that character alone in which the noble Duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny me,—as a man,—I am, at this moment as respectable,—I beg leave to add, I am as much respected,—as the proudest Peer I now look down upon !

THE LOVED AND LOST.

“THE loved and lost !” Why do we call them lost ?
Because we miss them from our onward road.
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,
Looked on us all, and, loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell ;

When lo ! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near, and looked upon the suffering twain ;
Then, pitying, spake, “Give me the little lad ;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again.”

Did she make answer, selfishly and wrong,
“Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share ?”
Or, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care !

We will do likewise ; Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust ;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust.

It bids us do the work that they laid down,—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying, till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE BERLIN LAND- STURM.*

(KORNER.)

FATHER of earth and heaven! I call thy name!
Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
Father, sustain an untried soldier's soul.
Of life, or death, whatever be the goal
That crowns or closes round this struggling hour,
Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
One deeper prayer, 'twas that no cloud might lower
On my young fame!—O hear! God of eternal power!

God! thou art merciful.—The wintry storm,
The cloud that pours the thunder from its womb,
But show the sterner grandeur of thy form;
The lightnings, glancing through the midnight gloom,
To Faith's raised eye as calm, as lovely come,
As splendors of the autumnal evening star,
As roses shaken by the breeze's plume,
When like cool incense comes the dewy air,
And on the golden wave the sunset burns afar.

God! thou art mighty!—At thy footstool bound,
Lie gazing to thee, Chance, and Life, and Death;
Nor in the angel-circle flaming round,
Nor in the million worlds that blaze beneath,
Is one that can withstand thy wrath's hot breath.
Woe in thy frown—in thy smile victory!
Hear my last prayer!—I ask no mortal wreath;
Let but these eyes my rescued country see,
Then take my spirit, All Omnipotent, to thee.

* The Landsturm (German) is the military force of the country as distinguished from the regular standing army:—the whole mass of the undisciplined militia, called out in some sudden exigency of the state.

Now for the fight—now for the cannon-peal—
 Forward—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!
 Glorious the shout, the shock, the crash of steel,
 The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire;
 They shake—like broken waves their squares retire—
 On them, hussars!—Now give them rein and heel;
 Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire:—
 Earth cries for blood—in thunder on them wheel!
 This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

HEAVEN.

(MRS. SOPHIE HOLMES.)

Is it where the spiral stairway,
 Set with gems, leads up the blue?
 Are the gleams that pierce the ether
 Eyes of angels looking through?
 Is that great white road that stretches,
 Paved with stars, across the skies,
 The way,—beyond poor mortal reaches,—
 That the ransomed spirit flies?

In that land of wondrous glory
 Undivined by human sight?
 Like Creation's mystic story
 Hieroglyphed on scroll of Night?
 Ah! not so; faint heart, despair not,
 Heaven is very near to you;
 Though thy burden weighs, yet fear not,
 With the Father's house in view.

For without the prophet's vision,
 The mysterious lines to read,
 That God, for man's blest intuition,
 Writes in every guileless deed,
 Ye may see,—if not foul-fettered
 By the blinding bands of sin,—
 Thy soul's wall sublimely lettered,
 "Heaven's kingdom is within!"

If within be peace and gladness,—
Love for all things, great and small,—
Pity, nigh akin to sadness,
For an erring brother's fall,—
For enemies a meek prayer, rather
Than revenge's fiendish due,
Lowly breathed, "Forgive them, Father,
For they know not what they do!"—

Humility, when wreath of laurel
Crowns thee conqueror, in a field
Where self stood trembling in the quarrel,
Urging thee to dastard yield;
But martyr firmness, when thy spirit
At life's fiery stake is tried,
Though no palm awards the merit
That has stemmed the raging tide ;—

And, withal, a hopeful nature,
Sifting out the grain of good,
The one redeeming better feature,
Found in every evil brood,—
Feeding Hate and Falsehood only
With the sweet fruit of the true,—
Loving, though unloved and lonely,—
Say, can Heaven be far from you ?

Ah ! nearer, nearer for the crosses
That have strewn thy way of life ;
Nearer for the hallowing losses ;
Nearer for the conquered strife ;
Nearer for the wise ordeal
That leads thee rough-shod o'er the stone,
Till thou canst bravely bear the real ;
And trusting say, "Thy will be done!"

Never upward look for Heaven,
If no Heaven's begun below ;
Never onward look for Heaven,
For you pass it as you go ;
Never outward look for Heaven,—
Outward lies the slough of sin,
The old corrupt, fermenting leaven,—
Look for Heaven alone within.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,—
Ring happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of paltry strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out the shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-
YARD.

(THOMAS GRAY.)

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,—
“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

“There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the ’customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favorite tree ;
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

“The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne ;
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to Misery all he had,—a tear,
He gained from Heaven (’twas all he wished), a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE POWER OF HEROIC EXAMPLE.

(R. S. STORRS, JR.)

ALMOST five centuries ago, under the tumbling walls of Sempach, where Leopold stood with 4,000 Austrians to

crush the 1400 Swiss who dared to confront him, when again and again each rush of the mountaineers had failed to break the line of pikemen, and the liberties of the cantons seemed reeling into hopeless ruin, with sublimest self-sacrifice, one, springing upon the foe with wide-spread arms, gathered into his breast a sheaf of spears, and made a way above his body for that triumphant valor which pierced and broke the horrid ranks, and set a new and bloody seal to the rightful autonomy of the mountain republics. And till Mont Blanc ceases to greet with earliest smiles the purpling dawn, and till the Rhone runs back to flood its glacial source—the hardy Switzer will not forget the daring deed and magic name of Arnold Winkelried!

More than half way from our day to the flood,—before Herodotus read his history, before Nehemiah rebuilt Jerusalem, before Cincinnatus was dictator at Rome,—under the shadow of Mount Ceta, upon the road from Thessaly south towards Athens and towards Argos, a thousand men, Spartans and Thespians, fell, to a man, unwilling to retreat before the invader.

The stone lion that afterwards stood there was not only the emblem of what they were, but of what they made all Greece to be. Of that stern valor the stranger did “tell,” according to the inscriptions, not alone the “Lacedemonians,” but all the world, that they “lay there obeying their laws.”

There is a contagion in such examples that smites the souls of generous men.

The cavalry charge at Balaklava—it may have been in its origin a mistake; but the impetuous rush to death of those six hundred across the flood of sheeted flame that Russian batteries poured upon them, will not pass, in its great influence, from English history, till the fast-anchored isle has been scuttled and sunk. The palace is richer, and the cottage is comelier in the light of the fact.

Such examples as these become great powers in civilization. History hurries from the drier details, and is touched with enthusiasm as she draws near to them. Eloquence delights to rehearse and impress them. The songs of a nation repeat their story, and make their triumph sound again through the silver cymbals of speech. Legends prolong and art commemorates them. Language itself takes

new images from them; and words that are themselves "half-battles," are suddenly born at their recital. The very household life is exalted; and the humblest man feels his position higher, and expresses his sense of it in a more dauntless bearing, as he sees that heroism still lives in the world; that men of his own race and stuff, perhaps of his own neighborhood even, have faced so calmly such vast perils. Better than new Californias every year are such examples to a nation that would be noble! Its very language and life must be lost before their force shall have ceased to inspire it.

THE HONORED DEAD.

(HENRY WARD BEECHER.)

THEY that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He *was* your son; but now he *is* the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before, he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you. Now he is augmented, set free, and given to all. He has died from the family, that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall by-and-by be confessed, as of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life.

Neither are they less honored who shall bear through life the marks of wounds and sufferings. Neither epaulette nor badge is so honorable as wounds received in a good cause. Many a man shall envy him who henceforth limps. So

strange is the transforming power of patriotic ardor, that men shall almost covet disfigurement. Crowds will give way to hobbling cripples, and uncover in the presence of feebleness and helplessness. And buoyant children shall pause in their noisy games, and with loving reverence honor them whose hands can work no more, and whose feet are no longer able to march except upon that journey which brings good men to honor and immortality. Oh, mother of lost children! set not in darkness nor sorrow whom a nation honors. Oh, mourners of the early dead! they shall live again, and live forever. Your sorrows are our gladness. The nation lives, because you gave it men that loved it better than their own lives. And when that nation shall sit in unsullied garments of liberty, with justice upon her forehead, love in her eyes, and truth upon her lips, she shall not forget those whose blood gave vital currents to her heart, and whose life, given to her, shall live with her life till time shall be no more.

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow, till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

DESPAIR.

(VICTOR HUGO, 1862.)

A MAN overboard! what matters it! the ship does not stop. The wind is blowing, that dark ship must keep on her destined course. She passes away.

The man disappears, then reappears; he plunges and rises, again to the surface, he calls, he stretches out his hands, they hear him not; the ship, staggering under the gale, is straining every rope; the sailors and the passengers see the drowning man no longer; his miserable head is but a point in the vastness of the billows. He hurls cries of despair into the depths. What a spectacle is that disappearing sail! He

looks upon it, he looks upon it with frenzy. It moves away; it grows dim; it diminishes. He was there but just now; he was one of the crew, he went and came upon the deck with the rest, he had his share of the air and of the sunlight, he was a living man. Now, what has become of him? He slipped, he fell—and it is finished.

He is in the monstrous deep. He has nothing under his feet but the yielding, fleeting element. The waves, torn and scattered by the wind, close around him hideously; the rolling of the abyss bears him along; shreds of water are flying about his head; a populace of waves spit upon him; confused openings half swallow him; when he sinks he catches glimpses of yawning precipices full of darkness; fearful unknown vegetations seize upon him, bind his feet, and draw him to themselves; he feels that he is becoming the great deep; he makes part of the foam; the billows toss him from one to the other; he tastes the bitterness; the greedy ocean is eager to devour him; the monster plays with his agony. It seems as if all this were liquid hate.

He tries to defend himself; he tries to sustain himself; he struggles, he swims. He—that poor strength that fails so soon—he combats the unfailing.

Where now is the ship? Far away yonder. Hardly visible in the pallid gloom of the horizon. The wind blows in gusts; the billows overwhelm him. He raises his eyes, but sees only the livid clouds. He, in his dying agony, makes part of this immense insanity of the sea. He is tortured to death by its immeasurable madness. He hears sounds which are strange to man, sounds which seem to come, not from the earth, but from some frightful realm beyond. There are birds in the clouds, even as there are angels above human distresses, but what can they do for him. They fly, sing and float, while he is gasping. He feels that he is buried at once by those two infinities, the ocean and the sky; the one is a tomb, the other a pall.

Night descends; he has been swimming for hours, his strength is almost exhausted; that ship, that far-off thing where there are men, is gone; he is alone in the terrible gloom of the abyss; he sinks, he strains, he struggles, he feels beneath him the shadowy monsters of the unseen; he shouts. Men are no more. Where is God? He shouts. Help! help! he shouts incessantly. Nothing in the hori-

zon, nothing in the sky. He implores the blue vault, the waves, the rocks; all are deaf. He supplicates the tempest: the imperturbable tempest obeys only the Infinite.

Around him are darkness, storm, solitude, wild and unconscious tumult, the ceaseless tumbling of the fierce waters: within him, horror and exhaustion; beneath him the engulfing abyss. No resting place. He thinks of the shadowy adventures of his lifeless body in the limitless gloom. The biting cold paralyzes him. His hands clutch spasmodically and grasp at nothing. Winds, clouds, whirlwinds, blasts, stars—all useless! What shall he do? He yields to despair; worn out, he seeks death; he no longer resists; he gives himself up; he abandons the contest, he is rolled away into the dismal depths of the abyss forever.

THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

(HENRY ROGERS.)

HUMANITY will never forget those glorious scenes with which the evangelical narrative abounds; men still wonder at the "gracious words which proceeded out of Christ's mouth," and persist in saying, "Never man spake like this man." The brightness of the brightest names pales and wanes before the radiance which shines from the person of Christ. The scenes at the tomb of Lazarus, at the gate of Nain, in the happy family at Bethany, in the "upper room" where He instituted the feast which should forever consecrate His memory, and bequeathed to His disciples the legacy of His love; the scenes in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the summit of Calvary, and at the sepulchre; the sweet remembrance of the patience with which he bore wrong, the gentleness with which He rebuked it, and the love with which He forgave it; the thousand acts of benign condescension by which He well earned for himself, from self-righteous pride and censorious hypocrisy, the name of the "friend of publicans and sinners;" these, and a hundred things more, which crowd those concise memorials of love and sorrow with such prodigality of beauty and pathos, will still continue to charm and attract the soul of humanity, and on these the highest genius, as well as the humblest mediocrity, will love to dwell.

These things lisping infancy loves to hear on its mother's knees, and over them age, with its gray locks, bends in devoutest reverence. No; before the infidel can prevent the influence of these compositions, he must get rid of the Gospels themselves, or he must supplant them by fictions yet more wonderful! Ah, what bitter irony has involuntarily escaped me! But if the last be impossible, at least the Gospels must cease to exist before infidelity can succeed.

Yes, before infidels can prevent men from thinking as they have ever done of Christ, they must blot out the gentle words with which, in the presence of austere hypocrisy, the Saviour welcomed that timid guilt that could only express its silent love in an agony of tears; they must blot out the words addressed to the dying penitent, who, softened by the majestic patience of the mighty sufferer, detected at last the Monarch under the veil of sorrow, and cast an imploring glance to be "remembered by Him when He came into His kingdom;" they must blot out the scene in which the demoniacs sat listening at His feet, and "in their right mind;" they must blot out the remembrance of the tears which He shed at the grave of Lazarus,—not surely for him whom He was about to raise, but in pure sympathy with the sorrows of humanity,—for the myriad myriads of desolate mourners, who could not, with Mary, fly to Him, and say, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my mother, brother, sister, had not died!"

They must blot out the record of those miracles which charm us, not only as the proof of His mission, and guarantees of the truth of His doctrine, but as they illustrate the benevolence of His character and are types of the spiritual cures His gospel can yet perform; they must blot out the scenes of the sepulchre, where love and veneration lingered, and saw what was never seen before, but shall henceforth be seen to the end of time,—the tomb itself irradiated with angelic forms, and bright with the presence of Him "who brought life and immortality to light;" they must blot out the scene where deep and grateful love wept so passionately, and found Him unbidden at her side, type of ten thousand times ten thousand, who have "sought the grave to weep there," and found joy and consolation in Him "whom, though unseen, they loved;" they must blot out the discourses in which He took leave of His disciples,

the majestic accents of which have filled so many departing souls with patience and with triumph; they must blot out the yet sublimer words in which He declares himself "the resurrection and the life,"—words which have led so many millions more to breathe out their spirits with childlike trust, and to believe, as the gates of death closed behind them, that they would see Him who is invested with the "keys of the invisible world," "who opens and no man shuts, and shuts and no man opens," letting in through the portal which leads to immortality the radiance of the skies; they must blot out, they must destroy, these and a thousand other such things, before they can prevent Him having the pre-eminence who is loved, because he loved us, to call himself the "Son of Man," though angels called Him the "Son of God." At His feet, guilty humanity, of diverse races and nations, for eighteen hundred years, has come to pour forth in faith and love its sorrows, and finds there "the peace which the world can neither give nor take away." Myriads of aching heads and weary hearts have found, and will find repose there, and have invested Him with veneration, love, and gratitude, which will never, never be paid to any other name than His.

FINE BROWN STOUT.

(HORACE SMITH.)

A BREWER in a country town
Had got a monstrous reputation;
No other beer but his went down.
The hosts of the surrounding station
Carv'd its great name upon their mugs,
And painted it on every shutter;
And tho' some envious folks would utter
Hints that its flavor came from drugs,
Others maintain'd 'twas no such matter,
But owing to his monstrous vat,
At least as corpulent as that
At Heidelberg—and some said fatter.

His foreman was a lusty Black,
An honest fellow,
But one who had an ugly knack
Of tasting samples as he brew'd,
Till he was stupefied and mellow.
One day, in his top-heavy mood,
Having to cross the vat aforesaid
(Just then with boiling beer supplied),
O'ercome with giddiness and qualms, he
Reel'd, fell in, and nothing more was said,
But in his favorite liquor died,
Like Clarence in his butt of Malmsey.

In all directions round about
The negro absentee was sought.
But as no human noddle thought
That our fat Black was now Brown Stout,
They settled that the rogue had left
The place for debt, or crime, or theft.

Meanwhile the beer was, day and day,
Drawn into casks, and sent away,
Until the lees flow'd thick and thicker ;
When, lo ! outstretch'd upon the ground,
Once more their missing friend they found,
As they had often done, in liquor.

"See," cried his moralizing master ;
"I always knew the fellow drank hard,
And prophesied some sad disaster.
His fate should other tipplers strike :
Poor Mungo ! there he wallows, like
A toast at bottom of a tankard !"

Next morn a publican, whose tap
Had help'd to drain the vat so dry,
Not having heard of the mishap,
Came to demand a fresh supply,—
Protesting loudly that the last
All previous specimens surpass'd,
Possessing a much richer gusto
Than formerly it ever used to,
And begging as a special favor
Some more of the exact same flavor.

“Zounds!” said the brewer, “that’s a task
More difficult to grant than ask.
Most gladly would I give the smack
Of the last beer to the ensuing;
But where am I to find a Black
And boil him down at every brewing?”

A PORTRAIT.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam’d upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment’s ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight’s, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly plann’d,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

JOHN BURNS OF GETTYSBURG.

(F. BRET HARTE.)

HAVE you heard the story the gossips tell
Of John Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well!
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns;
He was the fellow who won renown—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day,
When all his townsfolk ran away.
That was in July, sixty-three,—
The very day that General Lee,
The flower of Southern chivalry,
Baffled and beaten, backward reeled
From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage-door,
Looking down the village street,
Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
And felt their breath with incense sweet;
Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood;
Or, how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine—
Quite old-fashioned, and matter-of-fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right
Raged for hours the heavy fight,

Thundered the battery's double bass—
Difficult music for men to face;
While on the left—where now the graves
Undulate like the living waves
That all the day unceasing swept
Up to the pits the rebels kept—
Round shot plowed the upland glades,
Sown with bullets, reaped with blades;
Shattered fences here and there
Tossed their splinters in the air;
The very trees were stripped and bare;
The barns that once held yellow grain
Were heaped with harvests of the slain;
The cattle bellowed on the plain,
The turkeys screamed with might and main,
And brooding barn-fowls left their rest
With strange shells bursting in each nest.

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely, stood John Burns.

How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient, long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron—but his best;
And, buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar—
With tails that country-folk called “swaller.”
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village-green,
Since John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the “quilting” long ago.

Close at his elbows, all that day
Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away,
And striplings, downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in—
Glanced as they passed at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;

And hailed him from without their youthful lore,
With scraps of a slangy repertoire ;
“ How are you, White Hat ? ” “ Put her through ! ”
“ Your head’s level ! ” and “ Bully for you ! ”
Called him “ Daddy ”—and begged he’d disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those ;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off—
With his long, brown rifle and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

’Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked ;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man’s strong right hand,
And his corded throat, and the lurking frown
Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown ;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair
The Past of the Nation in battle there.
And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
That day was their oriflamme of war.
Thus raged the battle. You know the rest ;
How the rebels, beaten, and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge and ran.
At which John Burns—a practical man
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

This is the story of old John Burns ;
This is the moral the reader learns :
In fighting the battle, the question’s whether
You’ll show a hat that’s white, or a feather.

SCENE FROM PICKWICK:—SAM WELLER AS
A WITNESS.

(CHARLES DICKENS.)

"WHAT'S your name, sir?" inquired the judge.

"Sam Weller, my lord," replied that gentleman.

"Do you spell it with a 'V' or a 'W?'" inquired the judge.

"That depends upon the taste and fancy of the speller, my lord," replied Sam; "I never had occasion to spell it more than once or twice in my life, but I spells it with a 'V.'"

Here a voice in the gallery exclaimed aloud, — "Quite right, too, Samivel; quite right. Put it down a we, my lord, put it down a we."

"Who is that that dares to address the court?" said the little judge looking up;—"Usher!"

"Yes, my lord!"

"Bring that person here instantly."

"Yes, my lord."

But, as the usher didn't find the person, he didn't bring him; and, after a great commotion, all the people who had got up to look for the culprit, sat down again. The little judge turned to the witness as soon as his indignation would allow him to speak, and said—

"Do you know who that was, sir?"

"I rather suspect it was my father, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you see him here now?" said the judge.

"No, I don't, my lord," replied Sam, staring right up into the lantern in the roof of the court.

"If you could have pointed him out, I would have committed him instantly," said the judge. Sam bowed his acknowledgments, and turned with unimpaired cheerfulness of countenance towards Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Now, Mr. Weller," said Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Now, sir," replied Sam.

"I believe you are in the service of Mr. Pickwick, the defendant in this case. Speak up, if you please, Mr. Weller."

"I mean to speak up, sir," replied Sam. "I am in the

service o' that 'ere gen'l'man, and a very good service it is."

"Little to do, and plenty to get, I suppose?" said Sergeant Buzfuz, with jocularly.

"Oh, quite enough to get, sir, as the soldier said ven they ordered him three hundred and fifty lashes," replied Sam.

"You must not tell us what the soldier or any other man said, sir," interposed the judge; "it's not evidence."

"Wery good, my lord," replied Sam.

"Do you recollect anything particular happening on the morning when you were first engaged by the defendant, eh, Mr. Weller?" said Sergeant Buzfuz.

"Yes I do, sir," replied Sam.

"Have the goodness to tell the jury what it was."

"I had a reg'lar new fit out o' clothes that mornin', gen'l'men of the jury," said Sam, "and that was a very particler and uncommon circumstance vith me in those days."

Hereupon there was a general laugh; and the little judge, looking with an angry countenance over his desk, said,—“You had better be careful, sir.”

“So Mr. Pickwick said at the time, my lord,” replied Sam, “and I was wery careful o' that 'ere suit o' clothes; wery careful, indeed, my lord.”

The judge looked sternly at Sam for full two minutes, but Sam's features were so perfectly calm and serene that he said nothing, and motioned Sergeant Buzfuz to proceed.

“Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller,” said Sergeant Buzfuz, folding his arms emphatically, and turning half round to the jury, as if in mute assurance he would bother the witness yet—“Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Weller, that you saw nothing of this fainting on the part of the plaintiff in the arms of the defendant, which you have heard described by the witnesses?”

“Certainly not,” replied Sam. “I was in the passage till they called me up, and then the old lady was not there.”

“Now attend, Mr. Weller,” said Sergeant Buzfuz, dipping a large pen into the inkstand before him, for the purpose of frightening Sam with a show of taking down his answer, “you were in the passage and yet saw nothing of what was going forward. Have you a pair of eyes, Mr. Weller?”

just it. If they was a pair o' patent double million magnifyin' gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but bein' only eyes, you see, my wision's limited."

At this answer, which was delivered without the slightest appearance of irritation, and with the most complete simplicity and equanimity of manner, the spectators tittered, the little judge smiled, and Sergeant Buzfuz looked particularly foolish. After a short consultation with Dodson and Fogg, the learned sergeant again turned on Sam, and said, with a painful effort to conceal his vexation,—“Now, Mr. Weller, I'll ask you a question on another point, if you please.”

“If you please, sir,” rejoined Sam, with the utmost good-humor.

“Do you remember going up to Mrs. Bardell's house, one night in November last?”

“Oh, yes; wery well.”

“Oh, you do remember that, Mr. Weller,” said Sergeant Buzfuz, recovering his spirits. “I thought we should get at something at last.”

“I rather thought that, too, sir,” replied Sam; and at this the spectators tittered again.

“Well; I suppose you went up to have a little talk about this trial—eh, Mr. Weller?” said Sergeant Buzfuz, looking knowingly at the jury.

“I went to pay the rent; but we did get a talking about the trial,” replied Sam.

“Oh, you did get a talking about the trial,” said Sergeant Buzfuz, brightening up with the anticipation of some important discovery. “Now what passed about the trial; will you have the goodness to tell us, Mr. Weller?”

“Vith all the pleasure in my life, sir,” replied Sam. “Arter a few unimportant observations from the two virtuous females as has been examined here to-day, the ladies gets into a wery great state o' admiration at the honorable conduct of Mr. Dodson and Fogg—them two gen't'men as is sittin' near you now.” This, of course, drew general attention to Dodson and Fogg, who looked as virtuous as possible.

“The attorneys for the plaintiff, said Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz; “well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable con-

fuz; "well, they spoke in high praise of the honorable conduct of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg, the attorneys for the plaintiff, did they?"

"Yes," said Sam; "they said what a very gen'rous thing it was o' them to have taken up the case on spec, and to charge nothin' at all for costs, unless they got 'em out of Mr. Pickwick."

At this very unexpected reply, the spectators tittered again, and Dodson and Fogg, turning very red, leaned over to Sergeant Buzfuz, and in a hurried manner whispered something in his ear.

"You are quite right," said Sergeant Buzfuz aloud, with affected composure. "It's perfectly useless, my lord, attempting to get at any evidence through the impenetrable stupidity of this witness. I will not trouble the court by asking him any more questions. Stand down, sir."

"Would any other gen'l'man like to ask me anythin'?" inquired Sam, taking up his hat, and looking round most deliberately.

"Not I, Mr. Weller, thank you," said Sergeant Snubbin, laughing.

"You may go down, sir," said Sergeant Buzfuz, waving his hand impatiently. Sam went down accordingly, after doing Messrs. Dodson and Fogg's case as much harm as he conveniently could, and saying just as little respecting Mr. Pickwick as might be, which was precisely the object he had in view all along.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

(HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.)

The following Ballad was suggested to me while riding on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armor; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the old Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the Old Wind-mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors.

SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!

Who, with thy hollow breast

Still in rude armor drest,

Comest to daunt me !
Wrapt not in the eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me ? ”

Then from those carvernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December ;
And, like the water’s flow
Under December’s snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart’s chamber.

“ I was a Vilking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man’s curse ;
For this I sought thee.

“ Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic’s strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon ;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“ Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“ But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“ Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,†
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o’erflowing.

“ Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

“ I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“ Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chaunting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand

I asked his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

“While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded ?

“Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen !—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

“Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he bailed us.

“And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
'Death !' was the helmsman's hail

‘Death without quarter!’
Mid-ships, with iron keel,
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hull did reel
Through the black water!

“As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So towards the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

“Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady’s bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

“There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden’s tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
On such another!

“Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

“ Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended !
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,
Skoal ! to the Northland ! skoal ! ”
—Thus the tale ended.

SIR GALAHAD.

(ALFRED TENNYSON.)

My good blade carves the casques of men,
My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
The hard brands shiver on the steel,
The splinter’d spear-shafts crack and fly,
The horse and rider reel :
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
That lightly rain from ladies’ hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
On whom their favors fall !
For them I battle till the end,
To save from shame and thrall :
But all my heart is drawn above,
My knees are bow’d in crypt and shrine :
I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden’s hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
Me mightier transports move and thrill
So keep I fair thro’ faith and prayer
A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,

Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voice, but none are there ;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light !
Three angels bear the holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear ;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,

Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odors haunt my dreams,
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armor that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ harmony
 Swells up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 "O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

THE PASSIONS.

(WILLIAM COLLINS.)

WHEN MUSIC, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell,—
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,—
 Possessed beyond the Muse's painting ;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined :
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound ;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each—for MADNESS ruled the hour—
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First FEAR, his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewildered laid ;
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.—
Next ANGER rushed—his eyes on fire,
In lightnings owned his secret stings :
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.—
With woful measures, wan DESPAIR—
Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled ;
A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;
'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O HOPE! with eyes so fair—
What was thy delighted measure ?
Still it whispered promised pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She called on ECHO still, through all her song ;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And HOPE, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
REVENGE impatient rose.
He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down ;
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woes ;
And ever and anon, he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected PITY, at his side,
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien ;
While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his
head.

Thy numbers, JEALOUSY, to naught were fixed—
Sad proof of thy distressful state !

Of differing themes the veering song was mixed ;
And now it courted LOVE—now, raving, called on
HATE.—

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
Pale MELANCHOLY sat retired ;
And, from her wild, sequestered seat,
In notes, by distance made more sweet,
Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
And, dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels joined the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;
Or o'er some haunted streams, with fond delay,—
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,—
In hollow murmurs died away.

But, oh ! how altered was his sprightlier tone,
When CHEERFULNESS, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,—
The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known !
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
Satyrs, and sylvan boys, were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown EXERCISE rejoiced to hear ;
And SPORT leaped up, and seized his beechen spear

Last came JOY's ecstatic trial :—
He, with viny crown, advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addressed ;
But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amid the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
LOVE framed with MIRTH a gay fantastic round—
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound—
And he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odors from his dewy wings.

SATAN'S ENCOUNTER WITH DEATH.

(JOHN MILTON.)

BLACK it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seemed his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand; and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast,
With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
The undaunted fiend what this might be admired—
Admired, not feared: God and his Son except,
Created thing naught valued he, nor shunned;
And with disdainful look thus first began:

“Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
Retire, or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of heaven!”

To whom the goblin, full of wrath replied:—
“Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons,
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doomed! and breathest defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord! Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pang unfelt before.”

So spake the grisly terror: and in shape,
So speaking, and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform: on the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the Arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war.

Each at the head
Leveled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend; and such a frown
Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
Over the Caspian; then stand front to front
Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a Foe: and now great deeds
Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky sorceress that sat
Fast by hell-gate and kept the fatal key,
Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

(THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
And I'll give thee a silver pound,
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"—

"Oh, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

"And fast, before her father's men,
Three days, we've fled together;

For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride :
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“ I’ll go, my chief, I’m ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

“ And, by my word, the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry :
So, though the waves are raging white,
I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace ;
The water wraith was shrieking :
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ Oh, haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,
“ Though tempests round us gather,
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her ;
When oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover :
One lovely arm she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover !

“Come back, come back,” he cried in grief,
“Across this stormy water ;
And I’ll forgive your Highland chief—
My daughter ! Oh ! my daughter !”

’Twas vain—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o’er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

THE HEROES OF THE BERKENHEAD

(MISS E. G. BARBER.)

The British steamer Berkenhead was lost on the coast of Africa. The steamer struck on a hidden rock, stove a plank at the bows, and went down in half an hour’s time. There was a regiment of troops on board. As soon as the alarm was given, and it was apparent the ship’s doom was sealed, the roll of the drum called the soldiers to arms on the upper deck. The call was promptly obeyed, though every gallant heart knew that it was his death summons. The women and children were placed in the boats, and nearly all saved. There were no boats for the troops, but no panic, no blanched, quivering lips appeared among them. Down went the ship, and down went the heroic band, shoulder to shoulder, firing a *feu de joie*, as they sank beneath the waves.

UNDAUNTED on the vessel’s deck
The gallant soldiers stand,
The stricken ship, a sinking wreck,
And death on every hand !
Death ! for the life-boats bear away
Their freight of feebler frame,
And woman pale and childhood frail,
Brave manhood’s succor claim.

But who, brave hearts, shall care for you ?
So firm in will and deed,
You, still in storm and danger true,
Ah ! none for you may plead.

Shoulder to shoulder, firm ye stand,
And still on death ye gaze,
Nor pallid cheek, nor trembling hand,
A faltering soul betrays.

Deep peals the larum of the drum,
Not to the battle field,
Yet gallantly the soldiers come,
Who feel their doom is sealed.
Their doom is sealed, for one by one,
As moments pass, they know
How heave the billows for their grave
The sinking deck below.

Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand,
They stand to meet their fate;
O dauntless souls! O gallant band!
Who thus for death can wait!
No craven there; no bloodless cheek;
The calm, unwavering eye
Tells us no human words can speak
How the brave heart can die!

Hushed seem the murmurs of the wave,
And hushed the very air,
As in the stillness of the grave
They stand in silence there.

Slow sinks the ship—a lurid glare!
A volley, loud and deep!
The smoke wreaths part, they melt away,
And on, the billows sweep.
Sweep on, and o'er the vanished wreck
The white wave lifts its crest,
Like plumes above each gallant brow,
Or wreaths upon each breast.

They perish as the warrior dies,
'Mid battle's stormy breath,
When through the calm, undaunted eyes,
The brave soul looks on death!

O dauntless hearts ! O gallant band !
Wear this, your glorious crown !
Shoulder to shoulder, hand to hand !
'Twas thus your ship went down !

GREECE.

LAND of the brave and free, the wise and good !
Land of the loved, the mighty, and the strong !
Whose hills are verdant with immortal blood,
And hallowed with high song !
Land of the unforgotten, let me raise
A pæan to thy praise.

Land of the pillared temple, and the shrine
Where stood the glory of the sculptor's hand—
Groups of the godlike, lovely, and divine,
In many a sacred band
Praxiteles created, Phidias formed,
And all but life had warmed !

Land in whose shrine the Gods have found a home !
Land in whose temples Pallas loved to dwell !
Land in whose streams the Naiads loved to roam,
Blowing the wreathed shell !
Land of the classic tale, the mythic lay,
How have they passed away !

Land of the Porch, where stood the men of old
Giving the listening people thought and sense—
Where wisdom was not bartered out for gold,
And truth gave no offence !
Land in whose groves philosophy was sung,
And art and science sprung !

Land where the earth is lovely, and the sea,
Like a young bride, all joyful in her smiles,
Where the sun loved to shine upon the free,
Over her thousand isles,
Her Parian marble, and her Scian wine,
And Sappho's song divine !

Land where the mountains tower into the skies—

Such as wild Athos of the cloud-capt brow !

Land of the beautiful !—where Tempe lies,

Is there not beauty now ?

Yes !—in each stream and wood, and vale and hill,

Thou art lovely still.

Land of Homeric song ! whose fields were trod

By men of strength, the mighty in the war !

Chiefs of the phalanx, each in arms a god,

Such as old Ilion saw—

Beating their way along the thickest fight,

With a resistless might.

The Persian king rode on through armed bands,

Through ranks of glittering spears and falchion bright,

Of nameless myriads, come from all the lands

That feared the great king's might :—

Kingdoms and nations, famed in war and peace,

Were joined to conquer Greece.

Where can we find such heroes ?—where can dwell

In what far-land—what undiscovered coast—

Like the devoted band—like those who fell

Beneath the Persian host ?

Oh ! for a few Thermopylæ has known,

And Greece holds still her own !

Oh ! for the glorious days that once had been !

Mycale—Platæa—ye the days can tell !

Oh ! for the mighty men those days have seen ;

Oh ! for the dead that fell,

When the invader led his host of slaves,

To find in Greece their graves !

Oh ! for Miltiades, and those who fought

At Marathon, where still the invaders lie !

Oh ! for the brave Leonidas, who taught

Three hundred how to die !

Oh ! for the Macedonian, and the might,

That made the world his right !

Raise high the pæan, men of Hellas ! raise
The song of triumph on the trumpet blast !
Sing the immortal deeds of other days—
The mighty of the past !
Oh ! if the light, that round such deeds is thrown,
Could glorify your own !

WASHINGTON'S SWORD AND FRANKLIN'S STAFF.

(J. Q. ADAMS.)

THE sword of Washington ! The staff of Franklin ! O, Sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names ! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause ! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the plough-share !—What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind ! Washington and Franklin ! What other two men, whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christendom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time ?

Washington, the warrior and the legislator ! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race,—ever manifesting, amidst its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity ; in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

Franklin !—The mechanic of his own fortune ; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness ; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast ; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive sceptre of oppression : while descending into the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the bat-

tle and the breeze, baring in his hand the charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created Nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

And, finally, in the last stage of life, with fourscore winters upon his head, under the torture of an incurable disease, returning to his native land, closing his days as the chief magistrate of his adopted commonwealth, after contributing by his counsels, under the Presidency of Washington, and recording his name, under the sanction of devout prayer, invoked by him to God, to that Constitution under the authority of which we are here assembled, as the Representatives of the North American People, to receive, in their name and for them, these venerable relics of the wise, the valiant, and the good founders of our great confederated Republic,—these sacred symbols of our golden age. May they be deposited among the archives of our Government! And may every American, who shall hereafter behold them, ejaculate a mingled offering of praise to that Supreme Ruler of the Universe, by whose tender mercies our Union has been hitherto preserved, through all the vicissitudes and revolutions of this turbulent world; and of prayer for the continuance of these blessings, by the dispensations of Providence, to our beloved country, from age to age, till time shall be no more!

OUR RELATIONS TO ENGLAND

(EDWARD EVERETT.—1824.)

I CAN truly say, that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we sprung. In touching the soil of England, I seem to return, like a descendant, to the old family seat,—to come back to the abode of an aged and venerable parent. I acknowledge this great consanguinity of nations. The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is a music, to

my ear, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty. I am not yet in a land of strangers, while surrounded by the manners, the habits, and the institutions, under which I have been brought up. I wander delighted through a thousand scenes, which the historians and the poets have made familiar to us,—of which the names are interwoven with our earliest associations. I tread with reverence the spots where I can retrace the footsteps of our suffering fathers. The pleasant land of their birth has a claim on my heart. It seems to me a classic, yea, a holy land; rich in the memory of the great and good, the champions and the martyrs of liberty, the exiled heralds of truth; and richer, as the parent of this land of promise in the West.

I am not—I need not say I am not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches, nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre, and the coronet,—stars, garters, and blue ribbons,—seem to me poor things for great men to contend for. Nor is my admiration awakened by her armies, mustered for the battles of Europe; her navies, overshadowing the ocean; nor her empire, grasping the furthest East. It is these, and the price of guilt and blood by which they are too often maintained, which are the cause why no friend of liberty can salute her with undivided affections. But it is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birth-place of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims;—it is these which I love and venerate in England. I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece, did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American, it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil, and follow, without emotion, the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakspeare and Milton. I should think him cold in his love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country, which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

A THANKSGIVING SERMON.

(LE GRAND.)

MY FRIENDS, — Thanksgiving Day comes, by statute, once a year; to the honest man it comes as frequently as the heart of gratitude will allow, which may mean every day, or once in seven days, at least. I know that occasionally, in meeting, perhaps, a person confesses that he is a poor, miserable sinner, but you tell that person the same fact, out of doors, and he will get mad and tear round dreadfully. We are all honest, good, conscientious people, my friends, no matter what any body says.

Now, I propose, my friends, to state a few of the things for us to be thankful for—when we are in the mood, of course; for when we are not inclined, who can make us give thanks for any thing? We should be thankful that we know more than any body else; for, are we not capable of talking and giving lectures upon every subject ever talked of? I should like to see the male or female in this audience, who didn't know a great deal more than any body has any idea of!

We should be thankful that we are all good looking. Ain't we? Just look around this audience, and see if you can "spot" the person who is, in his own estimation, not good looking. It would be a curious study to be sure, to find in what particular some people are good looking; but it's none of our personal business if a man has carroty hair, eyes like a new moon, nose like a split pear, mouth like a pair of waffle-irons, chin like a Dutch churn, neck like a gander's, and a body like a crow-bar:—comparatively he is good looking; that is, there are homelier men and animals than he; so everybody is good looking and has a right to put on airs. Let us be very thankful, my friends, that this is so; for, otherwise, some of us would be shut up in "homes for the scare crows;" which government would have to provide.

We should be thankful that we are more pious than any body else. That we are pious is evident from the manner in which we treat poor creatures who have most unfortunately been driven to sin: from the fact that we pay our

preachers occasionally, and always require them to be unexceptionable, in all respects; from the fact that we don't work on Sunday, and eat the big dinners which it has made the women-folks almost tired to death to prepare. Who is the person in this room that is not pious? I do not care to know him for the present.

We should give thanks that our house is, in many respects, superior to our neighbors. True it may not be as big, nor as fine-looking, nor, indeed, as attractive generally; but it is superior, nevertheless, as we always inform any man who wants to purchase:—we should be very thankful that we can turn things so favorably for our own interests.

We should be thankful that our teachers, and our editors, and doctors, and lawyers, are such superior men, as we learn they are, when they come to die and have their epitaphs written.

We should be thankful, in fact, that this world was especially created for our own comfort, convenience, and use; that we have a perfect right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,—no matter if these do conflict with some other person's wishes, and happiness, and rights.

I hope you will thank me for this recognition of your good qualities, your rights, your glory; and trust I shall be permitted to say of myself, when I retire,

“Here *lies* an honest young man.”

THE PROSPECTS OF CALIFORNIA.

(N. BENNETT.)

It is a trite saying, that we live in an age of great events. Nothing can be more true. But the greatest of all events of the present age is at hand. It needs not the gift of prophecy to predict, that the course of the world's trade is destined soon to be changed. But a few years can elapse before the commerce of Asia and the Islands of the Pacific, instead of pursuing the ocean track, by way of Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope, or even taking the shorter route of the Isthmus of Darien or the Isthmus of Tehaun-

tepec, will enter the Golden Gate of California, and deposit its riches in the lap of our own city. Hence, on bars of iron, and propelled by steam, it will ascend the mountains and traverse the desert; and, having again reached the confines of civilization, will be distributed, through a thousand channels, to every portion of the Union and of Europe. New York will then become what London now is, the great central point of exchange, the heart of trade, the force of whose contraction and expansion will be felt throughout every artery of the commercial world; and San Francisco will then stand as the second city of America. Is this visionary? Twenty years will determine.

The world is interested in our success; for a fresh field is opened to its commerce, and a new avenue to the civilization and progress of the human race. Let us, then, endeavor to realize the hopes of Americans, and the expectations of the world. Let us not only be united amongst ourselves, for our own local welfare, but let us strive to cement the common bonds of brotherhood of the whole Union. In our relations to the Federal Government, let us know no South, no North, no East, no West. Wherever American liberty flourishes, let that be our common country! Wherever the American banner waves, let that be our home!

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF A CHIEF OF THE PO-CUMTUC INDIANS.

(EDWARD EVERETT.)

WHITE man, there is eternal war between me and thee! I quit not the land of my fathers but with my life. In those woods where I bent my youthful bow, I will still hunt the deer. Over yonder waters I will still glide unrestrained in my bark canoe. By those dashing waterfalls I will still lay up my winter's store of food. On these fertile meadows I will still plant my corn. Stranger, the land is mine! I understand not these paper rights. I gave not my consent when, as thou sayest, these broad regions were purchased, for a few baubles, of my fathers. They could sell what was theirs; they could sell no more. How could my fathers sell that which the Great Spirit sent me into the

world to live upon? They knew not what they did. The stranger came, a timid suppliant, few and feeble, and asked to lie down on the red man's bear-skin, and warm himself at the red man's fire, and have a little piece of land to raise corn for his women and children; and now he is become strong, and mighty, and bold, and spreads out his parchment over the whole, and says, It is mine. Stranger, there is not room for us both. The Great Spirit has not made us to live together. There is poison in the white man's cup; the white man's dog barks at the red man's heels.

If I should leave the land of my fathers, whither shall I fly? Shall I go to the South, and dwell among the graves of the Pequots? Shall I wander to the West?—the fierce Mohawk, the man-eater, is my foe. Shall I fly to the East?—the great water is before me. No, stranger; here I have lived, and here I will die! and if here thou abidest, there is eternal war between me and thee. Thou hast taught me thy arts of destruction. For that alone, I thank thee; and now take heed to thy steps;—the red man is thy foe. When thou goest forth by day, my bullet shall whistle by thee; when thou liest down at night, my knife is at thy throat. The noonday sun shall not discover thy enemy, and the darkness of midnight shall not protect thy rest. Thou shalt plant in terror, and I will reap in blood; thou shalt sow the earth with corn, and I will strew it with ashes; thou shalt go forth with the sickle, and I will follow after with the scalping knife; thou shalt build, and I will burn, till the white man or the Indian shall cease from the land. Go thy way, for this time, in safety; but remember, stranger, there is eternal war between me and thee!

LOGAN, A MINGO CHIEF, TO LORD DUNMORE.

(EDWARD EVERETT.)

I APPEAL to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed at me as they

passed, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not think that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. Logan will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one!

MORAL COSMETICS.

(HORACE SMITH.)

YE who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From Age's devastation horrid,
 Adopt this plan,—
'Twill make, in climate cold or torrid,
 A hale old man :

Avoid in youth, luxurious diet ;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot ;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
 Be wisely gay ;
So shall ye, spite of Age's fiat,
 Resist decay.

Seek not in Mammon's worship, pleasure ;
But find your richest, dearest treasure,
In books, friends, music, polished leisure :
 The mind, not sense,
Made the sole scale by which to measure
 Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's sweetest, purest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,

Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD.

(EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.)

Low hung the moon, the wind was still,
As lone I climbed the midnight hill,
And passed the ruined garden o'er,
And gained the barred and silent door,
Sad welcomed by the lingering rose
That, startled, shed its waning snows.

The bolt flew back with sudden clang:
I entered; wall and rafter rang;
Down dropped the moon, and, clear and high,
September's wind went wailing by;
"Alas!" I sighed, "the love and glow
That lit this mansion long ago!"

And groping up the threshold stair,
And past the chambers cold and bare,
I sought the room where glad of yore
We sat the blazing fire before,
And heard the tales a father told,
Till glow was gone, and evening old.

Where were those rosy children three?
The boy beneath the moaning sea;
Sweet Margaret, down where violets hide,
Slept tranquil, by that father's side;
And I, alone, a pilgrim still,
Was left to climb the midnight hill.

My hand was on the latch, when lo!
'Twas lifted from within! I know
I was not wild, and could I dream?
Within I saw the wood-fire gleam,
And smiling, waiting, beckoning there,
My father, in his ancient chair!

Oh, the long rapture, perfect rest,
As close he clasped me to his breast !
Put back the braids the wind had blown,
Said I had like my mother grown,
And bade me tell him, frank as she,
All the lone years had brought to me.

Then by his side, his hand in mine,
I tasted joy serene, divine,
And saw my griefs unfolding fair
As flowers in June's enchanted air.
So warm his words, so soft his sighs,
Such tender lovelight in his eyes.

"O Death!" I cried, "if these be thine,
For me the asphodels entwine ;
Fold me within thy perfect calm ;
Leave on my lips thy kiss of balm ;
And let me slumber, pillowed low,
With Margaret where the violets blow."

And still we talked. O'er cloudy bars
Orion bore his pomp of stars ;
Within, the wood-fire fainter glowed ;
Weird on the wall the shadows showed ;
Till, in the east, a pallor born
Told midnight melting into morn.

Then nearer to his side I drew,
When lo! the cock, remorselessly, crew !
A glance, a sigh—we did not speak—
Fond kisses on my brow and cheek,
A sudden sense of rapture flown,
And in the dawn I sat alone !

* * * * *

'Tis true his rest this many a year
Has made the village church-yard dear ;
'Tis true his stone is graven fair,
"Here lies, remote from mortal care ;"
I cannot tell how both may be,
But well I know he talked with me.

And oft, when other fires are low,
I sit within that midnight glow—
My head upon his shoulder leant,
His tender glances downward bent,
And win the dream to sweet delay
Till stars and shadows yield to day.

ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPER.

(LEIGH HUNT.)

SCENE. *The inside of a tent, in which the patriarch Abraham, and a Persian traveler, a Fire-worshiper, are sitting awhile after supper.*

Fire-worshiper. [*Aside.*] WHAT have I said or done,
that by degrees
Mine host hath changed his gracious countenance,
Until he stareth on me, as in wrath!
Have I twixt wake and sleep, lost his wise love?
Or sit I thus too long, and he himself
Would fain be sleeping? I will speak to that.
(*Aloud.*) Impute it, O my great and gracious lord,
Unto my feeble flesh and not my folly,
If mine old eyelids droop against their will,
And I become as one that hath no sense
Ev'n to the milk and honey of thy words.—
With my lord's leave, and his good servant's help,
My limbs would creep to bed.

Abraham. [*Angrily quitting his seat.*] In this tent, never.
Thou art a thankless and an impious man.

Fire-worshiper. [*Rising in astonishment.*] A thank-
less and an impious man! Oh, sir,
My thanks have all but worshiped thee.

Abraham. And whom
Forgotten? Like the fawning dog I feed.
From the foot-washing to the meal, and now
To this thy crammed and dog-like wish for bed,
I've noted thee; and never hast thou breathed
One syllable of prayer or praise or thanks,
To the great God who made and feedeth all.

Fire-worshiper. Oh, sir, the God I worship is the Fire,

The god of gods ; and seeing him not here,
 In any symbol, or on any shrine,
 I waited till he blessed mine eyes at morn,
 Sitting in heaven.

Abraham.

Oh, foul idolater !

And dardest thou still to breathe in Abraham's tent ?
 Forth with thee, wretch : for he that made thy god,
 And all thy tribe, and all the host of heaven,
 The invisible and only dreadful God,
 Will speak to thee this night, out in the storm,
 And try thee in thy foolish god, the fire,
 Which with his fingers he makes lightnings of.
 Hark to the rising of his robes, the winds,
 And get thee forth, and wait him.

[*A violent storm is heard rising.*]

Fire-worshiper.

What ! unhoused !

And on a night like this ! me, poor old man,
 A hundred years of age !

Abraham. [*Urging him away.*] Not reverencing
 The God of ages, thou revolttest reverence.

Fire-worshiper. Thou hadst a father !—think of his
 gray hairs,

Houseless, and cuffed by such a storm as this.

Abraham. God is thy father, and thou owns't not him.

Fire-worshiper. I have a wife, as aged as myself,
 And if she learn my death, she'll not survive it,
 No, not a day ; she is so used to me ;
 So propped up by her other feeble self.
 I pray thee, strike us not both down.

Abraham. [*Still urging him.*] God made
 Husband and wife, and must be owned of them,
 Else he must needs disown them.

Fire-worshiper.

We have children—

One of them, sir, a daughter, who next week
 Will all day long be going in and out,
 Upon the watch for me. Spare, O spare her !
 She's a good creature, and not strong.

Abraham.

Mine ears

Are deaf to all things but thy blasphemy,
 And to the coming of the Lord and God,
 Who will this night condemn thee.

[*Abraham pushes him out ; and remains alone speaking.*]

For if ever
 God came at night-time upon the world,
 'Tis now this instant. Hark to the huge winds,
 The cataracts of hail, and rocky thunder,
 Splitting like quarries of the stony clouds,
 Beneath the touching of the foot of God.
 That was God's speaking in the heavens,—that last,
 An inward utterance coming by itself.
 What is it shaketh thus thy servant, Lord,
 Making him fear, that in some loud rebuke
 To this idolater, whom thou abhorrest,
 Terror will slay himself? Lo, the earth quakes
 Beneath my feet, and God is surely here.

[*A dead silence ; and then a still small voice.*]

The Voice. Abraham!

Abraham. Where art thou, Lord? and who is it that
 speaks

So sweetly in mine ear, to bid me turn
 And dare to face thy presence?

The Voice. Who but He
 Whose mightiest utterance thou hast yet to learn?
 I was not in the whirlwind, Abraham;
 I was not in the thunder, or the earthquake;
 But I am in the still small voice.

Where is the stranger whom thou tookest in?

Abraham. Lord, he denied thee, and I drove him forth.

The Voice. Then didst thou what God himself forebore.
 Have I, although he did deny me, borne
 With his injuriousness these hundred years,
 And could'st thou not endure him one sole night
 And such a night as this?

Abraham. Lord! I have sinned,
 And will go forth, and if he be not dead,
 Will call him back, and tell him of thy mercies
 Both to himself and me.

The Voice. Behold and learn.

[*The voice retires while it is speaking; and a fold of the tent is turned back, disclosing the Fire-worshiper, who is calmly sleeping, with his head on the back of a house-lamb.*]

Abraham. O loving God! the lamb itself's his pillow,
 And on his forehead is a balmy dew,

And in his sleep he smileth. I, mean time,
Poor and proud fool, with my presumptuous hands,
Not God's, was dealing judgments on his head,
Which God himself had cradled!—Oh, methinks
There's more in this than prophet yet hath known,
And Faith, some day, will all in love be shown.

MY PROPERTY.

(HENRY W. BEECHER.)

I KNOW few men as rich as I am. I scarcely know where I amassed all my treasures. I have but a few things at home, and they are very precious, animate and inanimate. But, dear me, if you suppose that that is all I own, you never were more mistaken in your life!

I have every ship that comes into New York Harbor, but without any of the gross trouble which those deluded men have who think they own them. I never concern myself about the crews or officers, about freight or voyage, about expenses or losses. All this would be wearisome. I have certain men who look after these things, while I am left to the pure enjoyment of their beauty, their coming and going, the singing of the anchor-hoisting crew.

I go about the wharves, watch the packages going in or coming out of ships. The outlandish inscriptions, the ceroons of indigo piled up, the stacks of tea-chests, the bales and boxes, the wine and spices, all pass under my inspection. I say inwardly to the men: "Let these things be taken care of without troubling me," and I am obeyed. I have also many ship-yards, where they are building all kinds of craft. Other men pay the money; I take the pleasure, and they the anxious care!

The Yacht Club have been very obliging to me. At great expense they have equipped unequaled boats, that suit me to a nicety. I ask nothing better. They are graceful as swans, beautiful as butterflies. If I had them all to care for, my pleasure would cost me rather dear. But, with extreme delicacy, the gentlemen of the Club relieve me of all that gross and material part of it, and leave me the boats, the pleasure, the poetry of the thing; and once or twice in

a season I go down the bay, on a breezy morning, and see these fine fellows sail their craft, and I do believe that if they were doing it for their own selves, instead of for my enjoyment, they would not exert themselves more.

Then, how much have I to thank the enterprising shopkeepers, who dress out their windows with such beautiful things, changing them every few days lest I should tire. It is a question of duty and delicacy with me whether I ought not to go in often as thus: "Good morning, Mr. Stewart—good morning, Mr. Lord, or Mr. Taylor. I am greatly obliged to you for those fine goods in the window. I have enjoyed them amazingly, as I did the other patterns of last week. Pray, sirs, do not put yourselves to all this trouble on my account. Yet, if your kindness insists upon it, I shall be but too happy to come and look every day at such rare productions of the loom."

In the same way I am put under very great obligations to Messrs. Appleton & Co. It is affecting to see such kindness as they have shown, in going to great expense to procure fine stereoscopic views for the entertainment of their friends. It must be a great expense to them. But there they are displayed, free as grass in meadow or dandelion by the roadside, and any one can look for nothing, and without any other risk than that of purchasing!

On the same side of Broadway is a firm so benevolent that some Dickens ought to embalm them as a "Cheeryble Brothers,"—of course I mean Messrs. Williams and Stevens, who pay out great sums every year, in order to fill their windows with pleasant sights for passers-by. Some surly old rich men there are in New York who hoard and hide their pictorial treasures. Not so these benevolent gentlemen. They let their light shine; and, with rare delicacy, lest the eye should tire of repetition, they change their pictures every week.

Then here is Mr. Seitz, who has ransacked all Europe for brilliant impressions of the rarest classical engravings, and has brought together a collection which can not probably be equaled or approached by any similar concern in the world. Only to think of such pains-taking kindness! And then if one loves books, how many are there beside Messrs. Appleton or Scribner who will rejoice in seeing you before their shelves, warming in kindred feeling to these children dressed

in calf. I am sometimes overwhelmed with the sense of my riches in crockery and china, in sewing-machines, in jewelry, in furniture, in fine-wall paper, in new inventions.

And then how many men build handsome houses for me to look at, and fill their yards with flowers for me to nod to, and place the most beautiful faces of the family in the window to cheer me as I pass! Surely this is a kind-hearted world! And then how many fine country-seats are built, and grounds laid out, for my enjoyment. The fee-simple may be in some other man, but I own them. For he owns a thing who understands it best, and gets the most enjoyment from it!

This world was made for poor men, and therefore the greater part of it was left out of doors, where every body could enjoy it. And though men have been building and fencing for six thousand years, they have succeeded in getting very little of the universal treasure sequestered and out of sight. Suppose you can not plow that fertile field, or own the crops, or reap the harvests, is there no pleasure to you in a fine field, a growing crop, a good harvest? In fact, I sometimes fancy that I enjoy plowing and mowing more when other people are engaged in them than if I were working myself. Sweat away, my hearties, I say; I am in the shade of this tree watching you, and enjoying the scene amazingly.

I love to go into the pasture and look over those sleek Devonshires. The owner is very kind. He has paid thousands of dollars for them; he has spent I know not how much for the barns and premises; he keeps several careful men to tend them, and all for my enjoyment and yours! We walk through the fields, handle their silky vests, discuss their points, and enjoy the whole herd, full as much as the so-called owner!

Sometimes I go out to look after my farms, for I own all the best ones hereabouts. And the orchards, the gardens, the greenhouses, the stately forests and exquisite meadows that I possess, divested too of all vexation of taxes, care, or work, are enough to make one's heart swell with gratitude.

Besides all this, there is a royal artist that rises earlier than I do every day, and works gloriously every hour, painting pictures in the heavens, and over all the earth, giving inimitable colors, unexampled chiar-oscuro, filling the day

and the world with scenes that the canvas never equaled. And this stately gallery, with a dome like heaven, stands open, without fee or impudent janitor, to every poor man that has eyes. And the best of all is, that, glorious as is this manifestation, it is but a hint and outlying suggestion of a world transcendently better, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens !

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

(ISAAC M'LELLAN.)

NEW England's dead ! New England's dead !

On every hill they lie ;

On every field of strife made red

By bloody victory.

Each valley, where the battle poured

Its red and awful tide,

Beheld the brave New England sword

With slaughter deeply dyed.

Their bones are on the northern hill,

And on the Southern plain,

By brook and river, lake and rill,

And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,

And holy where they fell ;

For by their blood that land was bought,

That land they loved so well.

Then glory to that valiant band,

The honored saviors of the land !

Oh ! few and weak their numbers were,—

A handful of brave men ;

But to their God they gave their prayer,

And rushed to battle then.

The God of battles heard their cry,

And sent to them the victory.

They left the plowshare in the mold,

Their flocks and herds without a fold,

The sickle in the unshorn grain,

The corn half garnered, on the plain,

And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress,
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
O, where are ye to-day?
I call:—the hills reply again
That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely hight,
In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they not heed its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

(J. G. HOLLAND.)

HEAVEN is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step towards God,—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To purer air and broader view.

We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and light,
But our hearts grow weary, and, ere the night,
Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope and resolve and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls ;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS."

ONWARD, Christian soldier, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ, the Royal Master, leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle, see, his banners go.

CHORUS.

Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.

Like a mighty army, moves the Church of God ;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod ;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.

CHO.— Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and
wane,

But the Church of Jesus constant will remain.

Wickedness can never 'gainst the Church prevail:

We have Christ's own promise, which can never fail.

CHO.—Onward, Christian soldier, &c.

Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song.

Glory, praise and honor, men and angels sing.

Through the countless ages unto Christ the King.

CHO.—Onward, Christian soldiers, &c.

THE FALL OF WOLSEY.

(SHAKSPEARE.)

Wolsey. Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new opened. O! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors.
There is, betwixt that smile we should aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, and stands amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell!

Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wolsey. What! amazed

At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Cromwell. How does your grace?

Wolsey. Why, well:

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me,
(I humbly thank his grace,) and from these shoulders,
These ruined pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honor!
O! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Cromwell. I am glad your grace has made that right
use of it.

Wolsey. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?

Cromwell. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wolsey. God bless him!

Cromwell. 'The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wolsey. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favor, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience: that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?

Cromwell. That Cranmer is returned with welcome
Installed lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wolsey. That's news indeed!

Cromwell. Last, that the Lady Anne
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was viewed in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wolsey. There was the weight that pulled me down.

O Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king ;
(That sun, I pray, may never set !) I have told him
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Cromwell.

O my lord !

Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?
Bear witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.

Wolsey. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell :
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one though thy master missed it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?
Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues : be just, and fear not.

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

Serve the king; and,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Cromwell. Good sir, have patience.

Wolsey. So I have. Farewell
The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven to dwell.
[*Exeunt.*]

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

(ROBERT SOUTHEY.)

“In the Parish of St. Neots, Cornwall, is a well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees,—withy, oak, elm, and ash,—and dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that, whether husband or wife first drank thereof, they get the mastery thereof.”—FULLER.

A WELL there is in the West country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in that West country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveler came to the well of St. Keyne;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow, he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and so clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighboring town,
At the well to fill his pail ;
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

“Now art thou a bachelor, stranger ?” quoth he,
“For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been ?
For an if she have, I’ll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.”

“I have left a good woman who never was here,”
The stranger he made reply ;
“But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.”

“St. Keyne,” quoth the countryman, “many a time,
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

“If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall master for life.

“But if the wife should drink of it first,
Heaven help the husband then !”
The stranger stooped to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

“You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes ?”
He to the countryman said.
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch.
But i' faith, she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

FARM-YARD SONG.

(J. T. TROWBRIDGE.)

OVER the hill the farm-boy goes ;
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in giant hand ;
In the poplar tree above the spring
The katydid begins to sing ;
The early dewes are falling :
Into the stone-heap darts the mink,
And the swallows skim the river's brink,
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling—

"Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !"
Farther, farther over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still—

"Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' !"

Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart at the close of day :
Harness and chain are hung away ;
Into the wagon-shed stand yoke and plough ;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow ;

The cooling dewes are falling :
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,
The whinnying mare her master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,

His cattle calling—

"Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' ! co' !"

While still the cow-boy, far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—

"Co', boss ! co', boss ! co' ! co' !"

Now to her task the milkmaid goes ;
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowling, pushing, little and great ;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling :
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye ;
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,

Soothingly calling—

“ So, boss ! so, boss ! so ! so ! so ! ”

The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, “ So, so, boss ! so ! so ! ”

To supper at last the farmer goes :
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed :
Without, the cricket’s ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long ;

The heavy dews are falling :

The housewife’s hand has turned the lock ;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock ;
The household sinks to deep repose ;
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes

Singing, calling—

“ Co’, boss ! co’, boss ! co’ ! co’ ! co’ ! ”

And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, “ So, boss ! so ! ”

GATES AJAR.

(ANNA L. RUTH.)

GAZING where the setting sun-rays
Steeped the clouds in gorgeous dyes,
Stood my little maid last evening,
All her soul within her eyes,

“Mamma,” cried she earnest, breathless,
With a faith no doubt could mar,
“Isn’t that what you’ve been reading—
Isn’t that the ‘Gates Ajar?’”

“I can almost see the shining
Of the streets all paved with gold !
I can almost see the gleaming
Of the harps the angels hold !
Almost, mamma ! for the glory
Shines so bright it dazzles me.”
“Mamma !” here the soft voice faltered,
“Ain’t I good enough to see !

“Is it ’cause I cried this morning
When you called me from my play ?
If I try again to-morrow,
Be real careful all the day,
Give you not the smallest trouble,
Study all my might and main—
Won’t God let me see it plainly,
When he ope’s the gates again ?”

“Nay my darling—years of striving,
Day by day, and hour by hour,
Every duty still fulfilling,
Could not give the wondrous power ;
Yet would mist of sun and weakness
From your gaze the vision bar—
Never human eyes, unaided
Penetrate the gates ajar !”

Filled with wonder, vague yet wistful,
Gazed the soft blue eyes in mine,
Reading not my hidden meaning,
Loath the bright dream to resign.
“Never, mamma ! shall I never
See that Heaven so bright and fair,
’Till I leave you, mamma, darling,
’Till the angels take me there ?”

“Nay my child, that heavenly radiance
Ne’er on earthly vision falls—
But to those whose hope and treasure
Garnered are within its walls,
God gives ofttimes spirit glimpses
Of their glorious home afar,
And to cheer life’s thorny pathway
Set the golden gates ajar!

“Then how petty seem the trials
That beset their onward way!
Of what little worth the baubles
Pleasures show to tempt astray!
No more weak and no more weary—
What this perfect bliss can mar!
While Faith’s eyes behold the glories
Gleaming through the gates ajar!

“O, my darling, grasp the promise,
Bind it on your baby heart,
That for those who love him, Jesus
Mansions bright hath set apart!
Upward, then, towards the radiance,
Steadfast shining like a star,
Unbetrayed your feet shall journey
’Till they reach the gates ajar.”

THE CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

(GEORGE W. BUNGAY.)

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song, as pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime;
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

“In deeds of love excel! excel!”
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;

"This is the church not built on sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites revere,
Come worship here! come worship here!
In rituals and faith excel!"
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Oh heed the ancient landmarks well!"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just eternal plan:
With God there can be nothing new;
Ignore the false, embrace the true,
While all is well! is well! is well!"
Pealed out the good old Dutch church bell

"Ye purifying waters swell!"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Through faith alone in Christ can save,
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,
To show the world unfaltering faith
In what the Sacred Scripture saith:
O swell! ye rising waters, swell!"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hope began;
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;
"Life is a boon, to mortals given,
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;
Do not invoke the avenging rod,
Come here and learn the way to God;
Say to the world, Farewell! farewell!"
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"To all, the truth, we tell ! we tell !"
Shouted in ecstasies a bell ;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see !
Our Lord has made salvation free !
Repent, believe, have faith, and then
Be saved, and praise the Lord, Amen !
Salvation's free, we tell ! we tell !"
Shouted the Methodistic bell.

"In after life there is no hell !"
In raptures rang a cheerful bell ;
"Look up to heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way ;
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life ; be just and right.
No hell ! no hell ! no hell ! no hell !"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim Fathers heeded well
My cheerful voice," pealed forth a bell ;
"No fetters here to clog the soul ;
No arbitrary creeds control
The free heart and progressive mind,
That leave the dusty past behind.
Speed well, speed well, speed well, speed well !"
Pealed out the Independent bell.

"No pope, no pope, to doom to hell !"
The Protestant rang out a bell ;
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal,
Within the hearts that truly feel
That loyalty to God will be
The fealty that makes men free,
No images where incense fell !"
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

"All hail, ye saints in heaven that dwell
Close by the cross !" exclaimed a bell ;
"Lean o'er the battlements of bliss,
And deign to bless a world like this ;
Let mortals kneel before this shrine—
Adore the water and the wine !

All hail ye saints, the chorus swell !”
Chimed in the Roman Catholic bell.

“Ye workers who have toiled so well,
To save the race!” said a sweet bell;
“With pledge, and badge, and banner, come,
Each brave heart beating like a drum;
Be royal men of noble deeds,
For *love* is holier than creeds;
Drink from the well, the well, the well !”
In rapture rang the Temperance bell.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

(FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.)

OH ! say, can you see, by the dawn’s early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight’s last gleam-
ing?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous
fight,
O’er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly stream-
ing;
And the rocket’s red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh ! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave ?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe’s haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o’er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses ?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning’s first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
’Tis the star-spangled banner ! oh, long may it wave
O’er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle’s confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more ?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps’ pollution.

No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave ;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

Oh ! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation ;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that has made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

(M. A. KIDDER.)

THERE is many a rest in the road of life,
If we only would stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it !
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust ne'er faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the wintry storm prevai^{le}th.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eyes still lifted ;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
When the ominous clouds are rifted !
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning ;
And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem, in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure :

It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayers to Heaven
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate, slender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame Heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

VERRES DENOUNCED.

(CICERO.)

AN opinion has long prevailed, Fathers, that, in public prosecutions, men of wealth, however clearly convicted, are always safe. This opinion, so injurious to your order, so detrimental to the State, it is now in your power to refute. A man is on trial before you who is rich, and who hopes his riches will compass his acquittal; but whose life and actions are his sufficient condemnation in the eyes of all candid men. I speak of Caius Verres, who, if he now receive not the sentence his crimes deserve, it shall not be through the lack of a criminal, or a prosecutor; but through the failure of the ministers of justice to do their duty. Passing over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does the prætorship of Verres exhibit but one continued scene of villainies? The public treasure squandered, a Consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a People trampled on! But his prætorship in Sicily has crowned his career of wickedness, and completed the lasting monument of his infamy. His decisions have violated all law, all precedent, all right. His extortions from the industrious poor have been beyond computation. Our most faithful allies have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tor-

tures. Men the most worthy have been condemned and banished without a hearing, while the most atrocious criminals have, with money, purchased exemption from the punishment due to their guilt.

I ask now, Verres, what have you to advance against these charges? Art thou not the tyrant prætor, who, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, dared to put to an infamous death, on the cross, that ill-fated and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus! And what was his offence? He had declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against your brutal persecutions! For this, when about to embark for home, he was seized, brought before you, charged with being a spy, scourged and tortured. In vain did he exclaim: "I am a Roman citizen! I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and who will attest my innocence!" Deaf to all remonstrance, remorseless, thirsting for innocent blood, you ordered the savage punishment to be inflicted! While the sacred words, "I am a Roman citizen," were on his lips,—words which, in the remotest regions, are a passport to protection,—you ordered him to death, to a death upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred,—now trampled on! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman People, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture, and put to an infamous death, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, the tears of pitying spectators, the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the merciless monster, who, in the confidence of his riches, strikes at the very root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance? And shall this man escape? Fathers, it must not be! It must not be, unless you would undermine the very foundations of social safety, strangle justice, and call down anarchy, massacre and ruin on the Commonwealth!

THE BOYS.

(O. W. HOLMES.)

This selection is a poem addressed to the class of 1829, in Harvard College, some thirty years after their graduation. The author, who retains, in a high degree, the freshness and joyousness of youth addresses his classmates as "boys."

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the almanac's cheat and the catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! we're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!
"Gray temples at twenty?"—Yes! white if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can
freeze!

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close,—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we call "Judge;"
It's a neat little fiction,—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," the one on the right;
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you to-night?
That's our "Member of Congress," we say when we chaff;
There's the "Reverend"—what's his name?—don't make
me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful book,
And the Royal Society thought it was true!
So they choose him right in,—a good joke it was too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical chain;

When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled fire,
We called him "The Justice," but now he's the "Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith;
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, "My country," "of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done;
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with tongue or with pen;
And I sometimes have asked, Shall we ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing, and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and its gray!
The stars of its Winter, the dews of its May!
And when we have done with our life-lasting toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children, The Boys!

DEATH OF LITTLE PAUL.

(CHARLES DICKENS.)

"FLOY," said Paul, "what is that?" "Where, dearest?" "There! at the bottom of the bed." "There's nothing there except Papa!" The figure lifted up its head and rose, and, coming to the bedside, said, "My own boy, don't you know me?" Paul looked in the face and thought, Was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and, before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them and draw it toward him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door. Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart; but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it, "Don't

be so sorry for me, dear papa; indeed, I am quite happy!" His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him around the neck, and repeated these words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him again in his room at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me; indeed, I am quite happy." This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall—how many nights the dark, dark river rolled toward the sea in spite of him—Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful, every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to the gentle boy. One night he had been thinking of his mother and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying; for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother; for he could not remember whether they had told him yes or no—the river running very fast, and confusing his mind. "Floy, did I ever see mamma?" "No, darling: why?" "Did I ever see any kind face, like mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?" he asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him. "Oh, yes, dear." "Whose, Floy?" "Your old nurse's, often." "And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer, perhaps, but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much. "Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please." "She is not here, darling. She shall come to-morrow." "Thank you, Floy." * * * * *

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile a figure coming in.

Yes, yes! No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity. "Floy, this is a kind, good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

"Now lay me down," he said; "and Floy, come close to me and let me see you!" Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together. "How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so." Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now! how bright the flowers growing on them! and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on; and now there was a shore before them. Who stood on the bank? He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck. "Mamma is like you, Floy: I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion—Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean!

IN MEMORY OF CHARLES DICKENS.

(MRS. GUSTAVUS REMAK.)

As sunset's glow illumed the sea
One balmy day of June,
And golden stars shone o'er the lea
To greet the rising moon,
One light of wond'rous brilliancy
Went out—alas! how soon!

Great England's son! His noble name
She'll proudly call her own,
Exalted on her roll of fame;
Yet not her pride alone;
All nations shall his worth proclaim,
The world his genius own.

E'en while his genial heart beat high,
'Mid friendly smile and cheer,
An unseen guest was hov'ring nigh,—
Death's shadow drawing near,
To bear him to his rest on high,
From love and labor here.

O'ershadowed by the angel's wing,
Unconsciously he lay,
Saw not the shaft, felt not the sting,
But gently passed away,—
And while the bells their vespers ring
He gains eternal day.

"Out with the tide," his life of love
On to the sea shall flow,—
The boundless sea of God's pure love,—
Nor waves of sorrow know;
But share with ransomed souls above
Bliss earth could ne'er bestow.

His name indeed a "household word"
Through ages now shall be,

The cheerful sound of "Chimes" be heard
 Like notes of melody;
 And "Christmas Carol," word for word,
 "Keep green his memory."

Oh! could he, with his parting breath,
 Have whispered what he felt;
 Revealed his earnest thoughts of death
 To those who near him knelt;—
 As once he spake, through "little Paul,"
 His dying words might be—

"How fast the river runs," (for all),
 "It's very near the sea;"
 "How green the banks—and rushes tall;"
 "My mother's face I see;"
 And then—"thank God!"—above it all
 "For Immortality!"

THE IRISH PICKET.

(ORPHEUS C. KERR.)

I'm shtandin in the mud, Biddy,
 Wid not a spalpeen near,
 An' silence, speechless as the grave,
 Is all the sound I hear.
 Me gun is at a "shouldher arms,"
 I'm wetted to the bone,
 An' when I'm after sphakin' out,
 I find meself alone.

This Southern climate's quare, Biddy,
 A quare and bastely thing,
 Wid Winter absent all the year,
 And Summer in the Spring.
 Ye mind the hot place down below?
 And ye may niver fear
 I'd dhraw comparisons—but then
 It's awful warrum here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,
Is one small star asthore,
An' that's foreninst the very cloud
It was behind before ;
The watchfires glame along the hill,
That's smilin' to the South ;
An' whin the sintry passes them
I see his oogly mouth.

It's dead for shlape I am, Biddy,
And drhamin swate I'd be,
If thim ould rebels over there
Would only lave me free ;
But when I lane against a shtump,
An' shtrive to get repose,
A musket ball he's comin' shtrate
To hit me spacious nose.

It's ye I'd like to see, Biddy,
A shparkin' here wid me,
And thin, avourneen, hear ye say,
"Acushla, Pat, machree!"
"Och, Biddy, dailint," thin says I,
Says you, "Get out of that,"
Says I, "Me arrum mates your waste,"
Says you, "Be daycint, Pat."

An' how's the pigs, and ducks, Biddy,
It's thim I think of, shure,
That looked so innosint and shwate
Upon the parlor flure ;
I'm sure you're aisy with the pig,
That's fat as he can be,
An' fade him wid the best, because
I'm tould he looks like me.

Whin I come home again, Biddy,
A sargint tried and thrue,
It's joost a daycint house I'll build,
And rint it chape to you ;
We'll have a parlor, bed-room, hall,
A duck-pond natelly done,
With kitchen, pig-pen, pratey-patch,
An' garret—all in one.

But, murther! there's a baste, Biddy,
 That's crapin' round a tree,
 An' well I know the crathur's there,
 To have a shot at me.
 Now, Mither Rebel, say yer prayers,
 And hould yer dirty paw,
 Here goes!—begorra, Biddy, dear,
 I've broke his oogly jaw!

HALLOWED GROUND.

(THOMAS CAMPBELL.)

WHAT's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant should not be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by Superstition's rod
 To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground—where, mourned and missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed;—
 But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
 Yon churchyard's bowers?
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

A kiss can consecrate the ground
 Where mated hearts are mutual bound:
 The spot where love's first links were wound,
 That ne'er are riven,
 Is hallowed down to earth's profound,
 And up to heaven!

For time makes all but true love old;
 The burning thoughts that then were told
 Run molten still in memory's mold;
 And will not cool,
 Until the heart itself be cold
 In Lethe's pool.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom;
Or Genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?
To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
 The sword he draws:—
What can ennoble fight?
 A noble cause!

Give that! and welcome War to brace
Her drums! and rend heaven's reeking space!
The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

And place our trophies where men kneel
To Heaven!—but Heaven rebukes my zeal!
The cause of Truth and human weal,
 O God above!
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
 To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine,
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
 Where they are not,—
The heart alone can make divine
 Religion's spot.

To incantations dost thou trust,
And pompous rites in domes august?
See mouldering stones and metal's rust
 Belie the vault,
That man can bless one pile of dust
 With chime or chant.

The ticking wood-worm mocks thee, man!
Thy temples,—creeds themselves grow wan!
But there's a dome of nobler span,
 A temple given
Thy faith, that bigots dare not ban,—
 Its space is heaven.

Its roof star-pictured Nature's ceiling,
Where trancing the rapt spirits feeling,
And God himself to man revealing,
 The harmonious spheres
Make music, though unheard their pealing
 By mortal ears.

Fair stars! are not your beings pure?
Can sin, can death, your worlds obscure?
Else why so swell the thoughts at your
 Aspect above?
Ye must be heaven's that makes us sure
 Of heavenly love!

And in your harmony sublime
I read the doom of distant time;
That man's regenerate soul from crime
 Shall yet be drawn,
And reason on his mortal clime
 Immortal dawn.

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
 Earth's compass round;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

THERE lived, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
At least some fifty years ago, or more,
A pleasant wight on town, yclept Tom King,—
A fellow that was clever at a joke,
Expert in all the arts to tease and smoke;
In short, for strokes of humor quite the thing.

One night, our hero, rambling with a friend,
Near famed St. Giles's chanced his course to bend,
Just by that spot, the Seven Dials hight.
'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
And scarce a lamp displayed a twinkling light.

At the first door, King gave a thundering knock
(The time we may suppose near two o'clock).
"I'll ask," said King, "if Thompson lodges here."
"Thompson," cries t' other, "who the devil's he?"
"I know not," King replies, "but want to see
What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came;
One hand displayed a rushlight's trembling flame,
The other held a thing they called culotte;
An old striped wollen nightcap graced his head,
A tattered waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread;
Scarce half awake, he heaved a yawning note.

Though thus untimely roused he courteous smiled,
And soon addressed our wag in accents mild,
Bending his head politely to his knee,—
"Pray, sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?
I beg your pardon, sare, to make you wait;
Pray tell me, sare, vat your commands vid me?"

"Sir," replied King, "I merely thought to know,
As by your house I chanced to-night to go
(But, really, I disturbed your sleep, I fear),
I say, I thought, that you perhaps could tell,
Among the folks who in this quarter dwell,
If there's a Mr. Thompson lodges here?"

The shivering Frenchman, hough not pleased to find
The business of this unimportant kind,

Too simple to suspect 't was meant in jeer,
Shrugged out a sigh that thus his rest was broke,
Then, with unaltered courtesy, he spoke;

“No, sare, no Monsieur Tonson lodges here.”

Our wag begged pardon, and toward home he sped,
While the poor Frenchman crawled again to bed.

But King resolved not thus to drop the jest;
So, the next night, with more of whim than grace,
Again he made a visit to the place,

To break once more the poor old Frenchman's rest.

He knocked,—but waited longer than before;
No footstep seemed approaching to the door;

Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound.
King with the knocker thundered then again,
Firm on his post determined to remain;

And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last King hears him o'er the passage creep,
Wondering what fiend again disturbed his sleep:

The wag salutes him with a civil leer;
Thus drawling out to heighten the surprise,
While the poor Frenchman rubbed his heavy eyes,
“Is there—a Mr. Thompson—lodges here?”

The Frenchman faltered, with a kind of fright,—

“Vy, sare, I'm sure I told you, sare, last night
(And here he labored, with a sigh sincere),

No Monsieur Tonson in the varld I know,

No Monsieur Tonson here,—I told you so;

Indeed, sare, dare no Monsieur Tonson here!”

Some more excuses tendered, off King goes,
And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.

The rogue next night pursued his old career.

'T was long indeed before the man came nigh,

And then he uttered, in a piteous cry,

“Sare, 'pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here!”

The Frenchman now perceived 't was all in vain
To his tormentor mildly to complain,

And straight in rage began his crest to rear ;
"Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so ?
Sare, I inform you, sare, three nights ago,
Diable—I swear, no Monsieur Tonson here !"

In short, our hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went,
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit ;
They throw out water ; for the watch they call ;
But King expecting, still escapes from all.
Monsieur at last was forced his house to quit.

It happened that our wag about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime ;
Six lingering years were there his tedious lot.
At length, content, amid his ripening store,
He treads again on Briton's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
"Ah ! here's the scene of frequent mirth," he said ;
"My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead.
Egad, I'll knock, and see who holds the place."

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the opening door,
Lo ! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal ?
Why, e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say !
He took his old abode that very day,—
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's wheel !

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears ;
The waistcoat and the nightcap seemed the same ;
And the King's detested voice astonished hears.
With rush light, as before, he creeping came,

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seemed bewildered with affright,
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore ;
Then, starting, he exclaimed, in rueful strain,
“Begar ! here’s Monsieur Tonson come again !”
Away he ran,—and ne’er was heard of more.

THE CHILDREN.

(DICKENSON.)

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed ;
Oh ! the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace !
Oh ! the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face !

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last ;
Of love that my heart will remember
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,—
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh ! my heart grows weak as a woman’s,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go ;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o’er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild ;
Oh ! there’s nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child !

They are idols of hearts and of households ;
They are angels of God in disguise ;

His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes ;
Oh ! these truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild ;
And I know how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun ;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself,
Ah ! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod ;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught *me* the goodness of God.
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule ;
My frown is sufficient correction,
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more ;
Ah ! how shall I sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door !
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their songs in the school and the street ;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed !"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed !

THE MISER FITLY PUNISHED.

(OSBORNE.)

So, so ! all safe ! Come forth, my pretty sparklers,—
Come forth, and feast my eyes ! Be not afraid !
No keen-eyed agent of the government
Can see you here. They wanted me, forsooth,
To lend you, at the lawful rate of usance,
For the state's needs. Ha, ha ! my shining pets,
My yellow darlings, my sweet golden circlets !
Too well I loved you to do that,—and so
I pleaded poverty, and none could prove
My story was not true.
Ha ! could they see
These bags of ducats, and that precious pile
Of ingots, and those bars of solid gold,
Their eyes, methinks, would water. What a comfort
Is it to see my moneys in a heap
All safely lodged under my very roof !
Here's a fat bag—let me untie the mouth of it.
What eloquence ! What beauty ! What expression !
Could Cicero so plead ? Could Helen look
One half so charming ? *(The trap-door falls.)*
Ah ! what sound was that ?—
The trap-door fallen ;—and the spring-lock caught !
Well, have I not the key ?—Of course I have.
'Tis in this pocket,—No. In this ?—No. Then
I left it at the bottom of the ladder.—
Ha ! 'tis not there. Where then ?—Ah ! mercy, Heavens !
'Tis in the lock outside !
What's to be done ?
Help, Help ! Will no one hear ? Oh ! would that I
Had not discharged old Simon!—but he begged
Each week for wages—would not give me credit.
I'll try my strength upon the door.—Despair !
I might as soon uproot the eternal rocks
As force it open. Am I here a prisoner,
And no one in the house ? no one at hand,
Or likely soon to be, to hear my cries ?

Am I entombed alive?—Horrible fate!
I sink—I faint beneath the bare conception!

(*Awakes.*) Darkness? Where am I?—I remember now,
This is a bag of ducats—'tis no dream—
No dream! The trap-door fell, and here am I
Immured with my dear gold—my candle out—
All gloom—all silence—all despair! What, ho!
Friends!—Friends?—I have no friends. What right have I
To use the name? These money-bags have been
The only friends I've cared for—and for these
I've toiled, and pinched, and screwed, shutting my heart
To charity, humanity and love!
Detested traitors! since I gave you all,—
Ay, gave my very soul,—can ye do naught
For me in this extremity?—Ho! Without there!
A thousand ducats for a loaf of bread!
Ten thousand ducats for a glass of water!
A pile of ingots for a helping hand!
Was that a laugh?—Ay, 'twas a fiend that laughed
To see a miser in the grip of death.
Offended Heaven! have mercy!—I will give
In arms all this vile rubbish, aid me thou
In this most dreadful strait! I'll build a church,—
A hospital!—Vain! vain! Too late, too late!
Heaven knows the miser's heart too well to trust him!
Heaven will not hear!—Why should it? What have I
Done to enlist Heaven's favor,—to help on
Heaven's cause on earth, in human hearts and homes?
Nothing! God's kingdom will not come the sooner
For any work or any prayer of mine.
But must I die here—in my own trap caught?
Die—die?—and then! Oh! mercy! Grant me time—
Thou who can'st save—grant me a little time,
And I'll redeem the past—undo the evil
That I have done—make thousands happy with
This hoarded treasure—do thy will on earth
As it is done in heaven—grant me but time!
Nor man nor God will heed my shrieks! All's lost!

MY WELCOME BEYOND.

(ALLIE WELLINGTON.)

Who will greet me first in heaven,
When that blissful realm I gain,
When the hands have ceased from toiling
And the heart hath ceased from pain;
When the last farewell is spoken,
Severed the last tender tie,
And I know how sweet, how solemn,
And how blest it is to die?

As my barque glides o'er the waters
Of that cold and silent stream,
And I see the domes of temples
In the distance brightly gleam—
Temples of that beauteous city
From all blight and sorrow free,
Who adown its golden portals
First will haste to welcome me?

Ah, whose eyes will watch my coming
From that fair and beauteous shore?
Whose the voice I first shall listen
That shall teach me Heavenly lore?
When my feet shall press the mystic
Borders of that better land,—
Whose face greet my wondering vision,
Whose shall clasp the spirit hand?

Who will greet me first in Heaven?
Oft the earnest thought will rise,
Musing on the unknown glories
Of that home beyond the skies;
Who will be my Heavenly mentor?
Will it be some seraph bright,—
Or an angel from the countless
Myriads of that world of light?

No, not these, for they have never
Dawned upon my mortal view,—
But the dear ones gone before us,—
They the loved, the tried, the true ;
They who walked with us life's pathway,
To its joys and griefs were given,
They who loved us best in Earth-land
Be the first to greet in Heaven.

KEEPING HIS WORD.

"ONLY a penny a box," he said ;
But the gentleman turned away his head,
As if he shrank from the squalid sight
Of the boy who stood in the failing light.

"Oh, sir !" he stammered, "you cannot know"
(And he brushed from his matches the flakes of snow
That the sudden tear might have chance to fall,)
"Or I think—I think you would take them all.

"Hungry and cold at our garret-pane,
Ruby will watch till I come again,
Bringing the loaf. The sun has set,
And he hasn't a crumb of breakfast yet.

"One penny, and then I can buy the bread !"
The gentleman stopped : "And you ?" he said ;
"I—I can put up with them,—hunger and cold,
But Ruby is only five years old.

"I promised our mother before she went—
She knew I would do it, and died content—
I promised her, sir, through best, through worst,
I always would think of Ruby first."

The gentleman paused at his open door,
Such tales he had often heard before ;
But he fumbled his purse in the twilight drear,
"I have nothing less than a shilling here."

"Oh, sir, if you'll only take the pack
I'll bring you the change in a moment back.
Indeed you may trust me!" "Trust you?—no!
But here is the shilling; take it and go."

The gentleman lolled in his cozy chair,
And watched his cigar-wreath melt in air,
And smiled on his children, and rose to see
The baby asleep on its mother's knee.

"And now it is nine by the clock," he said,
"Time that my darlings were all a-bed;
Kiss me 'good night,' and each be sure,
When you're saying your prayers, remember the poor."

Just then came a message—"A boy at the door,"—
But ere it was uttered he stood on the floor
Half breathless, bewildered, and ragged and strange;
"I'm Ruby—Mike's brother—I've brought you the
change.

"Mike's hurt, sir; 'twas dark; the snow made him blind,
And he didn't take notice the train was behind
Till he slipped on the track; and then it whizzed by:
And he's home in the garret; I think he will die.

"Yet nothing would do him, sir—nothing would do
But out through the snow I must hurry to you;
Of his hurt he was certain you wouldn't have heard,
And so you might think he had broken his word."

When the garret they hastily entered, they saw
Two arms mangled, shapeless, outstretched from the
straw.

"You did it—dear Ruby—God bless you!" he said,
And the boy, gladly smiling, sank back—and was dead.

CLERICAL WIT.

A PARSON, who a missionary had been,
And hardships and privations oft had seen,
While wandering far on lone and desert strands,
A weary traveler in benighted lands,

Would often picture to his little flock
The terrors of the gibbet and the block;
How martyrs suffer'd in the ancient times,
And what men suffer now in other climes;
And though his words were eloquent and deep,
His hearers oft indulged themselves in sleep.
He marked with sorrow each unconscious nod,
Within the portals of the house of God,
And once this new expedient thought he'd take
In his discourse, to keep the rogues awake—
Said he, "While traveling in a distant state,
I witness'd scenes which I will here relate:
'Twas in a deep, uncultivated wild,
Where noontide glory scarcely ever smiled;
Where wolves in hours of midnight darkness howl'd—
Where bears frequented, and where panthers prowld;
And, on my word, mosquitoes there were found,
Many of which, I think, would weigh a pound!
More fierce and ravenous than the hungry shark—
They oft were known to climb the trees and bark!"
The audience seem'd taken by surprise—
All started up and rubb'd their wondering eyes;
At such a tale they all were much amazed,
Each drooping lid was in an instant raised,
And we must say, in keeping heads erect,
It had its destined and desired effect.
But tales like this credulity appall'd;
Next day, the deacons on the pastor call'd,
And begg'd to know how he could ever tell
The foolish falsehoods from his lips that fell.
"Why, sir," said one, "think what a monstrous
weight!
Were they as large as you were pleased to state?
You said they'd weigh a pound! It can't be true;
We'll not believe it, though 'tis told by you!"
"Ah, but it is!" the parson quick replied;
"In what I stated you may well confide;
Many, I said, sir—and the story's good—
Indeed I think that many of them would!"
The deacon saw at once that he was caught,
Yet deem'd himself relieved, on second thought.

"But then the barking—think of that, good man!
Such monstrous lies! Explain it if you can!"

"Why, that my friend, I can explain with ease—
They climbed the bark, sir, when they climbed the trees!"

BETSY AND I ARE OUT.

(WILLIAM M. CARLETON.)

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout,
For things at home are cross-ways, and Betsy and I are out,—
We who have worked together so long as man and wife
Must pull in single harness the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter," says you? I swan! it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman—she has no other man;
Only we've lived together as long as ever we can.

So I have talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with me
And we've agreed together that we never can agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a gatherin' this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had, for a start;
Although we ne'er suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone,
And Betsy, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember, whereon we disagreed,
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea—
And the more we arg'ed the question, the more we couldn't
agree.

And the next that I remember, was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket, for certain — the question was
only—How?

I held my opinion, and Betsy another had;
And when we were done a talkin,' we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke ;
But for full a week it lasted and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I fretted because she broke a bowl ;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way ;
Always something to ar'ge and something sharp to say,—
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple o' dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice to help the thing along.

And there have been days together — and many a weary
week—

When both of us were cross and spunky, and both too proud
to speak ;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the
summer and fall,

If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then I won't at all.

And so I've talked with Betsy, and Betsy has talked with
me ;

And we have agreed together that we can never agree ;

And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be
mine ;

And I'll put it in the agreement and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—

Of all the farm and live stock, she shall have her half :

For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,

And it's nothin more than justice that Betsy has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead ; a man can thrive and
roam,

But women are wretched critters, unless they have a home.

And I have always determined, and never fail to say,

That Betsy should never want a home, if I was taken away.

There's a little hard money besides, that's drawin' tol'erable
pay,

A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day,—

Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;

Put in another clause there, and give her all of that.

I see that you are smiling, sir, at my givin' her so much ;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such ;
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young,
And Betsy was always good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

When I was young as you, sir, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other chaps ;
And all of 'em was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And for a time I was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once, when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon—
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight ;
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and
night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen,
And I don't complain of Betsy or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer ; and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her and see if it's all right ;
And then in the mornin' I'll sell to a tradin' man I know—
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world
I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't
occur ;
That when I am dead at last she will bring me back to her,
And lay me under the maple we planted years ago,
When she and I was happy, before we quarreled so.

And when she dies, I wish that she would be laid by me ;
And lyin' together in silence, perhaps we'll then agree ;
And if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we've quarreled
here.

BETSY DESTROYS THE PAPER.

(PETROLEUM V. NASBY.)

I'VE brought back the paper, lawyer, and fetched the parson
here,
To see that things are regular, and settled up fair and clear;
For I've been talking with Caleb, and Caleb has with me,
And the 'mount of it is we're minded to try once more to
agree.

So I came here on the business,—only a word to say
(Caleb is staking pea-vines, and couldn't come to-day.)
Just to tell you and parson how that we've changed our
mind;
So I'll tear up the paper, lawyer, you see it wasn't signed.

And now if parson is ready, I'll walk with him toward
home;
I want to thank him for something, 'twas kind of him to
come;
He showed a Christian spirit, stood by us firm and true;
We mightn't have changed our mind, squire, if he'd been a
lawyer too.

There!—how good the sun feels, and the grass, and blowin'
trees,
Something about them lawyers makes me feel fit to freeze;
I wasn't bound to state particular to that man,
But it's right you should know, parson, about our change
of plan.

We'd been some days a waverin' a little, Caleb and me,
And wished the hateful paper at the bottom of the sea;
But I guess 'twas the prayer last evening, and the few
words you said,
That thawed the ice between us, and brought things to a
head.

You see, when we came to division, there were things that
wouldn't divide;
There was our twelve-year-old baby, she couldn't be satisfied
To go with one or the other, but just kept whimperin' low,
"I'll stay with papa and mamma, and where they go I'll
go."

Then there was grandsire's Bible—he died on our wedding
day;
We couldn't halve the old Bible, and should it go or stay?
The sheets that was Caleb's mother's, her sampler on the
wall,
With the sweet old names worked in — Tryphena, and
Eunice, and Paul.

It began to be hard then, parson, but it grew harder still,
Talkin' of Caleb established down at McHenry'sville;
Three dollars a week 'twould cost him; no mendin' nor sort
of care,
And board at the Widow Meacham's, a woman that wears
false hair.

Still we went on a talkin'; I agreed to knit some socks,
And make a dozen striped shirts, and a pair of wa'mus
frocks;
And he was to cut a doorway from the kitchen to the shed:
"Save you climbing steps much, in frosty weather," he
said.

He brought me the pen at last; I felt a sinkin', and he
Looked as he did with the agur, in the spring of sixty-
three.
'Twas then you dropped in, parson, 'twasn't much that was
said,
"Little children, love one another," but the thing was
killed stone dead.

I should like to make confession; not that I'm going to say
The fault was all on my side, that never was my way,
But it may be true that women—tho' how 'tis I can't see—
Are a trifle more aggravatin' that men know how to be.

Then, parson, the neighbors' meddlin'—it wasn't pourin'
oil;
And the church a laborin' with us, 'twas worse than wasted
toil;
And I've thought, and so has Caleb, though maybe we are
wrong,
If they'd kept to their own business, we should have got
along.

There was Deacon Amos Purdy, a good man as we know,
But hadn't a gift of laborin' except with the scythe and hoe;
Then a load came over in peach time from the Wilbur
neighborhood,
"Season of prayer," they called it; didn't do an atom of
good.

I'll tell you about the heifer—one of the kindest and best—
That brother Ephraim gave me, the fall he moved out West;
I'm free to own it riled me that Caleb should think and say
She died of convulsions—a cow that milked four gallons a
day.

But I needn't have spoke of turnips, needn't have been so
cross,
And said hard things, and hinted as if 'twas all my loss;
And I'll take it all back, parson; that fire shan't ever break
out,
Though the cow was choked with a turnip, I never had a
doubt.

Then there are p'int's of doctrine, and views of a future state
I'm willing to stop discussin'; we can both afford to wait;
'Twon't bring the millennium sooner, disputin' about when
it's due,
Although I feel an assurance that mine's the Scriptural
view.

But the blessedest truths of the Bible, I've learned to
think don't lie
In the texts we hunt with a candle to prove our doctrines
by,

But them that comes to us in sorrow, and when we're on our
knees;
So if Caleb won't argue on free-will, I'll leave alone the
decrees.

One notion of Caleb's, parson, seems rather misty and dim;
I wish, if it comes convenient, you'd change a word with
him,
It don't quite stand to reason, and for gospel it isn't clear,
That folks love better in heaven for having quarreled here.

I've no such an expectation; why, parson, if that is so,
You needn't have worked so faithful to reconcile folks below;
I hold another opinion, and hold it straight and square,
If we cant be peaceable here, we won't be peaceable there.

But there's the request he made; you know it, parson, about
Bein' laid under the maples that his own hand set out,
And me to be laid beside him when my time comes to go;
As if—as if—don't mind me; but 'twas that unstrung me so.

And now that some scales, as we think, have fallen from
our eyes,
And things brought so to a crisis have made us both more
wise,
Why, Caleb says, and so I say, till the Lord parts him and
me,
We'll love each other better, and try our best to agree.

PATRICK HENRY.

(BY WILLIAM WIRT.)

MR. HENRY was nearly six feet high; spare, and what may be called raw-boned, with a slight stoop of the shoulders. His complexion was dark, sunburnt, and sallow, without any appearance of blood in his cheeks; his countenance grave, thoughtful, penetrating, and strongly marked with the lineaments of deep reflection. The earnestness of his manner, united with an habitual contraction or knitting of his brows, and those lines of thought with which his face

was profusely furrowed, gave to his countenance, at some times, the appearance of severity. Yet such was the power which he had over its expression, that he could shake off from it in an instant all the sternness of winter, and robe it in the brightest smiles of spring.

His forehead was high and straight, yet forming a sufficient angle with the lower part of his face; his nose, somewhat of the Roman stamp, though like that which we see in the bust of Cicero, was rather long, than remarkable for its Cæsarean form. Of the color of his eyes, the accounts are almost as various as those which we have of the color of the chameleon; they are said to have been blue gray, which Lavater calls green, hazel, brown, and black. The fact seems to have been, that they were of a bluish gray, not large; and being deeply fixed in his head, overhung by dark, long, and full eye-brows, and farther shaded by lashes that were both long and black, their apparent color was as variable as the lights in which they were seen. But all concur in saying that they were, unquestionably, the finest feature in his face—brilliant, full of spirit, and capable of the most rapidly shifting and powerful expression—at one time piercing and terrible as those of Mars, and then again soft and tender as those of Pity herself.

His cheeks were hollow—his chin long, but well formed, and rounded at the end, so as to form a proper counterpart to the upper part of the face. “I find it difficult,” says the correspondent from whom I have borrowed this portrait, “to describe his mouth, in which there was nothing remarkable, except when about to express a modest dissent from some opinion on which he was commenting. He then had a sort of half smile, in which *the want of conviction* was perhaps more strongly expressed, than the satirical emotion, which probably prompted it. His manner and address to the court and jury might be deemed the excess of humility, diffidence, and modesty. If, as rarely happened, he had occasion to answer any remark from the bench, it was impossible for Meekness herself to assume a manner less presumptuous. But in the *smile* of which I have been speaking, you might anticipate the want of conviction, expressed in his answer, at the moment that he submitted to the *superior wisdom* of the court, with a grace that would have done honor to Westminster Hall. In his reply to counsel,

his remarks on the evidence, and on the conduct of the parties, he preserved the same distinguished deference and politeness, still accompanied, however, by *the never-failing index of this sceptical smile*, where the occasion prompted."

In short, his features were manly, bold, and well-proportioned, full of intelligence, and adapting themselves intuitively to every sentiment of his mind and every feeling of his heart. His voice was not remarkable for its sweetness; but it was firm, full of volume, and rather melodious. Its charms consisted in the mellowness and fulness of its note, the ease and variety of its inflections, the distinctness of its articulation, the fine effect of its emphasis, the felicity with which it attuned itself to every emotion, and the vast compass which enabled it to range through the whole empire of human passion, from the deep and tragic half-whisper of horror, to the wildest exclamation of overwhelming rage.

In mild persuasion it was as soft and gentle as the zephyr of spring; while in rousing his countrymen to arms, the winter storm that roars along the troubled Baltic, was not more awfully sublime. It was at all times perfectly under his command; or rather, indeed, it seemed to command itself, and to modulate its notes, most happily, to the sentiment he was uttering. It never exceeded, or fell short of the occasion. There was none of that long-continued and deafening vociferation, which always takes place when an ardent speaker has lost possession of himself—no monotonous clangor, no discordant shriek. Without being strained, it had that body and enunciation which filled the most distant ear, without distressing those which were nearest him; hence it never became cracked or hoarse, even in his longest speeches, but retained to the last all its clearness and fulness of intonation, all the delicacy of its inflection, all the charms of its emphasis, and enchanting variety of its cadence.

His delivery was perfectly natural and well-timed. It has indeed been said, that, on his first rising, there was a species of sub-cantus very observable by a stranger, and rather disagreeable to him; but soon even itself became agreeable, and seemed, indeed, indispensable to the full effect of his peculiar diction and conceptions. In point of time, he was very happy: there was no slow and heavy dragging, no quaint and measured drawling, with equidis-

tant pace, no stumbling and floundering among the fractured members of deranged and broken periods, no undignified hurry and trepidation, no recalling and recasting of sentences, no retraction of one word and substitution of another not better, and none of those affected bursts of almost inarticulate impetuosity, which betray the rhetorician rather than display the orator.

On the contrary, ever self-collected, deliberate, and dignified, he seemed to have looked through the whole period before he commenced its delivery; and hence his delivery was smooth, and firm, and well accented; slow enough to take along with him the dullest hearer, and yet so commanding that the quick had neither the power nor the disposition to get the start of him. Thus he gave to every thought its full and appropriate force; and to every image all its radiance and beauty.

No speaker ever understood better than Mr. Henry, the true use and power of the pause: and no one ever practiced it with happier effect. His pauses were never resorted to, for the purpose of investing an insignificant thought with false importance; much less were they ever resorted to as a finesse, to gain time for thinking. The hearer was never disposed to ask, "why that pause?" nor to measure its duration by a reference to his watch. On the contrary, it always came at the very moment when he would himself have wished it, in order to weigh the striking and important thought which had just been uttered; and the interval was always filled by the speaker with a matchless energy of look, which drove the thought home through the mind and through the heart.

His gestures, and this varying play of his features and voice, were so excellent, so exquisite, that many have referred his power as an orator principally to that cause; yet this was all his own, and his gesture, particularly, of so peculiar a cast, that it is said it would have become no other man. I do not learn that it was very abundant; for there was no trash about it; none of those false motions to which undisciplined speakers are so generally addicted; no chopping nor sawing of the air; no thumping of the bar to express an earnestness, which was much more powerfully, as well as more elegantly, expressed by his eye and his countenance.

Whenever he moved his arm, or his hand, or even his

finger, or changed the position of his body, it was always to some purpose; nothing was inefficient; every thing told; every gesture, every attitude, every look, was emphatic; all was animation, energy, and dignity. Its great advantage consisted in this—that various, bold, and original as it was, it never appeared to be studied, affected, or theatrical, or “to overstep,” in the smallest degree, “the modesty of nature;” for he never made a gesture or assumed an attitude, which did not seem imperiously demanded by the occasion. Every look, every motion, every pause, every start, was completely filled and dilated by the thought which he was uttering, and seemed indeed to form a part of the thought itself.

His action, however strong, was never vehement. He was never seen rushing forward, shoulder foremost, fury in his countenance, and frenzy in his voice, as if to overturn the bar, and charge his audience sword in hand. His judgment was too manly and too solid, and his taste too true, to permit him to indulge in any such extravagance. His good sense and his self-possession never deserted him. In the loudest storm of declamation, in the fiercest blaze of passion, there was a dignity and temperance which gave it seeming. He had the rare faculty of imparting to his hearers all the excess of his own feelings, and the violence and tumult of his emotions, and all the dauntless spirit of his resolution.

IRON.

(BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.)

“Truth shall spring out of the earth.”

—PSALMS, lxxxv. 11.

As in lonely thought, I pondered
On the marv'lous things of earth,
And, in fancy dreaming, wondered
At their beauty, power, and worth,
Came, like words of prayer, the feeling—
Oh! that God would make me know,
Through the Spirit's clear revealing—
What, of all his works below,

Is to man a boon the greatest,
Brightening on from age to age,
Serving truest, earliest, latest,
Through the world's long pilgrimage.

Soon vast mountains rose before me,
Shaggy, desolate, and lone,
Their scarred heads were threat'ning o'er me,
Their dark shadows round me thrown ;
Then a voice, from out the mountains,
As an earthquake shook the ground,
And like frightened fawns the fountains,
Leaping, fled before the sound ;
And the Anak oaks bowed lowly,
Quivering, aspen-like, with fear—
While the deep response came slowly,
Or it must have crushed mine ear !

“Iron ! Iron ! Iron !” crashing,
Like the battle-ax and shield ;
Or the sword on helmet clashing,
Through a bloody battle-field :
“Iron ! Iron ! Iron !”—rolling,
Like the far-off cannon's boom ;
Or the death-knell, slowly tolling,
Through a dungeon's charnel gloom !
“Iron ! Iron ! Iron !”—swinging,
Like the summer winds at play ;
Or as bells of Time were ringing
*In the blest Millennial Day !

Then the clouds of ancient fable
Cleared away before mine eyes ;
Truth could tread a footing stable
O'er the gulf of mysteries !
Words, the prophet bards had uttered
Signs, the oracle foretold,
Spells, the weird-like Sibyl muttered,
Through the twilight days of old,
Rightly read, beneath the splendor,
Shining now on history's page,
All their faithful witness render—
All portend a better age.

Sisyphus forever toiling,
Was the type of toiling men,
While the stone of power, recoiling,
Crushed them back to earth again!
Stern Prometheus, bound and bleeding,
Imaged man in mental chain,
While the vultures, on him feeding,
Were the passions' vengeful reign;
Still a ray of mercy tarried
On the cloud, a white-winged dove,
For this mystic faith had married
Vulcan to the Queen of Love!

Rugged strength and radiant beauty—
These were one in Nature's plan;
Humble toil and heavenward duty—
These will form the perfect man!
Darkly was this doctrine taught us
By the gods of heathendom;
But the living light was brought us,
When the Gospel morn had come!
How the glorious change, expected,
Could be wrought, was then made free
Of the earthly, when perfected,
Rugged Iron forms the key!

"Truth from out the earth shall flourish,"
This the Word of God makes known,—
Thence are harvest men to nourish
There let Iron's power be shown.
Of the swords, from slaughter gory,
Plowshares forge to break the soil—
Then will Mind attain its glory,
Then will labor reap the spoil,—
Error cease the soul to wilder,
Crime be checked by simple good,
As the little coral builder
Forces back the furious flood.

While our faith in good grows stronger,
Means of greater good increase;
Iron, thundering war no longer,
Leads the onward march of peace;

Still new modes of service finding,
Ocean, earth, and air it moves,
And the distant nations binding,
Like the kindred tie it proves;
With its Atlas shoulder sharing
Loads of human toil and care,
On its wing of lightning bearing
Thought's swift mission through the air!

As the rivers, furthest flowing,
In the highest hills have birth;
As the banyan, broadest growing,
Oftenest bows its head to earth—
So the noblest minds press onward,
Channels far of good to trace;
So the largest hearts bend downward,
Circling all the human race;
Thus, by Iron's aid pursuing
Through the earth their plans of love,
Men our Father's will are doing
Here, as angels do above!

THE PROUD MISS MACBRIDE.

(JOHN G. SAXE.)

O, TERRIBLY proud was Miss MacBride,
The very personification of pride,
As she minced along in fashion's tide,
Adown Broadway—on the proper side—
When the golden sun was setting;
There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting!

O, terribly proud was Miss MacBride,
Proud of her beauty, and proud of her pride,
And proud of fifty matters beside—
That wouldn't have borne dissection;

Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
On a very slight inspection !

Proud abroad, and proud at home,
Proud wherever she chanced to come—
When she was glad, and when she was glum ;
Proud as the head of a Saracen
Over the door of a tippling-shop !—
Proud as a duchess, proud as a fop,
"Proud as a boy with a bran-new top,"
Proud beyond comparison !

It seems a singular thing to say,
But her very senses led her astray
Respecting all humility ;
In sooth, her dull, auricular drum
Could find in humble only a "hum,"
And heard no sound of "gentle" come,
In talking about gentility.

What lowly meant she didn't know,
For she always avoided "everything low,"
With care the most punctilious ;
And, queerer still, the audible sound
Of "super-silly" she never had found
In the adjective supercilious !

The meaning of meek she never knew,
But imagined the phrase had something to do
With "Moses," a peddling German Jew,
Who, like all hawkers, the country through,
Was "a person of no position ;"
And it seemed to her exceedingly plain,
If the word was really known to pertain
To a vulgar German, it wasn't germane
To a lady of high condition !

Even her graces—not her grace—
For that was in the "vocative case"—
Chilled with the touch of her icy face,
Sat very stiffly upon her !

She never confessed a favor aloud,
Like one of the simple, common crowd—
But coldly smiled, and faintly bowed,
As who should say, "You do me proud,
And do yourself an honor!"

And yet the pride of Miss MacBride,
Although it had fifty hobbies to ride,
Had really no foundation;
But, like the fabrics that gossips devise—
Those single stories that often arise
And grow till they reach a four-story size—
Was merely a fancy creation!

Her birth, indeed, was uncommonly high—
For Miss MacBride first opened her eye
Through a skylight dim, on the light of the sky;
But pride is a curious passion—
And in talking about her wealth and worth,
She always forgot to mention her birth
To people of rank and fashion!

Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our "fierce democracie!"
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten peers—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy!

English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration;
So subtle a tangle of blood, indeed,
No heraldry-Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation!

Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend

You may find it waxed at the other end,
By some plebeian vocation ;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation !

But Miss MacBride had something beside
Her lofty birth to nourish her pride—
For rich was the old paternal MacBride,
According to public rumor ;
And he lived “up town,” in a splendid square,
And kept his daughter on dainty fare,
And gave her gems that were rich and rare,
And the finest rings and things to wear,
And feathers enough to plume her.

A thriving tailor begged her hand,
But she gave “the fellow” to understand,
By a violent manual action,
She perfectly scorned the best of his clan,
And reckoned the ninth of any man
An exceedingly vulgar fraction !

Another, whose sign was a golden boot,
Was mortified with a bootless suit,
In a way that was quite appalling ;
For, though a regular sutor by trade,
He wasn't a suitor to suit the maid,
Who cut him off with a saw—and bade
“The cobbler keep to his calling !”

A rich tobacconist comes and sues,
And, thinking the lady would scarce refuse
A man of his wealth, and liberal views,
Began, at once, with “If you choose—
And could you really love him—”
But the lady spoiled his speech in a huff,
With an answer rough and ready enough,
To let him know she was up to snuff,
And altogether above him !

A young attorney, of winning grace,
Was scarce allowed to “open his face,”

Ere Miss MacBride had closed his case
 With true judicial celerity ;
For the lawyer was poor, and "seedy" to boot,
And to say the lady discarded his suit,
 Is merely a double verity !

The last of those who came to court,
Was a lively beau, of the dapper sort,
"Without any visible means of support,"
 A crime by no means flagrant
In one who wears an elegant coat,
But the very point on which they vote
 A ragged fellow "a vagrant !"

Now dapper Jim his courtship plied
(I wish the fact could be denied)
With an eye to the purse of old MacBride
 And really "nothing shorter !"
For he said to himself, in his greedy lust,
"Whenever he dies—as die he must—
And yields to Heaven his vital trust,
He's very sure to 'come down with his dust,'
 In behalf of his only daughter."

And the very magnificent Miss MacBride,
Half in love, and half in pride,
 Quite graciously relented ;
And, tossing her head, and turning her back,
No token of proper pride to lack—
To be a bride, without the "Mac,"
 With much disdain, consented !

Old John MacBride, one fatal day,
Became the unresisting prey
 Of fortune's undertakers ;
And staking all on a single die,
His foundered bark went high and dry
 Among the brokers and breakers !

But, alas, for the haughty Miss MacBride,
'Twas such a shock to her precious pride !
She couldn't recover, although she tried

Her jaded spirits to rally;
'Twas a dreadful change in human affairs,
From a place "up town," to a nook "up stairs,"
From an avenue down to an alley!

'Twas little condolence she had, God wot—
From her "troops of friends," who hadn't forgot
The airs she used to borrow!
They had civil phrases enough, but yet
'Twas plain to see that their "deepest regret"
Was a different thing from sorrow!

And one of those chaps who make a pun,
As if it were quite legitimate fun
To be blazing away at every one
With a regular, double-loaded gun—
Remarked that moral transgression
Always brings retributive stings
To candle-makers as well as kings;
For "making light of cereous things"
Was a very wicked profession!

And the vulgar people—the saucy churls—
Inquired about "the price of pearls,"
And mocked at her situation:
"She wasn't ruined—they ventured to hope—
Because she was poor, she needn't mope;
Few people were better off for soap,
And that was a consolation!"

And to make her cup of woe run over,
Her elegant, ardent plighted lover
Was the very first to forsake her;
"He quite regretted the step, 'twas true—
The lady had pride enough 'for two,'
But that alone would never do
To quiet the butcher and baker!"

And now the unhappy Miss MacBride—
The merest ghost of her early pride—
Bewails her lonely position;
Cramped in the very narrowest niche,
Above the poor, and below the rich—
Was ever a worse condition!

MORAL.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty, and put on airs,
 With insolent pride of station !
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people in plainer clothes,
But learn, for the sake of your mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes—and goes !
And that all proud flesh, wherever it grows,
 Is subject to irritation !

A PARABLE.

(JAMES R. LOWELL.)

WORN and footsore was the Prophet,
When he gained the holy hill ;
“ God has left the earth,” he murmured,
 “ Here his presence lingers still.

“ God of all the olden prophets,
Wilt thou speak with men no more ?
Have I not as truly served thee,
As thy chosen ones of yore ?

“ Hear me, guider of my fathers,
Lo ! a humble heart is mine ;
By thy mercy, I beseech thee,
 Grant thy servant but a sign !”

Bowing then his head, he listened
For an answer to his prayer ;
No loud burst of thunder followed ;
Not a murmur stirred the air :—

But the tuft of moss before him
Opened while he waited yet,
And, from out the rock's hard bosom,
Sprang a tender violet.

“God ! I thank thee,” said the Prophet ;
“Hard of heart, and blind was I,
Looking to the holy mountain
For the gift of prophecy.

“Still thou speakest with thy children
Freely as in eld sublime ;
Humbleness and love and patience
Still give empire over time.

“Had I trusted in my nature,
And had faith in lowly things,
Thou thyself wouldst then have sought me,
And set free my spirit’s wings.

But I looked for signs and wonders,
That o’er men should give me sway ;
Thirsting to be more than mortal,
I was even less than clay.

“Ere I entered on my journey,
As I girt my loins to start,
Ran to me my little daughter,
The beloved of my heart ;—

“In her hand she held a flower,
Like to this as like may be,
Which, beside my very threshold,
She had plucked and brought to me.”

THE POWER OF GOD.

1. THEN the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said,

2. Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge ?

3. Gird up thy loins now like a man : for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

4. Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ? Declare. if thou hast understanding.

5. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest, or who hath stretched the line upon it? -

6. Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof,

7. When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

8. Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb?

9. When I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it,

10. And brake up for it my decreed place, and set bars and doors,

11. And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed?

12. Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days; and caused the dayspring to know his place;

13. That it might take hold of the ends of the earth, that the wicked might be shaken out of it?

14. It is turned as clay to the seal; and they stand as a garment.

15. And from the wicked their light is withholden, and the high arm shall be broken.

16. Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth?

17. Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?

18. Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth? declare if thou knowest it all.

19. Where is the way where light dwelleth? and as for darkness, where is the place thereof,

20. That thou shouldst take it to the bound thereof, and that thou shouldst know the paths to the house thereof?

21. Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born? or because the number of thy days is great?

22. Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow? or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,

23. Which I have reserved against the time of trouble, against the day of battle and war?

24. By what way is the light parted, which scattereth the east wind upon the earth?

25. Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of waters, or a way for the lightning of thunder;

26. To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is ;
on the wilderness, wherein there is no man ;

27. To satisfy the desolate and waste ground ; and to
cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth ?

28. Hath the rain a father ? or who hath begotten the
drops of dew ?

29. Out of whose womb came the ice ? and the hoary
frost of heaven, who hath gendered it ?

30. The waters are hid as with a stone, and the face of
the deep is frozen.

31. Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or
loose the bands of Orion ?

32. Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season ? or
canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons ?

33. Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven ? canst thou
set the dominion thereof in the earth ?

34. Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that
abundance of waters may cover thee ?

35. Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go, and
say unto thee, Here we are ?

36. Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts ? or who
hath given understanding to the heart ?

37. Who can number the clouds in wisdom ? or who
can stay the bottles of heaven,

38. When the dust groweth into hardness, and the clods
cleave fast together ?

39. Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion ? or fill the
appetite of the young lions,

40. When they couch in their dens, and abide in the
covert to lie in wait ?

41. Who provideth for the raven his food ? when his
young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat.

42. Hast thou given the horse strength ? hast thou
clothed his neck with thunder ?

43. Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper ? the
glory of his nostrils is terrible.

44. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his
strength ; he goeth on to meet the armed men.

45. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted ; neither
turneth he back from the sword.

46. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

47. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.

48. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

EMIR HASSAN.

(WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.)

EMIR HASSAN, of the prophet's race,
Asked, with folded hands, the Almighty's grace.
Then, within the banquet-hall he sat,
At his meal, upon the embroidered mat.

There a slave before him placed the food,
Spilling from the charger, as he stood,
Awkwardly upon the Emir's breast
Drops that foully stained the silken vest.

To the floor, in great remorse and dread,
Fell the slave, and thus, beseeching said :
"Master, they who hasten to restrain
Rising wrath, in paradise shall reign."

Gentle was the answer Hassan gave :
"I'm not angry. "Yet," pursued the slave,
"Yet doth higher recompense belong
To the injured who forgives a wrong."

"I forgive," said Hassan. "Yet we read,"
So the prostrate slave went on to plead,
"That a higher seat in glory still
Waits the man who renders good for ill."

"Slave, receive thy freedom, and behold
In thy hand I lay a purse of gold.
Let me never fail to heed, in aught,
What the prophet of our God hath taught."

FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE SENATE.

(HENRY CLAY.)

FROM 1806, the period of my entrance upon this noble theatre, with short intervals, to the present time, I have been engaged in the public councils, at home or abroad. Of the services rendered during that long and arduous period of my life, it does not become me to speak; history, if she deign to notice me, and posterity, if the recollections of my humble actions shall be transmitted to posterity, are the best, the truest, the most impartial judges. When death has closed the scene, their sentence will be pronounced, and to that I commit myself.

During that long period, however, I have not escaped the fate of other public men, nor failed to incur censure and detraction of the bitterest, most unrelenting, and most malignant character; and, though not always insensible to the pain it was meant to inflict, I have borne it, in general, with composure, and without disturbance, waiting, as I have done, in perfect and undoubting confidence, for the ultimate triumph of justice and of truth, and in the entire persuasion that time would settle all things as they should be, and that, whatever wrong or injustice I might experience at the hands of men, He to whom all hearts are open and fully known, would, by the inscrutable dispensations of His providence, rectify all error, redress all wrong, and cause ample justice to be done.

But I have not, meanwhile, been unsustained. Everywhere throughout the extent of this great continent, I have had cordial, warm-hearted, faithful, and devoted friends, who have known me, loved me, and appreciated my motives. To them, if language were capable of fully expressing my acknowledgments, I would now offer all the return I have the power to make for their genuine, disinterested, and persevering fidelity and devoted attachment, the feelings and sentiments of a heart overflowing with never-ceasing gratitude. If, however, I fail in suitable language to express my gratitude to them for all the kindness they have shown me, what shall I say, what can I say at all commensurate with those feelings of gratitude with which I have been

inspired by the State whose humble representative and servant I have been in this chamber?

I emigrated from Virginia to the state of Kentucky, now, nearly forty-five years ago; I went as an orphan boy who had not yet attained the age of majority; who had never recognized a father's smile, nor felt his warm caresses; poor, penniless, without the favor of the great, with an imperfect and neglected education, hardly sufficient for the ordinary business and common pursuits of life; but scarce had I set my foot upon her generous soil, when I was embraced with parental fondness, caressed as though I had been a favorite child, and patronized with liberal and unbounded munificence.

From that period the highest honors of the State have been freely bestowed upon me; and, when, in the darkest hour of calumny and detraction, I seemed to be assailed by all the rest of the world, she interposed her broad and impenetrable shield, repelled the poisoned shafts that were aimed for my destruction, and vindicated my good name from every malignant and unfounded aspersion. I return with indescribable pleasure to linger awhile longer, and mingle with the warm-hearted and whole-souled people of that state; and when the last scene shall forever close upon me, I hope that my earthly remains will be laid under her green sod with those of her gallant and patriotic sons.

In the course of a long and arduous public service, especially during the last eleven years in which I have held a seat in the Senate, from the same ardor and enthusiasm of character, I have no doubt, in the heat of debate, and in an honest endeavor to maintain my opinions against adverse opinions alike honestly entertained, as to the best course to be adopted for the public welfare, I may often have inadvertently and unintentionally, in moments of excited debate, made use of language that has been offensive, and susceptible of injurious interpretation, toward my brother senators. If there be any here who retain wounded feelings of injury or dissatisfaction, produced on such occasions, I beg to assure them that I now offer the most ample apology for any departure on my part from the established rules of parliamentary decorum and courtesy. On the other hand, I assure senators, one and all, without exception and without reserve, that I retire from this chamber without carrying

with me a single feeling of resentment or dissatisfaction to the Senate or any of its members.

I go from this place under the hope that we shall mutually consign to perpetual oblivion whatever personal collisions may, at any time, unfortunately have occurred between us; and that our recollections shall dwell in future only on those conflicts of mind with mind, those intellectual struggles, those noble exhibitions of the powers of logic, argument, and eloquence, honorable to the Senate and to the nation, in which each has sought and contended for what he deemed the best mode of accomplishing one common object, the interest and best happiness of our beloved country. To these thrilling and delightful scenes, it will be my pleasure and my pride to look back, on my retirement, with unmeasured satisfaction.

A VISIT FROM OLD NEPTUNE.

(J. S. SLEEPER.)

As we drew near the equinoctial line, I occasionally heard some talk among the officers on the subject of a visit from Old Neptune; and as there were three of the crew who had never crossed the line, it was thought probable that the venerable sea-god would visit the brig, and shake hands with the strangers, welcoming them to his dominions.

A few days afterwards, when the latitude was determined by a meridian altitude of the sun, Captain Page ordered Collins to go aloft and take a good look around the horizon, as it was not unlikely something was in sight. Collins grinned, and went aloft. He soon hailed the deck from the fore-topsail yard, and said he saw a boat broad off on the weather bow, with her sails spread "wing and wing," and steering directly for the brig.

"That's Old Neptune himself!" shouted Captain Page, clapping his hands. "He will soon be along side, Mr. Abbot," continued he, speaking to the chief mate, "let the men get their dinners at once. We must be prepared to receive the old gentleman!"

After dinner, Mr. Fairfield ordered those of the crew, including myself, who had never crossed the line, into the

forecastle, to remove one of the water casks. We had no sooner descended the ladder than the fore-scuttle was closed and fastened, and we were caught like rats in a trap. Preparations of a noisy character were now made on deck for the reception of Old Neptune.

An hour—a long and tedious one it appeared to those confined below—elapsed before the old gentleman got within hail. At length we heard a great tramping on the fore-castle; and, anon, a gruff voice, which seemed to come from the end of the flying jib-boom, yelled out, “Brig, ahoy!”

“Hallo!” replied the captain.

“Have you any strangers on board?”

“Ay, ay!”

“Heave me a rope! I’ll come alongside and shave them directly!”

A cordial greeting was soon interchanged between Captain Page and Old Neptune on deck, to which we prisoners listened with much interest. The slide of the scuttle was removed, and orders given for one of the “strangers” to come on deck and be shaved. Anxious to develope the mystery and be qualified to bear a part in the frolic, I pressed forward; but as soon as my hand appeared above the rim of the scuttle I was seized, blindfolded, and led to the main deck, where I was urged, by a press of politeness I could not withstand, to be seated on a plank.

The process of shaving commenced, which, owing to the peculiar roughness of the razor and the repulsive qualities of the lather, was more painful and disagreeable than pleasant, but to which I submitted without a murmur. When the scarifying process was finished, I was told to hold up my head, raise my voice to its highest pitch, and say “Yarns!” I obeyed the mandate, as in duty bound; and to give full and distinct utterance to the word, opened my mouth as if about to swallow a whale, when some remorseless knave, amid shouts of laughter from the surrounding group, popped into my open mouth the huge tar-brush, well charged with the unsavory ingredients for shaving.

I now thought my trials were over. Not so. I was interrogated through a speaking trumpet on several miscellaneous subjects; but, suspecting some trick, my answers were brief and given through closed teeth. At length, Captain Page exclaimed, “Old Neptune, this will never do.

Give him a speaking trumpet also, and let him answer according to rule, and in ship-shape fashion, so that we can all hear and understand him."

I put the trumpet to my mouth, and to the next question attempted to reply in stunning tones, "None of your business!"—for I was getting impatient, and felt somewhat angry. The sentence was but half uttered when a whole bucket of salt water was hurled into the broad end of the speaking trumpet, which conducted it into my mouth and down my throat, nearly producing strangulation; at the same time the seat was pulled from beneath me, and I was plunged over head and ears in the briny element.

As soon as I recovered my breath, the bandage was removed from my eyes, and I found myself floating in the long-boat, which had been nearly filled with water for the occasion, and surrounded by as jovial a set of fellows as ever played off a practical joke. Old Neptune proved to be Jim Sinclair, of Marblehead, but so disguised that his own mother could not have known him. His ill-favored and weather-beaten visage was covered with streaks of paint, like the face of a wild Indian on the war-path. He had a thick beard made of oakum; and a wig of rope-yarns, the curls hanging gracefully on his shoulders, was surmounted with a paper cap, fashioned and pointed so as to bear a greater resemblance to the papal tiara than to the diadem of the ocean monarch. In one hand he held a huge speaking trumpet, and in the other he brandished, instead of a trident, the ship's grains with five prongs.

The other strangers to Old Neptune were subsequently compelled to go through the same ceremonies, in which I assisted with a hearty good will; and those who did not patiently submit to the indignities, received the roughest treatment. The shades of evening fell before the frolic was over, and the wonted order and discipline restored.

SANDALPHON.

(LONGFELLOW.)

Have you read in the Talmud of old,
In the Legends the Rabbins have told
Of the limitless realms of the air,—

Have you read it,—the marvelous story
Of Sandalphon, the Angel of Glory,
Sandalphon, the Angel of Prayer?

How, erect, at the outermost gates
Of the City Celestial he waits,
With his feet on the ladder of light,
That, crowded with angels unnumbered,
By Jacob was seen, as he slumbered
Alone in the desert at night?

The Angels of Wind and of Fire
Chant only one hymn, and expire
With the song's irresistible stress;
Expire in their rapture and wonder,
As harp-strings are broken asunder
By music they throb to express.

But serene in the rapturous throng,
Unmoved by the rush of the song,
With eyes unimpassioned and slow,
Among the dead angels, the deathless
Sandalphon stands listening breathless
To sounds that ascend from below;—

From spirits on earth that adore,
From the souls that entreat and implore
In the fervor and passion of prayer;
From the hearts that are broken with losses,
And weary with dragging the crosses
Too heavy for mortals to bear.

And he gathers the prayers as he stands,
And they change into flowers in his hands,
Into garlands of purple and red;
And beneath the great arch of the portal,
Through the streets of the City Immortal
Is wafted the fragrance they shed.

It is but a legend I know,—
A fable, a phantom, a show,
Of the ancient Rabbinical lore;

Yet the old mediæval tradition,
The beautiful, strange superstition,
But haunts me and holds me the more.

When I look from my window at night,
And the welkin above is all white,
All throbbing and panting with stars,
Among them majestic is standing
Sandalphon the angel, expanding
His pinions in nebulous bars.

And the legend, I feel, is a part
Of the hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,
That grasps at the fruitage forbidden,
The golden pomegranates of Eden,
To quiet its fever and pain.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN KING EDWARD AND THE EARL OF WARWICK.

(DR. THOMAS FRANKLIN.)

Edw. Let me have no intruders; above all,
Keep Warwick from my sight— [*Enter Warwick.*]

War. Behold him here—

No welcome guest, it seems, unless I ask
My lord of Suffolk's leave—there was a time
When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain
Admission here.

Ed. There was a time, perhaps,
When Warwick more desired, and more deserved it.

War. Never; I've been a foolish, faithful slave:
All my best years, the morning of my life,
Have been devoted to your service: what
Are now the fruits? disgrace and infamy—
My spotless name, which never yet the breath
Of calumny had tainted, made the mock
For foreign fools to carp at: but 'tis fit,
Who trust in princes should be thus rewarded.

Ed. I thought, my lord, I had full well repaid
Your services with honors, wealth, and power
Unlimited: thy all-directing hand
Guided in secret every latent wheel
Of government, and moved the whole machine:
Warwick was all in all, and powerless Edward
Stood like a cipher in the great account.

War. Who gave that cipher worth, and seated thee
On England's throne? Thy undistinguished name
Had rotted in the dust from whence it sprang,
And mouldered in oblivion, had not Warwick
Dug from its sordid mine the useless ore,
And stamped it with a diadem. Thou knowest
This wretched country, doomed, perhaps, like Rome.
To fall by its own self-destroying hand,
Tost for so many years in the rough sea
Of civil discord, but for me had perished.
In that distressful hour, I seized the helm,
Bade the rough waves subside in peace, and steered
Your shattered vessel safe into the harbor.
You may despise, perhaps, that useless aid
Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth,
He who forgets a friend, deserves a foe.

Ed. Know, too, reproach for benefits received,
Pays every debt and cancels obligation.

War. Why, that indeed is frugal honesty,
A thrifty saving knowledge: when the debt
Grows burdensome, and cannot be discharged,
A sponge will wipe out all, and cost you nothing.

Ed. When you have counted o'er the numerous train
Of mighty gifts your bounty lavished on me,
You may remember next the injuries
Which I have done you; let me know them all,
And I will make you ample satisfaction.

War. Thou canst not; thou hast robbed me of a jewel
It is not in thy power to restore:
I was the first, shall future annals say,
That broke the sacred bond of public trust
And mutual confidence; ambassadors,
In after times, mere instruments, perhaps,
Of venal statesmen, shall recall my name
To witness that they want not an example,

And plead my guilt to sanctify their own.
Amidst the herd of mercenary slaves
That haunt your court, could none be found but War-
wick,

To be the shameless herald of a lie ?

Ed. And wouldst thou turn the vile reproach on me ?
If I have broke my faith, and stain'd the name
Of England, thank thy own pernicious counsels
That urged me to it, and extorted from me
A cold consent to what my heart abhorr'd.

War. I've been abus'd, insulted, and betray'd ;
My injur'd honor cries aloud for vengeance,
Her wounds will never close !

Ed. These gusts of passion
Will but inflame them : If I have been right
Inform'd, my lord, besides these dangerous scars
Of bleeding honor, you have other wounds
As deep, though not so fatal : such, perhaps,
As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.

War. Elizabeth !

Ed. Nay, start not—I have cause
To wonder most : I little thought, indeed,
When Warwick told me, I might learn to love,
He was himself so able to instruct me :
But I've discover'd all—

War. And so have I—
Too well I knew thy breach of friendship there,
Thy fruitless, base endeavors to supplant me.

Ed. I scorn it, Sir—Elizabeth hath charms,
And I have equal right with you to admire them ;
Nor see I aught so godlike in the form,
So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,
That he alone should revel in the charms
Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.
I knew not of your love.

War. 'Tis false !
You knew it all, and meanly took occasion,
Whiles I was busied in the noble office,
Your Grace thought fit to honor me withal,
To tamper with a weak, unguarded woman,
And basely steal a treasure
Which your kingdom could not purchase.

Ed. How know you that? but be it as it may,
I had a right, nor will I tamely yield
My claim to happiness, the privilege
To choose the partner of my throne :
It is a branch of my prerogative.

War. Prerogative! what's that? The boast of tyrants,
A borrow'd jewel, glittering in the crown
With specious lustre, lent but to betray.
You had it, Sir, and hold it, from the people.

Ed. And therefore do I prize it: I would guard
Their liberties, and they shall strengthen mine :
But when proud faction, and her rebel crew
Insult their sovereign, trample on his laws,
And bid defiance to his power, the people,
In justice to themselves, will then defend
His cause, and vindicate the rights they gave.

War. Go to your darling people, then ; for soon,
If I mistake not, 'twill be needful ; try
Their boasted zeal, and see if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cause,
If I forbid him.

Ed. Is it so, my lord,
Then mark my words: I've been your slave too long,
And you have ruled me with a rod of iron ;
But henceforth know, proud peer, I am thy master,
And will be so: the king who delegates
His power to others' hands, but ill deserves
The crown he wears.

War. Look well then to your own :
It sits but loosely on your head ; for, know,
The man who injur'd Warwick, never pass'd
Unpunish'd yet.

Ed. Nor he who threaten'd Edward—
You may repent it, Sir—my guards there—seize
This traitor, and convey him to the tower—
There let him learn obedience.

THE DIVER.

(SCHILLER.)

"OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis* below :
I cast into the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow :
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon† that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge.
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again, to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes ;
They looked on the dismal and savage profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight, who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth, with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires, stept out of the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle and doffing his mantle ;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main ;
Lo ! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again ;

* One of the two rocks, Scylla and Charybdis, described by Homer as lying near together, between Italy and Sicily ; both formidable to ships which had to pass between them. One contained an immense fig tree, under which dwelt Charybdis, who thrice every day swallowed down the waters of the sea, and thrice threw them up again.

† Recompense ; reward.

And, as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending ;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And it never will rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

And at last there lay open the desolate realm !
Through the breakers that whitened the waste of the swell,
Dark—dark yawned a cleft in the midst of the whelm,
The path to the heart of that fathomless hell.
Round and round whirled the waves—deep and deeper
still driven,
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—
Hark ! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And, behold ! he is whirled in the grasp of the main !
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark and profound,
But the deep from below murmured hollow and fell ;
And the crowd, as it shuddered, lamented aloud—
“ Gallant youth — noble heart — fare-thee-well, fare-
thee-well ! ”
And still ever deepening that wail as of woe,
More hollow the gulf sent its howl from below.

If thou should'st in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, “ Who may find it shall win it, and wear ; ”
God's wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazards were valued too dear.
For never did lips of the living reveal,
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh many a ship to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave ;

Again, crashed together, the keel and the mast,
To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave.—
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending.
And, as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far floating gloom,
What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb!—
They battle—the Man's with the Element's might.
It is he—it is he!—in his left hand behold,
As a sign—as a joy!—shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathed deep, and he breathed long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
“He lives—lo the ocean has rendered its prey!
And out of the grave where the Hell began,
His valor has rescued the living man!”

And he comes with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;
And the king from her maidens has beckoned his
daughter,
And he bade her the wine to his cup-bearer bring,
And thus spake the Diver—“Long life to the king!”

“Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below never more find a voice—
Nor man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Never more—never more may he lift from the mirror,
The Veil which is woven with NIGHT and with TERROR!

“Quick-brightening like lightning—it tore me along
Down, down, till the gush of a torrent at play,

In the rocks of its wilderness caught me—and strong
As the wings of an eagle it whirled me away.
Vain, vain were my struggles—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance the wild element spun me.

“And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer,
In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
And I clung to it, trembling—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

“Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless obscure!
A Silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

“Dark-crawled—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Like masses unshapen, made life hideously—
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms—
Here the Hammer-fish darkened the dark of the sea—
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark—the Hyena of Ocean.

“There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o’er me,
So far from the earth where man’s help there was none!
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
Alone—in a lonesome so ghastly—ALONE!
Fathom-deep from man’s eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

“Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
A hundred-limbed creature caught sight of its prey,
And darted—O God! from the far-flaming bough
Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save—King, the danger is o’er!”

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled—quoth he,
“Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine,

And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee,
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine;
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the innermost main!"

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion,
"Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Be your knights not, at least, put to shame by the squire!"

The king seized the goblet—he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide;
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side,
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart as he listened, there leapt the wild joy—
And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in
fire,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed, delighted, the boy;
The maiden she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves!—To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell;
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell—
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Rearing up to the cliff—roaring back as before;
But no wave ever brought the lost youth to the shore.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

(NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.)

NOON, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High
noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope,
upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke,

in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it! And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the Town Pump.

The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town-clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front.

To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms to rich and poor alike; and at night, I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At the sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram-seller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here it is, gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogs-head or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity, if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a

score of miles to-day ; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine.

Welcome, most rubicund sir ! You and I have been great strangers hitherto ; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man ! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of dram shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious ? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good-by ; and, whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply at the old stand.

Who next ? O, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face and drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the Town Pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now ! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them.

What ! he limps by, without so much as thanking me ; as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine-cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope ! Go, draw the cork, tip the decanter ; but when your great toe sets you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the Town Pump. This thirsty dog, with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again ! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout ?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian Sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains.

Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash bowl of the vicinity, whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards—at least, the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one.

Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to Heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cartloads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle, at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave.

But, in the course of time, a Town Pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red Sagamore, beneath the aged boughs; though now the gem

of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

YOUR pardon, good people! I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days; though on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean.

Nor will I remind you how often, when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the Town Pump, and found me always at my post, firm amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and Water! The TOWN PUMP and the Cow! Such is the glorious copartnership that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyard, shatter the cider presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and, finally, monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst.

Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war, the drunkenness of nations, perhaps will cease.

At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife, drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affection—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpractised orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire in honor of the Town Pump. And, when I

shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the Town Pump, in the style of a toper fighting for his brandy bottle?

Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be not otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever, or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is, full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not, in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"success to the town pump!"

THE POET.

(H. B. WALLACE.)

How glorious, above all earthly glory, are the faculty and mission of the Poet! His are the flaming thoughts that pierce the vail of heaven—his are the feelings, which on the wings of rapture sweep over the abyss of ages. The star of his being is a splendor of the world.

The poet's state and attributes are half divine. The breezes of gladness are the heralds of his approach; the glimpse of his coming is as the flash of the dawn. The hues of Conquest flush his brow: the anger of triumph is in his eyes. The secret of Creation is with him; the mystery of the Immortal is among his treasures. The doom of unending sovereignty is upon his nature.

The meditations of his mind are Angels, and their issuing forth is with the strength of eternity. The talisman of his speech is the scepter of the free. The decrees of a dominion whose sway is over spirit, and whose continuance is to everlasting, go out from before him; and that ethereal essence, which is the untamable in man—which is the liberty of the Infinite within the bondage of life—is obedient to them. His phrases are the forms of Power: his syllables are agencies of Joy.

With men in his sympathies, that he may be above them in his influence, his nature is the jewel-clasp that binds Humanity to Heaven. It mediates between the earthly and celestial: in the vigor of his production, divinity becomes substantial; in the sublimity of his apprehensions, the material loses itself into spirit. It is his to drag forth the eternal from our mortal form of being—to tear the Infinite into our bounden state of action.

What conqueror has troops like his?—the spirit forces of Language—those subtle slaves of mind, those impetuous masters of the Passions; whose mysterious substance who can comprehend—whose mighty operation what can combat? Evolved, none knoweth how, within the curtained chambers of existence—half-physical, half-ideal, and finer than all the agencies of Time—linked together by spells, which are the spontaneous magic of genius, which he that can use,

never understands—the weird hosts of words fly forth, silently, with silver wings, to win resistlessly against the obstacles of Days, and Distance, and Destruction, to fetter nations in the viewless chains of admiration, and be, in the ever-presence of their all-vitality, the immortal portion of their author's being.

Say what we will of the real character of the strifes of war and policy, and wealth, the accents of the singer are the true acts of the race. What prince, in the secret places of his dalliance, uses such delights as his? Passing through the life of the actual, with its transitory blisses, its deciduous hopes, its quickly waning fires, his interests dwell only in the deep consciousness of the soul and mind, to which belong undecaying raptures, and the tone of a godlike force. Within that glowing universe of Sentiment and Fancy, which he generates from his own strenuous and teeming spirit, he is visited by immortal forms, whose motions torment the heart with ecstasy—whose vesture is of light—whose society is a fragrance of all the blossoms of Hope.

To him the True approaches in the radiant garments of the Beautiful; the Good unavails to him the princely splendors of her native lineaments, and is seen to be Pleasure. His soul lies strewn upon its flowery desires, while, from the fountains of ideal loveliness, flows softly over him the rich, warm luxury of the Fancy's passion. His Joys are Powers; and it is the blessedness of his condition that Triumph to him is prepared not by toil, but by indulgence. Begotten by the creative might of rapture, and beaming with the strength of the delight of their conception, the shapes of his imagination come forth in splendor, and he fascinates the world with his felicities.

THE END.

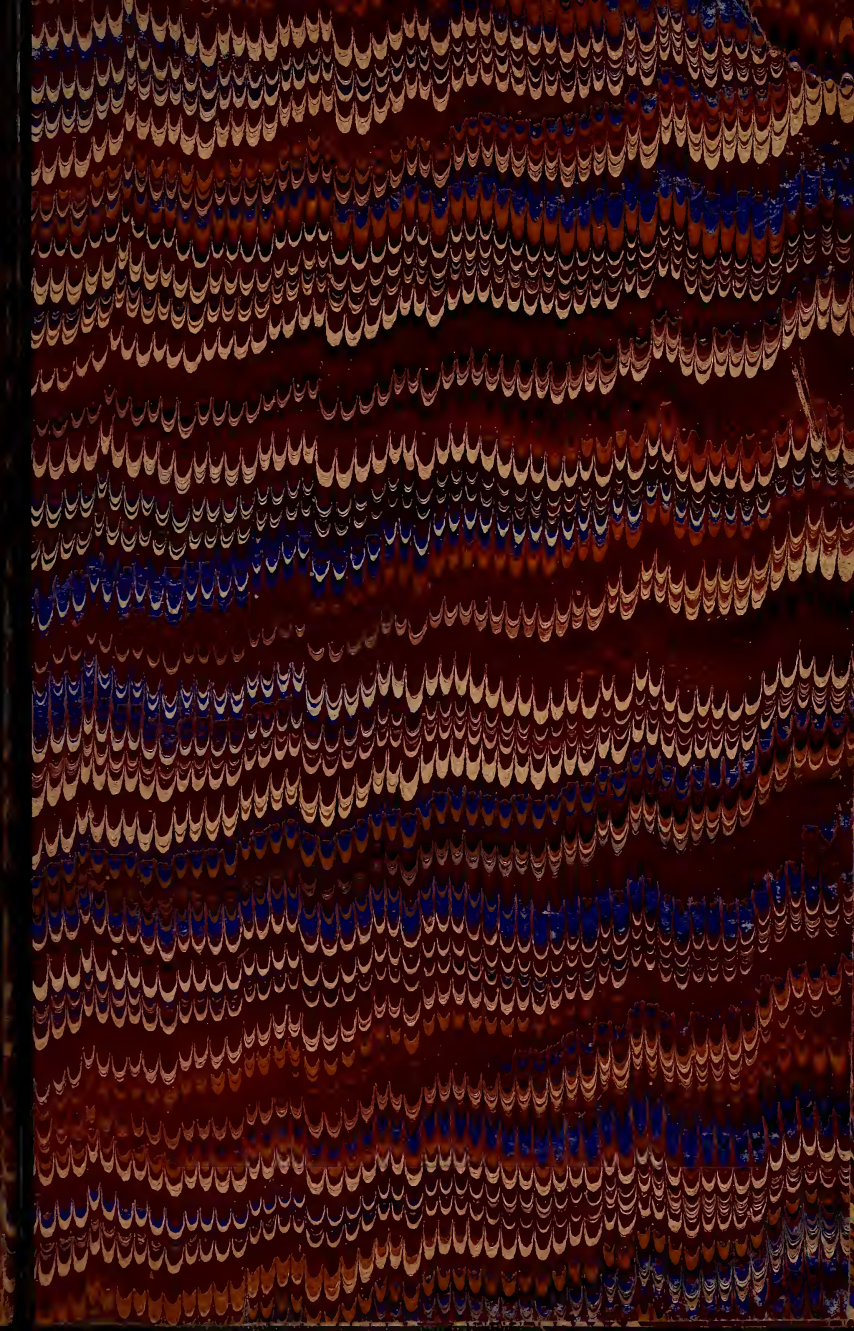


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2007

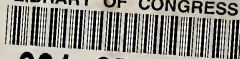
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